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TO

MARK S. STEWART, ESQ.

OF SOUTHWICK, KIRKCUDBRIGHT,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

WITH THE GRATEFUL REGARDS OF HIS

YOUNG FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE CORSAIR AND HIS CONQUEROR.

CHAPTER I.

THE marvellous reports bruited about among travelling Englishmen, as to the climate of Algiers, with regard to its influence on chest complaints, had the effect of shortening my extremely happy *sèjour* among the classic mountains of Provence. It was impossible to rest quietly in the otherwise salutary little town of Hyères, and reflect, each time I scanned the blue horizon of the Mediterranean, that a reputed panacea lay beyond, on a shore full of all that could give interest to the study of races, of whom the record of centuries has failed in establishing more than a mere proof of their mysterious and terrible existence. Simple curiosity would have been in any case a stimulus; and accordingly I was not surprised to find myself in the *coupè* of the Diligence picking out its slow route amid the seaward hills, that have re-echoed, time gone by, to the impassioned

strains of the Troubadours. The temperature, as we reached after a seven hours' journey the painted Bastides on the outskirts of Marseilles, was sensibly cooler, and the general aspect of things around decidedly more wintry; while heavy rain, ushering in a clouded and starless evening, proved no pleasant companion to a solitary tourist. I was glad, therefore, to take advantage even of the damp hospitality afforded by the sheets of an Hotel near the Cannebière, auguring, from the undiminished patter on the window panes, melancholy omens for the commencement of the morrow's journey.

A bright and cloudless day, however, put an end to my forebodings, as I got on board the screw steamer "Zouave," that was moored off La Joliette, the largest harbour of Marseilles. It was the beginning of February, a season during which, in our own climate, one would have been thankful for a single ray of the brilliant sun that was glowing so intensely above us. I soon found, however, that the Mistral,* that terrible scourge of Southern France, was sweeping with irresistible fury over the town, rendering of a still deeper hue the cerulean above, and forcing the smallest intruding cloudlet to fly before its impetuous breath. Among the tall masts and taper yards it bellowed forth a varying gamut, fantastic

* This term is derived from a Provencal expression signifying "Master wind,"—a by no means inapt synonym, as, in some cases, the Mistral has been experienced of power sufficient to blow a man from his horse. The extraordinary depth of color with which it invariably seems to invest the atmosphere, is a phenomenon which may find its solution, perhaps, in the analogy of running water, the latter being naturally of a deeper hue, from the rapid motion of its particles, than the same given quantity in a tranquil and undisturbed state.

as the cadences of an Æolian harp, murmuring at one time in a low and querulous barytone, at another, shrieking and yelling in so high a pitch that it seemed to grow hoarse in its efforts to produce notes beyond the imaginable compass of sound. Sails flapped, and cordage strained almost to breaking, under the power of that rough music, and, as we cleared our way from the myriad vessels around, and gained the entrance to the port, a dark angry sea lay before us, lashed into crested fury, and covering our decks, as we steamed onward, with incessant sheets of foam. Our vessel was long and narrow, and rolled madly among the big waves, like a giddy coquette dancing to the orchestra of the boisterous Mistral.

The Chateau D'If, which stands on a barren rock a little way out of the port, had a sad and gloomy aspect as we passed, and I amused myself by trying to imagine the peculiar sensations experienced by the hero of Dumas' "Monte Christo," at that terrible moment when he found himself dragged down in his canvas shroud, beneath the yielding wave. The view of the receding French coast, after a little time, was extremely grand, the heights of Marseilles blending with the more inland mountains, and forming an irregular and picturesque outline, filled up with a coloring of bluish grey. The subject of sea-sickness may be let alone; but at the same time, I could not help remarking that the passengers—mostly Frenchmen—might have shewn some attempts at endurance, no matter how slight, before they sank down apparently so hopeless and woe-begone, ere the vessel had been freed five minutes from her moorings. The

four o'clock dinner bell elicited a cheerful echo from few hearts, and I was not surprised, on entering the saloon, to find but three people at table, namely,—the Captain, a French gentleman, and Prince Mohammed Ibrahim Mustapha Pasha, grandson of Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers—a decided "Lion." The Prince was habited in a high yellow turban, an embroidered jacket of green velvet, a crimson sash, bagged trowsers, and Moorish slippers; was of a most commanding mien; and had the large aquiline nose, arched and bushy eyebrows, and piercing black eyes, which unmistakeably indicate oriental lineage. In spite of the presence of "Rummis," * he fell to with knife and fork most vigorously, and made an excellent dinner, which occasioned the Frenchman to remark that he supposed the Prince had been so used to rough seas in the Corsair vessels of his youth, that he scarcely felt so trifling a motion as the present. The Prince, with a more gentlemanly spirit, forbore to answer, and contented himself with a look, by way of reply, in which the depth of fierce hatred and revenge can only be expressed by the inimitable couplet:—

"But where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope with'ring fled, and mercy sighed farewell."

and if his highness should ever take to Piracy again, and fall in with the Frenchman, that individual might, I daresay, rue the day on which he made so imprudent a speech.

* Christians,—a term in vogue over the whole of Algeria, which took its origin, most probably, from the fact of all the Christians in Barbary having been originally Romans. "Iroumi," in the Berber dialect, has the same meaning.

To those wavérers on board who, though sick at heart, are yet willing for the sake of appearances to sit down at table with the rest, and endeavor to swallow a trifle or two, calculating at the same time the exact number of minutes that must elapse before they make a rush from the saloon, the dinner that was served up to us would certainly have proved a settler. Cutlets done with bread-crumbs and indifferent butter, fish reeking with oil, jugged hare with the most unctuous sauce that could possibly be imagined, and soup with a stratum of yellow grease, are dishes by no means calculated to provoke appetite, especially if the stomach be qualmish. Added to this, a most villianous odour of bilge water pervaded the whole cabin, and seemed to impart its peculiar taste to every dish that came to table, while the windows and ports were hermetically sealed *à la Française*, to prevent the intrusion of the slightest current of fresh air. The food on board this and the other Mediterranean lines is paid for beforehand, simultaneously with the fare, and it really seems as if there were some diabolical league between the steward and owners of the vessel, for the purpose of putting the boldest appetites *hors-de-combat*, and thus bringing an equal ratio of profit to the pockets of the Companies. Certain it is that few people would care to lay out money on such greasy comestibles, and it seems very hard that so many sufferers should be forced, will or nill, to pay for articles they find impossible to devour.

The storm, as we got into the Gulf of Lyons, increased in vehemence, and the vessel rolled so much that it was almost impossible to rest in one's berth.

Although the ports were closely fastened, yet the water oozed through in such a manner that I had to wrap myself tightly in a blanket to keep at all dry. When I came on deck the next morning, I found that our mainsail had been torn in two or three places by the wind, and we had been driven so far out of our course as to be riding off Barcelona. To confess the truth, I was by no means sorry for this, as the loss of a few hours was amply repaid by a sight of the large city gleaming in the early morning sun, with the rugged and majestic mountains rising grandly in its rear. As the day wore on, we were enabled to stand out to sea again, and passed between the Balearic Islands at night. The next day there was a wonderful change in the temperature, and the wind had settled down into a dead calm. The air was deliciously soft, and so powerful were the rays of the afternoon sun, that I was forced to seek the partial shade of the companion-hatchway. At six that evening we sighted the dim coast-line of Africa, and the Scirocco that was blowing thence, made itself apparent by a tiny warm breath that lazily fanned my cheek. As the night advanced, we were enveloped for upwards of three hours in a fog, which completely put us out of our reckoning; so deeming that there was little chance of arriving at our destination till the next day, I retired as usual to bed. At about five o'clock in the morning, I was awoke by the noise of quick tramping overhead, and passengers, with their faces protruding from the cabin doors, bawling and shouting to each other. I jumped up, and finding that the incessant vibration of the screw had ceased, dressed hastily, and mounted on deck. The

night was still hanging over us, studded with numberless constellations of such intense brilliancy that they seemed like a series of electric lights gleaming in the firmament; while the morning star threw so bright a wake upon the waters, that, had I viewed it from my cabin window, I should easily have mistaken it for the reflection of the moon. We were at anchor in a vast bay, encircled by immense mountains, that loomed indistinct on all sides, and awaiting the arrival of the health-boat, which soon skimmed over the water like a will-o'-the-wisp, conspicuous from a distance by the glitter of its green lantern. In a short time, a faint line of rose-colored light streaked the horizon, and with wonderful rapidity grew wider and wider, changing, in the most superb gradations, to a bright carmine, and then a fiery red. Then, from his watery bed, burst forth the first African sun I had beheld, and in an instant it was broad daylight. To the left were the eternally snow-clad peaks of the Jurjura, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, with clouds floating like fleeces of gold beneath them, while to the right stretched an undulating mountain-line of the softest emerald green. And before me, kissed by the rippling waters of that now blue sea, lay the once terrible Algiers,—a tigress sated with the gore of centuries. In tier after tier of dazzling white rose the Corsair city, to the very summit of the hill on whose incline it is built, bearing a strong resemblance to a snowdrift cast thither by the violence of some mighty wind. And an ineffable stillness seemed to pervade it in the early morning, like the unbroken quiet that, according to Mussulman credence, hangs eternally o'er the mysterious desert

town,* viewed at rare intervals by the faithful, but never destined to echo to the footsteps of Mortality till the gleam of the Last day shall recall its guilty inhabitants to judgment.

* The desert town here alluded to is mentioned by Sale as having been built by Shedad, son of Ad, who spared neither time nor money to convert it into the most magnificent city on the earth. His palace was a perfect master-piece of art and luxury, and was enclosed by delicious gardens, which Shedad impiously designated as his earthly Paradise, seeking thereby to be worshipped as a Deity. The inhabitants, in course of time, having turned from the service of the true God to follow idolatry, Divine wrath overtook them, and a deadly wind called Sarsar, blowing for seven days and nights, utterly destroyed them all, save the prophet Houd and some of his followers, who had in vain exhorted the people to repentance. To complete the legend, the city (Mussulmen affirm) still exists in the desert of Aden, though invisible to the generality of mankind. Providence, however, permits it to be seen occasionally, and a certain Colabah related to the Caliph Moawiyah, that, having one day sought a stray camel, he found himself suddenly at the gates of a large city, and having entered therein and walked through some of the streets, without encountering a single inhabitant, fled in terror; taking care, however, to bring away some curiously carved stones, which he shewed to the Caliph as a proof of his adventure. Allusion is made to the fate of this city, in the eighty-ninth chapter of the Koran, entitled "The Day-break."

CHAPTER II.

A RESPECTABLE portion of the spirit of their ancestors appears yet to survive in the tawny breasts of the Algerines. Adulterated though it doubtless be with the waters of civilization, yet there seems quite enough of the original blood for the creation of as good a set of pirates as one would wish to encounter on a foggy night, at sea. Such at least, were my thoughts as our ship was surrounded with about a dozen boats, manned by as many sturdy Arabs, who, with their tanned faces, and sinewy arms and legs, seemed the very personifications of savage brute force. I was assailed by three or four young giants, bawling at me in the guttural tones of the Arabic, and almost pulling me to pieces in their frantic attempts to inveigle me into their respective craft. Having happily succeeded in keeping my senses and portmanteau in their right places, I jumped into the first boat that came to hand, and was instantly rowed away, amid a volley of treble "h's" and quadruple "k's," and other wonderful expectorating noises that followed me in the shape of Mohammedan oaths. Under such trying circumstances it was not unnatural that I should inwardly

deplore my ignorance of their language, which prevented my calming the tempers of my disappointed assailants, in some such sentiments as the following; "Gentlemen, I grieve that you should all three have set your hearts on conducting me home; were such a thing possible, I would with pleasure divide myself, and jump into all your boats at once, to please you, but, as I am subject to the common laws of humanity, I fear I must content myself with one."

The landing was even worse than the attack on board. A crowd of Arabs were waiting for me at the place of debarkation, and closed round me the moment I set my foot on shore. I was unfortunate enough to have two or three hand parcels, which were instantly snatched from me, resistance being out of the question, and, in company with my portmanteau, were marched up a flight of stairs, and through a fine old Moorish gateway surmounted by the arms of the Deys, which I would have given worlds to stop and examine. Where the fair sex are concerned, the landing at Algiers is anything but a pleasant operation, and an English lady, a friend of mine, actually took a standing jump of at least three feet, in order to rid herself of the clawing from those dirty hands. Of course the boatman was dissatisfied with his fare,—who ever heard of a boatman in any part of the world that was not?—and, as I had no time to dispute, I flung a coin extra into his hands, and rushed after my luggage. Happily my persecutors allowed me the option of choosing an hotel, and, finding myself just opposite the door of the "Porte de France," I entered therein, and was shewn into a room on the quatrième, that it would

have been a charity to clean out, had I intended to turn it into a pigstye. I went down into the saloon and endeavoured to get some breakfast, but without success, being only able to procure a few sardines and some *vin ordinaire*, coffee not being ready. This was a little before nine, and, it being Sunday, I made up my mind to attend the Protestant Church, as I understood that English service was conducted there by a clergyman wintering here with his family. It was necessary, however, to attend first to the wants of the outer man, and, as a matter of course, I was extremely disgusted to find myself with a very good appetite and nothing to eat—and if tourists will take my advice, they will utterly eschew this hotel, which is dear, uncomfortable, and loathsome in the extreme.

I prevailed on the *garçon* to accompany me to the church, as I was pretty certain that I should not be able to find it myself at so short a notice. He led me through a series of streets in the modern portion of the town, composed of five and six storied houses in the familiar French style, of which every third at least was a *café*, and turned into a market-place alive with crowds of picturesque forms, from which a very Babel of tongues rose into the warm blue air. There were Arabs, Moors, Turks, Jews, Kabyles, Negroes, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, walking in the groups of their respective nations; and, who shall describe the confusion produced by the mixture of the guttural Arabic, the majestic Spanish, and the soft French?* To the right of this market-place

* In no part of the world is the population so heterogenous as in Algeria, and especially in the town of Algiers, for the truth of which

was an unpretending looking building, adorned with a very plain and simple *façade*. It was the French Protestant Church, which had been kindly given up from ten to twelve on Sunday mornings for the convenience of the small English congregation. There was a grandeur in its very simplicity, as it stood bright and unadorned, like a representative of the true Light, amid that circle of Infidels. And to behold the small knot of compatriot faces gathered in worship, and to listen to the familiar psalm tunes that rolled solemnly from the small organ, was as the distant echo of home music wafted towards me on the spiced breezes of the land of the cypress and palm.

* * * * *

The climate of Algiers, with regard to its influence on consumptive patients, has received, perhaps, more

the following statistics, taken from the census of 1857, may vouch.

Population of Algeria—2,640,000 souls; viz:—

Europeans (Spaniards, French, Maltese, Italians, Germans, &c.)	170,000
Arabs, of Tribes	1,300,000
Moors	122,000
Kabyles or Berbers	1,000,000
Kuruglis (sons of Moors and Negresses, or Moors and Christian women, the latter of course rare.)	8,000
Negroes	10,000
Jews	80,000
	2,640,000

In the *Province* of Algiers the population numbers 858,000; viz:—

Europeans	78,000
Natives	780,000
	858,000

In the *Department* of Algiers the population numbers 130,850; viz:—

Europeans	75,567
Natives	55,283
	130,850

commendation than is altogether due to it. Some have even ventured so far as to place it, in that respect, on an equality with Madeira or Egypt, assuming a too hasty deduction by mere comparison of the respective mean temperatures, but without the slightest regard to the conditions under which those thermometrical figures may have been evolved. Without, however, endeavouring to disparage its presumed suitability as a winter residence for invalids, it is but fair to state that drawbacks exist, which, in the eyes of many medical men, would be sufficient of themselves to counterbalance the otherwise genial character of its atmosphere, and induce valetudinarians to turn their attention to other regions, equally beneficent, in which those drawbacks do not exist. To patients in very precarious health it is not too much to say that no worse place could be chosen than Algiers; while to those who, having already passed one or two winters in the South are progressing favorably, it may be rendered, with a few trifling attentions as to residence and situation, not only highly beneficial, but even more invigorating than most of those places in which chest invalids take refuge from the rigor of a more northerly winter.

Under any circumstances the valetudinarian should not think of visiting Algiers till the end of January, about which time the fine weather commences. The most advisable way would be to spend the preceding winter months in the south of France, which is generally free from hurtful winds till February, so that by that means the invalid will have enjoyed the greater part of the sunny weather in Provence, or the Basque provinces, and arrive just in time for that of

the Barbary coast. The rains of the wintry solstice make their appearance about the end of October, and last without intermission throughout the months of November, December, and January, utterly precluding out-door exercise to all but the strong. For days, and sometimes weeks, they pour down in drenching, unpitying torrents, as though the water was discharged *en masse* from the clouds, and it is only at rare intervals that the sun can shew his cheering face. The invalid can, if he please, walk from one end of the town to the other, under the shelter of the French arcades, without receiving a drop of moisture on his clothes, but at the same time they are, as may be imagined, so crowded, that the air within them seems by no means desirable for respiration. During the intervals, however, between the rains the atmosphere is the most balmy and delicious that can well be imagined. Not a particle of damp can be felt, and the ordinary heat having been tempered by the preceding showers, it is most soothing and invigorating to diseased lungs. The ground too, soon dries up, and in the course of an hour or two, under the influence of a brilliant sun and a deep blue sky, one would almost be tempted to forget that the rain was ever a visitor to these fertile shores. Some have endeavoured to account for the continuation of the wet weather by assuming that the snow-clad peaks of the greater Atlas, which are 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, intercept the clouds from the North, which, as a matter of course, discharge their accumulated moisture upon the Tell, or portion of land reaching to the sea shore; while others again have asserted

that the vapors arising from the Atlantic are borne eastward by the west winds, and ultimately converted into rain. The latter theory seems to be weakened, however, by the fact that at Oran less rain falls than at Algiers, and less at Algiers than at Tunis, which would be directly in opposition to the result we should expect, supposing such were the case. In February the rain ceases, although there are occasionally a few wet days, and the temperature during the month is as delightful as that of the latter end of an English May. March presents a succession of warm, dry days, and in April the heat begins to be now and then oppressive, and continues on the increase. At the beginning of May most of the valetudinarians take their departure, and from thence to the end of September the heat of the city is most trying to unclimatised Europeans, vegetation being dried up by the powerful rays of the sun. The absence of rain therefore, in the summer months, is as much felt as its continued presence in the winter. According to the nineteen years experience of Maccarthy, the average depth of rain that falls in Algiers from the 1st October to the 1st June, is 76 centimetres, while for the remaining months it is but 17.*

* The "Geographie de l'Algerie," written by Maccarthy, a Frenchman, is one of the best works of statistical information concerning Algeria extant, and I must own myself indebted to it for the greater part of the following thermometrical figures. The work is official, and the author is a member of the Historical Society of Algiers, the Archæological Society of Constantine, &c. besides having been employed since 1849, by the Minister of War, on an exploring expedition over the Algerine Territory.

A centimetre = 0.39371 inch.
Hence 76 centimetres = 29.92196 inches.
17 do. = 6.69307 inches.

The town itself looks almost due East, and the knowledge of this fact will be of great service to the valetudinarian, whose apartments should look, if possible, to the South. Even when kept in doors by the rain, there are very few days on which he will not be able to sit with his window open, as the atmosphere is rarely infected with damp, even in the heaviest showers, as is the case in England. The coldest month is December, and even then it is rarely that the thermometer reaches the freezing point. The following is a table of the winter months in Algiers, the temperature being pretty similar along the coast from Oran to Tunis.

Mean temp.—October	.....	69° to 70° Fahr.
November	.....	62°
December	.....	55°
January	.....	55°
February	.....	56°
March	.....	57°
April	.....	62° to 63°

From these figures, then, it will be evident that the mean temperature for the six winter months, viz: from October to March, lies between 59° and 60°. Towards the end of April the heat commences to be what Englishmen are apt to term "sweltering," and I found it impossible to take the slightest exercise without profuse perspiration. At a season like this, one looks languidly at the Jurjura, and calculates how many delicious fruit-creams might be frozen with a few cartloads of that eternal snow! Even the early matutinal air affords little coolness, and I shall not easily forget one morning on which the Scirocco was prevalent, the thermometer actually indicating

75° at the hour of five! June, July, August, and September, are the hottest months, the highest mean temperature of each being respectively 85°, 86°, 92°, and 88°, which are not, however, by any means so high as one might expect to find in those latitudes. Nay, the summer months of our own climate have not unfrequently marked higher figures, and hence the climate of Algiers may justly be termed equable, the seasons seeming to glide one into another with an almost imperceptible difference. As a general rule the hottest period of the day is between nine and eleven, a. m., before the sea-breeze springs up, and the most dangerous time for the invalid is sun-set, on account of the noxious dews which accompany the descent of the orb of day. When the darkness has fairly set in, however, he may venture out with impunity, and a promenade in the mild evening air has even been recommended by some of the French doctors.

Algiers is comparatively free from the cutting blasts which sweep over the greater part of Southern Europe during the months of February and March. The most obnoxious wind with which it is visited is the Scirocco, termed by the Arabs Arifi, which takes its rise from among the vast sands of the rearward Sahara, and blows steadfastly for two or three days at a time.* The thermometer is raised at least ten

* To that vast expanse of sand behind the Atlas may doubtless be attributed those mild and softened winters enjoyed by the inhabitants of Southern Europe, while districts in America on similar latitudes, are visited by cold almost as intense as that which drives the English valetudinarian from his native island. As a proof of this, we may compare Boston in America, and Hyères in Provence, which are pretty nearly in the same latitude, the former being a little south of the latter. At

degrees during its continuance, and the sky entirely loses its blue tint, and assumes a lurid yellow glare, distant objects being concealed from view as effectually as though a fog were interposed between them and the spectator. It blows with great violence too, and to one who has never before experienced its effects, the sensation is most singular, as, instead of the coolness which one naturally expects as the result of a gust of wind rushing rapidly along, one is, as it were, plunged into a bath of hot air, which seems to rise from the orifice of some colossal oven. Respiration at these times is difficult, and the "jalousies" of all the French windows are tightly closed, in order that the parching blast may not add to the previous heat of the apartments. In the evening the moon shines with a lustre of pure gold, but nothing then can be comparable to the delicious balm of the atmosphere; and often, during the prevalence of a Scirocco, have I found myself, in company with a friend, seated on the rocks by the sea-shore of St. Eugene, *sans* hat and *sans* coat, with the tideless sea at our feet, and the warm yellow of the moon rays tinging the coastline around, eloquent in the very profundity of its solemn silence.

There is a west wind which blows at times, but without much impetuosity, and there is also an east wind, which, whenever it occurs, (which is but rarely) fills the air with moisture, and is therefore injurious to invalids. Storms are by no means frequent in the winter, but commence with the hot months, and the

Hyères frost and snow are almost unknown, and the winter months present the character and appearance of a genial spring, while at Boston the winter is even more rigorous than that of England.

air, while they are prevalent, is charged with a surprising amount of electricity. Fisquet, in his "Algerie Illustrèe," relates a curious anecdote of some French officers, who in June, 1831, being on duty at one of the forts during a violent storm of thunder and lightning were surprised to see plumes of fire on the flag-staffs, which continued more than a quarter of an hour, and were still further startled by beholding each other surrounded with halos of lambent flame. When they raised their hands streams of light issued from the tips of their fingers, and the hair of their heads seemed to be seized with a violent desire to stand on end. A spasmodic twitching, too, was felt through all their limbs. In order that there might be witnesses of these extraordinary phenomena several common soldiers were called up, who fully corroborated the statement. Even in April I witnessed some storms where the lightning, brilliant and terribly blue, flashed without ceasing for nearly the whole night, unaccompanied by a drop of rain. The thunder crashed as though the universe was breaking up, and the otherwise impassive Mediterranean dashed in hugh waves of foam over the mole, and entirely precluded the departure of the mail steamers. The heat, too, during these storms was almost as overpowering as the Sciroceo, and sleep was of course out of the question. But the greatest drawback to the invalid is the dust. Whenever the wind is at all high the whole town and a portion of its environs are filled with white driving clouds of fine dust, which rise high above the house-tops, and appear in the distance like the smoke of an immense conflagration. Go where you may, there

is no escape from the choking particles of *débris;* and the mountains across the bay are generally invisible on these occasions, so great is the quantity evolved from the sandy roads. The Arabs wrap their "hhaïks" over their faces, and the Moorish women pull their burnouses over their eyes, so that the dust seems to give them but little inconvenience. But, for the unfortunate Europeans there is no escape; and they walk along gasping, and almost blinded with the pitiless hail of fine sand, which fills up the crevices of mouth and eyes, and seems, so great is the irritation it causes, to penetrate even beyond the skin.

The greatest mistake an invalid can make is to take up his residence in the town. There are two suburbs, Mustapha and St. Eugene, of easy access, which afford charming situations, both with regard to scenery, and that more important consideration, good air. Mustapha is the warmer suburb of the two, but for those who can bear a little bracing, St. Eugene is decidedly preferable. The latter place is a favorite resort for English valetudinarians, who prefer it for the sake of the refreshing sea-breezes, which offer a delightful contrast to the occasionally overpowering heat of the town. Mustapha, too, although warmer, has a decidedly damper soil than St. Eugene, and is much more open to the dust, from which nuisance the latter is almost entirely free. Mustapha is built on the incline of a hill, at a good distance from the sea, and about a couple of miles from the Bab-a-zoun quarter of the city, while St. Eugene lies directly on the sea-shore, and is at an equal distance form the Bab-el-oued side. Several

omnibuses ply between the town and its *fauxbourgs* daily, so that communication is thus rendered, at all times, perfectly practicable for a few sous. Meat, at Mustapha, has to be cooked almost immediately after the slaughter of the animal, while at St. Eugene it will keep sometimes for upwards of two days—a fact of the utmost importance to weakened digestions, which latter evil the climate is sure, to a certain degree, to promote. During a month's residence at St. Eugene we were able to obtain really good beef and Kabyle mutton, which approached nearer to our English ideas on the subject than anything I had tasted during my residence in the south, forming a pleasant contrast to the hard, indigestible meat furnished by the town hotels. Goats' milk, too, we had in abundance, a much lighter and more wholesome nutriment than that of the cow, and doubly as delicious in coffee or puddings. From this milk, too, very good cheese is manufactured, the milk of the Algerine cows being so unproductive, that the greater part of the butter for the colony is imported from Lyons. The Neighbourhood of St. Eugene was much patronized by the Algerine nobility before the conquest, and the hill sides on the way thither were at one time studded with innumerable country houses, the greater part of which the French have, for reasons best known to themselves, utterly destroyed. Being exposed to the full force of the sea-breezes, the temperature of the summer months of this suburb are little higher than those of the winter, so that it forms almost as agreeable a residence during that season as the majority of our own sea-side places; and the invalid who is too weak to undergo the vicissitudes

of an English climate, or who finds the homeward journey too fatiguing, could pass the hotter months at St. Eugene, with great benefit to his health, and remain, during the winter, in the warmer and more sheltered position of Mustapha Superior.

The market of Algiers produces very good soles, mullet, John Dories, sardines and lampreys, besides a host of other fish peculiar to the African waters. The oysters, however, are of very inferior quality, and the lobsters are too large and coarse for food, but a species of cray-fish, denominated by the French "Langouste," afford an excellent substitute. Those who wish to obtain reasonable returns for their money, should offer the salesman little more than half the sum he demands, to which, especially in the case of a regular customer, he will generally accede. To those who may have a "penchant" for outlandish food morsels of sharks' flesh are sometimes exposed for sale, together with basketsful of mammoth snails and tortoises,—delicacies, however, for which a high price must be paid. Strawberries are eaten at the end of February, and green peas are served at table throughout the winter. Two crops of potatoes are afforded every year, and artichokes, lettuce and endive, are abundant from January. Walnuts are plentiful enough, and to make up for the absence of gooseberries and currants, not to be found in Algeria, there are sweet lemons, oranges, jujubes and bananas, the latter delicious fruit being much recommended on account of its nutritious qualities, and, at the same time, its lightness of digestion. Dates, singularly enough, though yielded in quantities in Algeria, are dearer than in London; on the same principle, I

suppose, as the exorbitant prices demanded for "Sardines à l'huile" at Nantes.* Game is pretty abundant in the season, particularly quails, partridges, and becassines, a species of snipe. A mild parody on bottled beer may be obtained at the "Brasserie Kolb," at from eight to ten sous the bottle, but the native wine—a species of *vin ordinaire*—is much superior, and possesses neither the strong taste of wood nor the head-achy properties for which the common wines of France are generally remarkable. A good light wine, too, is manufactured at Medeah, from which it takes its name, and may be purchased at about a franc and a half the bottle.

Knowing that a *penchant* for "treble X," is the characteristic of all true Englishmen, a waiter at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, at which I was staying, came up to me one day, with a very important face, and announced that he had half a dozen bottles of "vraï Portère Anglais" to dispose of, for which he demanded the modest sum of two francs the bottle. Assured by his protestations that it was genuine, and not unwilling to taste a luxury to which I had been for so long a stranger, I accepted the offer, and presently a very un-imperial pint black bottle, without a label, covered with dust, to give it, I suppose, an appearance of age, and carefully tinfoiled over the cork, was set before me. I desired the waiter to draw the cork gently, so as to prevent the loss of the exuberating liquor, but he gave a sagacious smile

* The finest dates are those which are gathered the other side of the Atlas, and which, on account of the increased heat, naturally ripen more completely. The natives commence gathering them about the 20th October, and the gathering lasts about five weeks.

and answered "n'ayez pas peur, Monsieur." Alas, there was little cause, as he said, for fear on that score! Out glided the cork with as little noise as if it had been oiled, and my glass was filled with a mixture somewhat resembling a black draught, and by no means dissimilar in taste, besides being perfectly guiltless of the least bubble of froth. I eschewed "Portère Anglais," as may supposed, after that.

That singular reptile, the Chameleon, may be purchased occasionally in the market. It has a long thin body and a large head, with the most hideous mouth that can well be conceived, while its eyes—like diminutive brilliants set in globes of green leather—protrude from their sockets, and have the singular power of looking different ways at once, so that while one optic may be apparently directed to an object in front, the other turns slyly to see that no treason is going on behind. Its four feet are jointed in the manner of the human arm, each foot being terminated with three long claws, like fingers, with which it slowly picks its journey. Its method of locomotion is extremely quaint and amusing, especially in climbing trees. First it gives a careful glance round to see that all is safe, and then slowly advances its front leg, opening the claws like an elderly gentleman about to shake hands. Having grasped a twig, it pauses for another moment, looks round again, and then seizes the twig with the other claw. The same operation is performed with the two hind legs, till it rests altogether on the twig, around which it curls its tail, as it looks carefully about for another step in its singular progress. The original idea of its subsisting entirely on air has now given place to the more

rational theory of small flies or aërial animalculæ, which, by quickly darting out its long tongue, it is enabled to entrap. That it has the power of changing to blue or white is also an undoubted exaggeration, but, at the same time, it is capable of materially altering its shade from a greenish yellow to a dark green, according to the dark or light color of the object which it may wish to resemble. I placed a chameleon, one day, on a table strewn with pale colored leaves, and remarked, as it picked its way along, that it was of a color almost similar to the vegetation. I produced a red silk handkerchief, with which I partially covered it, and was surprised to see that in an instant it had altered its hue to the darkest imaginable shade, while, on again removing the handkerchief, it immediately assumed its former pale yellow tinge. It is clearly apparent, therefore, that this wondrous gift is bestowed on it (like the fœtid stench which the "skunk" is said to emit, or the inky fluid of the scuttle fish) for the purpose of self-protection, in order that by assuming as nearly as possible the shade of surrounding objects it might thus be enabled, in almost every instance, to baffle the pursuit and escape the detection of an enemy, however powerful and vigilant.*

On first arrival at Algiers a week or a fortnight at the least will be found necessary for acclimatization, during which period the visitor should be extremely careful with regard to his diet. Very few new comers escape an attack of dysentery, which, if not imme-

* According to the opinion of many, the alternation of color does not emanate from the reptile itself, but depends on the *shade* of surrounding objects, which its skin is supposed to have the power of reflecting.

diately attended to, may result in more serious effects. Weak people are reduced very much by these attacks, which, favored by the relaxing climate, are apt to be very violent. Another and a worse evil to which the new comer may be subject is what is termed the African fever. This, however, is rarely dangerous before the hotter months, although an Englishman who once crossed over from the South of Spain, in the month of April, was confined to his bed by it for upwards of three weeks, during part of which time he was in a very precarious state. Consumption is almost unknown among the natives, who are, without exception, a well developed people. Elephantiasis seems, however, common enough, and I have seen many legs, of both sexes, literally as big round as those of the animal from whom the disease takes its name. Ophthalmia* exists among them, caused, I should suppose, by the unremitting glare of white which greets one on ascending the Moorish house-tops. Long makes mention of a peculiar disease of which, however, I met with no instances during my residence in Algeria. It consists in the eruption of large red blotches, which cause great suffering, and prove fatal if suddenly driven in. They frequently come out after the use of the warm bath, and the French officers used, on their first appearance, to employ water impregnated with chlorine, which proved efficacious if the boils were not at their height. Exposure to the sun is highly dangerous, and to avoid the ill effects arising from it the invalid should never neglect, as the year grows, to walk about either with

* I have been informed, that Europeans, after a protracted residence in Algiers, are as subject to this painful disease as the natives.

a broad-brimmed straw hat or a sun umbrella, or, supposing he does not object to the character of singularity, a native turban (which can be cheaply purchased) wound round a black wide-awake. The latter fashion has been practised with great efficacy by unclimatised Europeans, though, at the same time, it is always a subject of mirth with the passing natives on account of the extraordinary Christian and Moslem combination. Sore throat is common, especially among Europeans, but of a very mild kind, and rarely ever attended by those fatal results which characterize the more Northerly diphtheria. The above, I believe, form a catalogue of most of the diseases to which new comers are liable; but, with proper care and attention the invalid may, to a certain degree, escape their visits, and assuming that he has gained no matter how little strength from a former winter in the South there is no reason why his hybernation in Algiers may not be productive of the most salutary effects.

* * * * *

The promotion of emigration to their new colony is at the present day the most favorite hobby of the French nation. To further this object the Emperor has announced it as his design to render Algiers, as much as possible, like a "petit Paris,"—and to a certain degree he has succeeded. The lower portion of the town is almost entirely modern, and there are vaulted arcades on both sides the Bab-a-zoun and Bab-el-oued streets in the style of many of the Parisian thoroughfares. These streets are broad enough to admit of the passage of two carriages abreast, and, in fact, it is only in the lower portion

of the town that vehicles can be introduced at all. On the spot occupied two years ago by the Djenina, or principal palace of the Deys, is a fine square planted round with orange trees, under whose refreshing shade are numerous stone seats that command a fine view of the Bay. These seats are occupied not only during the day, but also in the delicious warmth of the evening, by representatives of the European and African races intent on enjoying the spiced breezes and the magnificent view. There, too, a speculative Frenchman has set up a gigantic Camera Obscura, wherein, for a small gratuity, the most wondrous panorama of the town and its environs can be seen. The vivid blue of the sky, the folds of the native garments, and every crested ripple on the laughing sea, are painted so exquisitely upon the whitened disc by the moving pencil of Nature herself, that it seems as if a tangible vision of beauty were presented to the eye,—dispelled, however, in an instant, by the admission of the light of day, and the consequent blankness of that magic pasteboard table. In the centre of the Place du Gouvernment—as this promenade is called—is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, cast out of the cannon taken at Algiers, with an inscription announcing that it was erected to him by the "army and population of Algeria." Of the truth of the latter part of this dedication I should feel rather sceptical, as a few moments conversation with any of the inhabitants would soon give an idea of the real state of feeling evinced by them towards their conquerors. Then there is the Rue de la Marine, which descends at right angles to the Bab-el-oued, and terminates in a fine Moorish gate, covered with

Arabic inscriptions, and surmounted by the arms of the Deys; besides several other French streets, very narrow, but still as good as those in many second or third-rate towns in France. Outside the Bab-a-zoun a theatre has been built, which is handsome enough as regards the exterior, though of the quality of the performances therein little can be said. Of course it cannot be expected that actors and actresses of any note would leave France for Africa, and hence the difficulty of getting up good pieces. The Trovatore, however, was attempted during my residence in the town, and flaming placards were posted in all directions—even on the old fortifications—to announce its advent, but, as might have been expected, the result was anything but satisfactory. However, I believe the management have the credit of doing their best, and under such circumstances, audiences are generally disposed to be indulgent.

Outside the Bab-el-oued are the Marengo gardens, a lovely promenade which owes its creation to the taste of the conquerors. There are walks bordered with the palm, the aloe, and the Barbary cactus, besides many of the other tropical plants which flourish round Algiers. Shaded by these, too, are the remains of a small Marabout, beautifully decorated with glazed tiles, near which were formerly the tombs of Mustapha, Mouca, and Ali, three Deys who mounted the throne the same day in succession, and were assassinated and interred within twenty-four hours after their assumption of the regal dignity, by the rival factions. On Sunday afternoon a band plays in these gardens, and it is a curious sight to observe the motley groups which assemble there to listen to the

music. French exquisites, grave Moors, half naked Arabs, Jews, Parisian dames with a liberal allowance of crinoline, and—credat Judæus Apella—nursemaids with perambulators! How fondly had I hoped that the latter Juggernautic destroyers of corns had been left behind in civilized Europe, to commit their ravages on the Wellingtons of Regent Street, or the "patent leathers" of the Rue Rivoli! Who could have expected that the perambulator—that tangible night-mare, or rather day-mare of elderly gentlemen—that nuisance of the pavements, compared to which organ men and harmonious begging families sink into utter insignificance—would have wheeled its insidious way to the strand of pugilistic Barbary? But the French nursemaids pushed them along with such admirable *sang-froid*, utterly regardless of the mixed crowd, and never for an instant deviating from the straight line of their terrible course, that, for the moment, a refreshing vision of Kensington gardens shot across me,—dispelled, however, the next instant by the warm breath of the Sahara, and the Saracenic battlements before me, from whose loop holes have hurtled, time past, the arrows of a Barbarossa. Had I been a stage hero, the idea of fleeing for ever the haunts of nursemaids, and roaming madly on the sands of the rearward desert, would doubtless have suggested itself to me,—but, perhaps the burning expanse (even with an umbrella to keep off the sun) might afford me little refuge, as, at any moment the perambulator might pop out unawares from the tent of a Kabyle or Biscari, clasping triumphantly a Hassan or Mohammed in its hateful embrace!

At the entrance of these gardens is a column upon

which are inscribed the victories of the first Napoleon, for the benefit, I suppose, of the native population, the greater part of whom cannot, of course, read them. Beyond this is a colossal bust of the same mighty conqueror, with a palpable sneer on its marble countenance, as though it were deploring the uncivilized society into which it had fallen. Whether it has been set up, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar, as a gentle hint to the Algerines of what they are expected to worship, is more than I dare say. At all events, many of the French officers seem half disposed to bend the knee as they pass, with such apparent reverence do they regard it. The keeper of these gardens is a wonderful little mortal, with a nose so long and glowing that I was tempted to believe he had feasted on those magic apples, with which, by promoting an extraordinary growth of the nasal organ, fairies were wont to spite naughty princesses in the "good old days" of yore. His face is disproportionately small, and his other features seem thrown altogether into the shade by his unparalleled extent of nose. He resides in a small wooden box no bigger than a kennel, and woe to those boys, Moorish or Christian, who may be unhappy enough to attempt to cull the brilliant flowers around. Without a sound he gently pushes open the kennel door, and regards them steadfastly with a sneer so hideous, that it is ten to one if the culprits do not run off as hard as their legs will carry them to escape that terrible grimace! And yet there is a tinge of melancholy in it, as though a feeling of despair at his own ugliness had softened the otherwise appalling cast of his features. Bold youths, however, not only get used

to the vision, but have even in some cases the hardihood to give a stare in return, at which piece of impudence the little man loses all command of himself, and rushing out, cane in hand, lays it across their knuckles till they howl again for mercy.

About a mile from the other extremity of the town is another public garden, called the Jardin d'Essai, and instituted, as its name implies, for the purposes of experimental agriculture. In it there is an avenue of palm trees about eight hundred yards in length, the cluster of dates hanging down rich and plentiful from the immense leaves. The trees are of a very fair size now in some places, and after the growth of a few years the avenue will be magnificent. A hothouse has been erected in these gardens, where they can rear tropical plants to an immense size. One would almost as soon expect to find a refrigerator at the North Pole as a hothouse in Africa. The gardens are very extensive, and comprise whole fields of different plants, as the banana and sugar cane, which have answered every expectation. They have endeavored, too, with great success, to rear the cochineal; besides which, tea, indigo, rice and the India rubber plant have been tried with very fair results. Within an enclosure were some ostriches in a very playful state, one of whom, as I passed in company with a friend who was smoking, snatched the lighted cigar from his hand, as he paused to inspect them, and swallowed it. He lighted another and held it out with the same result, and then tossed a brass button which was likewise devoured. We walked away philosophising on the digestion of ostriches, which it seems is not so fabulous, and after so wonderful a

process it would not be difficult to believe the Arab legend, relative to the manner in which these birds are supposed to hatch their eggs. Could the slightest faith be placed in it the materialists of the present day would, as a matter of course, attempt to account for it on the principles of magnetic or electro-biologic influence. The egg is deposited in the sand, and the eye of an ostrich is carefully fixed on it, the intensity of the gaze never diminishing for a single moment either through the heats of day or the dews of night, till the unfledged chickling bursts from its oval prison and struts about by the side of its scientific progenitors. Of course it is not to be supposed that one poor ostrich could take upon itself the responsibility of a perpetual stare, so the work is divided equally between the parents, papa and mama relieving each other in turns. And if, continues the legend, a cessation of stare should take place but for a single moment it is a question for scientific societies if the juvenile ostrich will ever be fortunate or unfortunate enough, as the case may be, to see the light of day.

From the town itself to various points in the suburbs little omnibuses, driven by Mussulmen or Europeans, are constantly plying. Generally speaking, they are drawn by frisky Arabians, and the moment the driver cracks his whip off they go at full gallop, so that one is excited momentarily by the idea that innumerable fire engines are scudding through the streets. This has a very strange effect at first, and crossings inspire one, as a matter of course, with nervousness, but, like everything else, custom wears away the novelty, and I dare say, with a little practice, one might even get used to being run over.

But it certainly is a treat to share the leathern cushion of the Jehu, protected from the hot sun by a wooden projection, and to rush madly along the sea coast through scenes of unimaginable loveliness. The country round Algiers is of the most diversified and beautiful that it is possible to conceive. Every variety of hill and valley is presented to the eye, carpetted with rare and delicious exotics, from which the majestic leaves of the palm and olive ward off the torrid rays of the sun, or the too violent rains of the winter solstice. Now and then a clear streamlet, babbling over the arid ground, murmurs musically in concert with the hum of brilliant insects and the trilling notes of feathered songsters, disporting, in gorgeous colors, amid the branches of the wild orange or lemon trees around. Enigmatical as it may seem, the vegetation is even too luxuriant, and the greatest detriment to the operations of the farmer is the graceful fan palm, which, when once it obtains possession of the soil, can rarely be extirpated, save with endless and unceasing labour. I have seen whole mountain sides covered with this tough plant, which resembles, as its name implies, an open fan of a light green hue, the radiated leaves being joined partially together. But to stand by Fort L'Empereur, an eminence to the right of the town, and behold Cape Matifoux and the snowy peaks of the Jurjura to the right, the lesser chain of the Atlas in the back ground, and soft conical hills rising one behind the other to the left, in strong contrast with the cerulean of the tideless sea, is a panorama which defies the pen of the Poet, or the brush of the Artist; and whose reality Conception, with her thousand glosses, would in vain

endeavor to imitate. We want a Byron to hymn, in adequate strains, the poetry of fertile Mauritania!

Sometimes, on passing a particular bush or tree, the attention is arrested by a wonderful clatter therein, as if a dozen bats were flitting blindly among the branches. Pausing to examine the cause, an immense brown insect, upwards of two inches in length, is discovered, bearing a strong resemblance to an overgrown grasshopper, and flapping with an incessant whirr a pair of gleaming yellow wings. It is the locust—the once terrible agent of Divine wrath—the unit in the serried aërial ranks before which the proudest armies have trembled and succumbed. According to the rather exaggerated poesy of an Arab author these insects are described as having the head of a horse, the eyes of an elephant, the neck of a bull, the horns of a stag, the breast of a lion, the belly of a scorpion, the wings of an eagle, the legs of a camel, the feet of an ostrich, and the tail of a serpent,—resemblances which it is by no means difficult to trace, though, it must be confessed, rather faintly.* The neighbourhood of Algiers suffered greatly from their ravages in 1724, the whole of the vintage being destroyed, and the quality of the grapes, according to report, being greatly deteriorated ever since. Among the Algerines they are esteemed a great luxury, especially when cooked in oil, and they seem to have been for ages an edible among the Arabs, even at the time when St. John Baptist supported himself on the nutriment of "locusts and wild honey." But the idea of devouring a locust—a reptile which, wherever it rests, leaves a horrible corrosive slime—is almost as

* Quoted in Newman's "Callista."

replusive to the ideas of an Englishman as a *fricassee* of the large white snails, in which the native races, in common with the French, so voraciously indulge.

On returning to the town one is surprised at the number of large French *cafès* which have been built in the principal streets, and on which immense sums of money have been expended in the way of decoration. In spite of their gilding and numerous mirrors, they are, at the most, large ugly buildings without a single attempt at architecture, finery seeming to be the great and only object of the proprietors. It is quite lamentable to think how many fine Moorish houses have been pulled down to give place to these tasteless five and six storied edifices, which a tolerably strong earthquake would soon lay in ruins. But the vandalism that has been exhibited in Algiers is perfectly startling, the finest specimens of architecture having been pulled down as ruthlessly as if they were so many molehills encumbering the surface of the earth. And in exchange for what? Ugly lodging houses with green blinds, or these vapid *cafès*, in which cards are played and Absinthe drunk the whole day long. Neither war, nor famine, nor pestilence, are so destructive in their effects as that terrible decoction of wormwood.* Like smoking, it is an acquired taste, and like most pernicious habits of its class, the most difficult to rid oneself of when fairly acquired. But give it tether, and there is no constitution, however strong, that it will not break up in time. I am sorry to say that some of the Arabs, now and then, contrary to their stringent

* Pepys, in his Diary, mentions wormwood wine, a beverage very similar, probably, to the Absinthe.

laws, do not refuse to taste it. Woe to them, if they disobey too often, in this respect at least, the stern ordinances of Mohammed!

Yet the strictures of the Prophet, severe as they are, on drunkenness, have I think been greatly surpassed, in spite of his strenuous assertions as to the unity of the Koran, by the biting satire of the following allegorical fable, discovered in an old Arabic manuscript, and which paints a moral quite as much to the Christian as to the bigoted votary of Islam. The force of its sentiments will, I think, fully warrant its appearance, however irrelevant, in these pages:

"When Adam had planted the vine Satan watered it with the blood of a peacock. When it pushed forth leaves he watered it with the blood of an ape. When the grapes appeared he watered it with the blood of a lion; and when they were ripe, with the blood of a pig. The vine, nourished with the blood of these four creatures, assumed ever after their different characteristics. Thus, during the first few glasses of wine, the drinker becomes more animated, his vivacity greater, his color more heightened, and in that state he has the assurance and boastfulness of the peacock. Do the fumes of the liquor mount into his head? He is gay, he jumps, he gambols like the ape. Does drunkenness seize him? He is a furious lion. And when it is at its height, like the fourth animal, he falls down, wallows, extends himself, and—goes to sleep!"

I should recommend tourists who are travelling by themselves to give up the idea of engaging lodgings, unless they are fully prepared for the discomfort of

having to go out every day to their meals. Only one or two of the second-rate hotels will send dinners to your house (generally inferior to those with which they furnish those customers who eat in their *restaurant*, and choose from the "carte") and even then they raise their prices for the trouble of so doing. When several people are travelling together, one or two of whom understand French, and are alive to marketting prices, good private lodgings would, I think, be almost superior to hotels. There are several Moorish edifices in which the apartments have been Frenchified, and glass placed over the open court-yard, thus converting the space beneath into a species of hothouse. But the rooms are generally dark, as little or no light can be admitted from the outside in consequence of the narrowness of the streets, and the light which was originally introduced from the courtyard is excluded by the European doors. These half and half sort of lodgings are for many reasons, which could not be mentioned here, very uncomfortable, even for an enthusiastic single man,—but for a family they must not be spoken of. The best apartments are those over the Cafè D'Apollon, but at the same time they are, like everything else in Algiers, very dear. However they are as comfortable as many in the South of France, and the view they command is the finest in the town. The hotels are very inferior, and also very expensive, and are situated, without exception, up three pairs of stairs, the lower portion of the houses being devoted to *restaurants*,—a serious consideration to invalids. The best are the Orient and de la Regence. The Hotel de Paris is pretty good and reasonable, and the Hotel Europe would

be good were it not for the absent habits of the landlord, who, having a philosophic turn of mind, is generally in the clouds at the time of making out his bills, however lucid he may be at other intervals. Every man has his hobby,—and that of mine host certainly consists in drawing up wonderful accounts, the items of which he invests with a halo of such poetic romance, that, like the garnished tales of Herodotus, we are lost in a maze of conjecture while endeavoring to arrive at the simple truth. Works of fiction have, no doubt, a just right to admiration, embodying as they do the finest efforts of great minds; but, at the same time, lodgers have been found sufficiently barbarous to refuse poetic license to an extra hundred francs or so, in ruthless disregard of the gilded visions of the speculative dreamer. Some friends of mine boarded for a time at this hotel, one of whom—an energetic specimen of young Albion—having forced the landlord to reduce his bills, week after week, to their proper proportions, was at length rather startled at an overplus of two hundred and fifty francs (£10) for which the most whimsical items had been alleged. This was going a little too far,—and having twice represented the injustice of the bill, and received each time a steady refusal to alter it, he set off without more ado to the "Juge de Paix." That functionary, after expressing his surprise at the circumstance, was good enough to issue an "invitation" to the landlord, to appear at "Court" that day at 2 p. m.—which document was handed to the Englishman. He returned to the hotel and sent it to the landlord by one of his waiters, and in a few moments up came the enthusiast himself, pale as

death, while his utterance was hoarse and thick, as though gratitude for the honor conferred had got the better of his more sober feelings. He commenced the outward indication of his "bit of mind" by striking the table with his clenched fist,—an ebullition which caused the Englishman to remove the ink, apprehensive of its being upset. And then the storm poured down in all its fury. Like an ancient orator in the Pnyx, blazing with words, the landlord was almost carried away by the torrent of his eloquence, and the terrific anathemas which he hurled on the head of his persecutor. He, who had been an upright host for thirty years in Algiers, to have his integrity called in question for two hundred francs! He, the most charitable man in Barbary, to be placarded in the Courts of Justice for a few paltry Napoleons! So excited and vehement was his utterance that he would have puzzled the sharpest short-hand writer, and that, perhaps, may plead as my excuse for my not recording the entire philippic. The termination, however, was decisive:—"Payez à votre fantaisie, mais laissez la maison—c'est Francais cela!" "Yes," said my friend, "we have just taken a country house, and should probably have stayed at the hotel for at least a couple of months longer, had your bills been at all honest."

To a single man who is not particular about accommodation or quality of food the Hotel des Ambassadeurs is cheap and worthy of recommendation. The landlord is strictly honest, and I paid for the best "pièce" in the house, a sitting room and small bed room, with full board, the sum of one hundred and fifty francs (£6) per month. You meet with

civility too,—a by no means despicable consideration abroad. To those who come for their health and desire good air I should strongly recommend the boarding-house set up by Mr. and Mrs. Thurgar, an English gentleman and lady, who reside in the most delicious and healthy spot near Algiers. Here, too, there is cheerful society, a great desideratum for invalids, and Mrs. Thurgar being very musical enlivens many an evening with her skilful performances on the pianoforte. I was very much struck with the beauty of the spot in which their house is situated, and than which I think a better could scarcely be chosen as regards salubrity. I need not dwell on the advantages of being under the roof of an Englishman, and feeling that you have not only the true worth of your money, but there are besides a thousand and one comforts which are impossible to be met with elsewhere on the Algerine coast. On its superiority to French hotels it is scarcely necessary to enlarge, nor should I consider such a comparison at all complimentary to the attentive occupants of "Il bel Respiro."

A short extract from my first day's diary in Mauritania may not be devoid of interest to the would-be tourist:—Got into bed. Slept. Dreamt. A horrible sound of triumph—a war note—rings in my ear. Not loud and bombastic, but on the contrary, low, smooth, and scarce perceptible—the very ghost of a sound—and yet so monotonous, so terribly monotonous, that I stop my ears, and run wildly to and fro to escape it. Enter a figure from the bowels of the earth, or the clouds, or any other absurd place—one musn't be particular in dream-land—who answers, probably, to

the name of Achilles. Of course I run against him in my frenzy. The god-like hero pauses, poises his spear, takes careful aim, and hits me exactly on the tip of my nose. Great Zeus, how it smarts! It really won't do to be insulted by a fellow who, after all, is little more than a myth. So on him with might and main, doubling my fists, like a true Englishman. If he only were mortal how he'd feel those smashing blows! How I go in with my left and right, reckless—almost blind with fury—and how little heeds he my wrath, as he wounds me on my twin eyelids, and then on my cheek. Confusion—this won't do! One last desperate blow, and—I awake, and find myself battling with air. Still continues that diabolical war note, and doubling stinging is the smart of those preternatural wounds. I jump up wildly, and light a candle. With its gleam, ceases that agonizing buzz—Achilles has mizzled—got under the bed or out of window, search, under the circumstances, being evidently useless. But six gossamer mites flit past me and settle on the wall. I get out of bed—procure a damp towel—and, with one fell swoop, half a dozen *Mosquitoes* are dissolved into eternal smash! Greedy, like all else in this Pirate city, of human blood, if one may judge from the quantity on the towel. Next morning, look in the glass—promising cherry at end of nose—eyelids will scarcely open—wouldn't swear to my own face—but must, at all events, abjure photographic likenesses of myself, for a week at least.

CHAPTER III.

To turn from the modern quarter of Algiers, which forms but a fraction of the old town, and wander among the old Moorish streets, through which the stream of civilization has not yet rolled, is equivalent to taking a jump, at least a couple of centuries deep, into the abyss of bye-gone ages. One has a dim consciousness of having stepped from the New world into the precincts of the Old, and the change could scarcely be more sudden, than if it were possible to stride from Paris to Mauritania in the fabled seven-leagued boots of yore.

The city of Algiers is built on the incline of a hill one hundred and forty-three metres in height, the laborious steepness of which is in some way alleviated by the long steps in which the streets are paved, and which naturally gives them the appearance of narrow staircases, with high white walls rising on each side. In most cases buttresses project from the houses, which, meeting those of the opposite edifices, protect the route beneath from the languid influence of the Scirocco, or the incessant rains of winter, and the shade so formed is at times extremely grateful. These buttresses seem to be propped up by means of thick

round pieces of wood, about two feet in length, which issue at an acute angle from the wall of the lower story; and an admirable contingency is formed against the ravages of an earthquake by the mutual support which the contact of the overhanging projections afford to the houses. In many instances an arching of solid masonry, so low that I have been often obliged to bend my head while passing beneath it, renders the street little better than a dark vault, the funereal aspect of which, is, in some measure, relieved by the small and curiously carved house doors on each side,—the sole indicators of the proximity of life. So absurdly diminutive are these portals that the inhabitants are obliged to effect an ingress or egress therefrom in a style somewhat similar to that in which Harlequin performs his transit through the moon, or the yielding window of a sausage shop, a fugitive from the practical jokes of the untiring Clown. Taking into consideration the tallness of stature which invariably characterises the native races of Barbary the disproportion of these microscopic, and consequently, difficult entrances, may afford, at first sight, just cause for astonishment. The grounds for surprise, however, will vanish, when we reflect that but a few years ago Power was wielded by the hand of Might, and few men's houses were secure from an occasional invasion by their stronger neighbours, it being by no means an uncommon circumstance, during the Ottoman domination, for a Turk to enter the threshold of a Moor, and lay his hand on the first object which struck his fancy, deeming it, at the same time, an act of forbearance if he omitted to offer violence to the women of the household. In

most cases the streets are as narrow as they are occasionally low, many of them which I took the trouble of measuring not being more than thirty-five to forty inches in width. So great was the jealously of the Deys that ponderous gates, closed at certain periods of the night, kept the inhabitants of one quarter from communication with those of another,—a by no means despicable precaution in times when a revolt, accompanied by a bow stringing of his highness, was thought of scarcely greater moment than a change of ministry in our own favored island. These gates remained in their respective sockets for a few years after the French conquest, but were ultimately removed by order of the Duc de Rovigo.

It is a pleasant way of passing half an hour to find oneself fixed in the middle of one of these streets between two obstacles which only time and patience can remove. Such was once my position. A mule, loaded with an immense bundle of sticks which completely obstructed the thoroughfare, was behind me, while another, laden with a similar burden, suddenly made its appearance in front. Seeing that a collision must inevitably take place I sought the protection of a narrow doorway, making myself as small, under the circumstances, as I conveniently could. The mules met, as fortune would have it, exactly before me, and the drivers swore at each other in gutturals for some time, neither being willing to retreat or to seek, for mutual convenience, the outlet of a rearward street. And it will scarcely be credited that, rather than give up a single foot of ground, they coolly and deliberately unloaded their mules, placing the sticks on the ground beside them, which operation being

finished the two poor animals were squeezed past each other and reloaded, the drivers enjoying the full and happy consciousness of not having budged a single inch to accommodate each other!

To ascend three or four of these streets in succession is fatiguing work, even for a tolerably strong man. To descend them is equally tiring, as they are extremely slippery, and one may chance to meet now and then with a troublesome fall if in too great a hurry. The pedestrian therefore is obliged to pick out his steps almost as fastidiously as though he were walking over a London crossing in a pair of patent leather shoes. In some of the streets an unbroken quiet seems to reign, whereas others are alive with the yells of itinerant vendors of fruit or milk, the latter article being carried about in skins, and squirted through a small orifice into the cup or jug of the purchaser; or else they are crowded with a noisy and idle population, sitting on benches outside the houses, chatting, smoking, and drinking coffee all day long, and blinking lazily at any European that may happen to be passing. At the absence of the latter in these quarters I was perfectly astonished. The French rarely ever penetrate beyond their own part of the town, and I have walked for ten minutes through the most crowded purlieus of the Moorish town without coming across a single Christian. A general idea, too, seems to have gained ground that the native population invariably speak the language of their conquerors. So far, however, from such being the case, I can confidently state that those who do so are quite the exceptions, and consist principally of men who are in official, or other situations, in which

daily communication with the French is necessary. In asking my way to the different localities in the old town it was rarely that I could light on a native who understood aught but Arabic, a shake of the head, accompanied by the barbarised Spanish phrase "no sabe," being generally the answer to aught that is not in their own tongue. Of the different localities of the streets, however near at hand, to which their conquerors have affixed European names, they seem totally ignorant, and not unfrequently after demanding from several shopkeepers in the same thoroughfare the situation of some particular region, and receiving from each an unqualified negation as to their acquaintance with it, I have found that the next turning would most probably indicate the solution to my query. Being once desirous of purchasing some Moorish slippers of four men who were working together in an aboriginal shop, I was obliged to wait at least five minutes, while they sent round for an interpreter who understood French, before I was able to conclude a bargain with them.

The Moorish houses have no attempts at ornament or decoration as regards the exterior, and present little to the passer by save bare white walls, and occasionally a window, about a foot square, grated with thick crossed iron bars, through the interstices of which the smallest hand could scarcely be thrust. In the lower portion of the buttress there is generally a loop hole, through which the inmates can obtain a view of any one who might tap at the door, and determine whether their answer to the "ash-kool" (who is there?) of the cautious negress within, is true or false. It is needless to comment on the neces-

sity of this precaution in a Mohammedan house, as no men are of course ever admitted in the absence of the husband, and even *he* will never take them beyond the vestibule. In the more important tenements the doorway is garnished with a simple Arabesque *façade* surmounted by the crescent, or a mere bordering of flowers without the slightest regularity. In many cases, the hand, the star, and the crescent, the former of which is peculiarly Algerine, appear in relief on the walls.* The doors are of rough dark wood, unpainted, and raised at some distance from the ground, while two rugged blocks of stone placed one above another, beneath them, answer the purpose of steps. These steps are as irrationally large as the doors are small, being often half a yard each in height, and seem as though they were built for the stride of a giant,—an idea totally at variance with the poky little entrances above them.

But though the outer walls of the house may be so utterly devoid of beauty, a very different scene bursts upon you the moment you enter the precincts of the threshold. Having passed through a vestibule supported by pillars, you come at once on a square court yard paved with checquered marble or plain stone, according to the wealth of the owner, in the centre of which a cooling jet of water, cast up from an ornamental fountain, glitters like myriad diamonds in the sun-lit blue above, and descends with a musical patter amid the branches of orange and lemon trees

* The hand has been conjectured by some, to represent the symbol of Piracy,—Ishmael's hand against every man. By the Algerines of the present day, however, it is regarded as a counter charm to the evil eye, the mysterious number of five being expressed by the open fingers.

that yield a delicious fragrance around. On each side of the courtyard rises a colonnade of the elegant Moorish arches, and above that an upper colonnade which supports the flat and partial roof, the whole area of the courtyard being open to the warm sky. The galleries running along the base of the upper colonnade are reached by stone staircases, the walls on each side of which are ornamented with curious colored designs in glazed pottery, and lead, by means of arches fitted or not, as the case may be, with handsomely carved doors or gaudy curtains, into the principal apartments of the house. These apartments are lighted either by means of the archways, or of a window which looks into the courtyard and is as jealously barred as though it opened on to the streets. The magnificent manner in which they are fitted up fully corroborates the splendid accounts of "oriental luxuries" which have been handed down to us. There are inch-thick Turkey carpets, like beds of moss, where echo might list in vain for the heaviest footfal, silken hangings, gilt chests, costly looking glasses, and the downiest couches and cushions for the ladies of the Hareem, who can either enjoy the delicious dreams which the narcotic inhalation of the Narghilè can inspire, or

> "Before the mirrors count the time,
> And grow still lovelier every hour."

The warm-blooded Moslem must indeed have been difficult to please, if, surrounded as he was by this vivid essence of poetry, he failed in finding this life as agreeable as he could wish. Were he at all religiously disposed a loving stare into the gazelle eyes

of his Fatma or Zora might bring to his mind the seventy-two promised Houris that Mohammed is keeping for him in Paradise, and set him reflecting, perhaps, how those young ladies are amusing themselves till he comes. Perhaps they are making the most of their spare time in flirting with those of the departed faithful whom they can manage to cajole, or perchance they are religiously forming themselves, like ladies of a certain age, into an eternal tea party, refusing all invitations, and yawning away the hours till their expected lord shall have left the enjoyments of his carnal society for the more celestial pleasure of their company. Most probably he was a pirate—an extremely fashionable profession among the Algerines—and had just returned home after scuttling a few Christian ships, and bringing to the hammer a promising lot of Christian bone and sinew, in order to enjoy his "otium cum dignitate" after business hours. Even when skimming over the blue wave, in company with all Algiers, little jealousy or suspicion ever glanced across his mind with regard to the ladies at home; not that he considered them as paragons of virtue—not he—he was no such fool, as the following veracious anecdote may perhaps attest.

There was a fine old Moor, who was blessed with about a dozen wives, and a promising young family. "And are you not afraid of leaving so many ladies, guarded only by negresses?" asked a Frenchman one day. The Mussulman chuckled, and put his hand into the capacious hood of his burnous, (which is not the mere tasselled ornament that English ladies are so apt to consider it) and pulled out a key of pantomimic immensity, "That," he said, "is the key of

my house door, and, Allah be praised! the women are all safe within."

The French, careful lest in any out-of-the-way part of the town their presence should be for a moment forgotten, have taken care to name most of the streets either after their illustrious men, or the scenes of their African triumphs. Thus we have the Place Napoleon, Rue Kleber, Rue Rovigo, Rue Sidi-Ferruch, Rue de Chartres, Place Bresson, and several others. On passing a dingy little street at the upper part of the town I observed, to my surprise, Rue Sidney Smith written in Gallic capitals on one of the white walls. It was a narrow, dirty, street, and the only English name in Algiers might, I think, have adorned a better. I daresay the inhabitants often wonder where on earth the French could have picked up so unpronounceable and barbaric an appellation as that comprised in the terse five letters whose "th" they endeavor in vain to master. Among the conquerors it is of course "Rue Seednay Smeetz," for who ever heard a Frenchman enunciate with correctness the surname of the Anglo Saxon descendants of Vulcan?

The old fortifications, whose sombre walls have resisted so many aggressions both of the Christian and Infidel, still remain. They are of immense thickness, and run from the base to the summit of the hill, forming two sides of an isosceles triangle, between which the city is, of course, enclosed. Their construction is of the ancient Saracenic order, having the pointed battlements and the small loop-holes for cross-bows. I believe they are all to come down in course of time, and the work of demolition has already begun on the eastern side, though it is impossible to

divine the cause of such irreparable destruction, as there is sufficient space at the bottom of the hill to found even a new city, without interfering with these mighty survivors of the mysterious Past. I was surprised one day at discovering on the interior side of these fortifications three immense arched niches adjoining one another, about twelve feet in height, five in width, and two in depth, and which communicated neither with the battlements nor loop-holes. I endeavoured to obtain information relative to the subject from some French families whose houses overlooked them, but was rather disgusted with the vapid answer generally afforded to my queries. "I really don't know, but I should think they were Roman." Fine idea that—Roman arches formed in Saracenic fortifications! It is said of Tamerlane the Tartar that he used in some cases to immure his living victims when he was *blasé* of the ordinary way of getting rid of them, but a conjecture of that sort would, I fear, be of small use here on account of the regular way in which these arches are built. Such things may, however, have been possible among the pirates of old, as there were few cruelties at which they were novices. We look with shuddering at the walls of the Bab-el-oued, where but a few years ago gigantic hooks protruded, upon which inumerable Christians have been impaled by the ferocious Infidels, or to the gate-posts, on which, condemned to a lingering and terrible death by the pangs of hunger, writhing wretches were bound, it being instant decapitation for anyone who attempted to supply them with food. To say nothing of the merciless bastinado, of which sometimes four or five hundred blows were

administered to the feet of the sufferer till the skin fell off piece by piece, and mortification, as a natural, and, one might almost say, happy result, ensued.

There are several bazaars in the old town, which present a glittering assortment of Oriental wares to the passer-by. The largest of these is about the same length as the Burlington arcade, and on each side are Arabs, Kuruglis, and Jews, sitting cross-legged in their respective shops, with their merchandize hanging above their heads or strewn in front of them. Costly merchandize it is too, in most cases. There are burnouses from Tunis, Morocco slippers, Moorish vestments superbly embroidered with gold thread, Narghilès, Algerine bracelets, gigantic pipe sticks, gilt ostrich shells, and a host of other nic-nacs, for the acquisition of which, however, a well-filled purse is required. One may be dazzled with the profusion of gilding around, but at the same time a feeling of disgust at the Barbaric want of taste which invests everything with so tinsel-like an appearance, in spite of its magnificence is sure to predominate. The shopkeepers sit gravely within their shops, smoking long pipes, or sipping coffee, in apparently disdainful indifference to customers, but the moment they perceive the unmistakeable gait of an Englishman the pipes are laid instantly aside, and new life seems to infuse itself into those passionless features. Then ensues a scene of bawling and shouting which would not be discreditable to the nightly roar of Billingsgate,—each man extolling, of course, his own wares, and crying down those of his neighbour. If he can but fix your attention for a moment he will thrust the whole contents of his shop into your face,

taking care, however, to ask a pretty high price for anything that seems to take your fancy. Should you intend to purchase it you may offer him about half the sum he demands, which he will of course refuse with an injured look, assuring you that he is letting you have it at cost price and consequently at a loss to himself. You move away towards another shop, and he instantly lowers his terms till they approach nearer and nearer to your bid, while you pretend to examine the goods of his neighbour who is in turn all anxiety to please you. With a face perfectly frantic, and at the same time a pathetic appeal to Allah, he thrusts the article into your hands, begging you to take it at once, at your own terms, ere he repents of the bargain. In this way you can bid the merchants one against another and thus obtain articles at a reasonable rate, as they will do anything to secure your custom, conscious that if they only obtain one third of the original price they have still gained by the transaction. In their eyes—and in fact throughout the whole of Algiers—every Englishman is a living gold mine which they are determined to work to the utmost while they have the power, while his word is considered safe as a bond,—and not only the natives, but the French shopkeepers also, will trust him with any article however costly from their shops, relying on his national honor either to bring it back, or purchase it, at option. Hence it behoves Englishmen to be most scrupulous and exact in their dealings, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of those of their countrymen who may follow in their footsteps. During the reign of the Deys, the merchants who arrived with their caravans used

to find accommodation for themselves as well as their wares at these bazaars, which thus answered the additional purposes of an inn. Honest trade, however, rarely throve at Algiers in those good old times, when to make the slightest shew of wealth was equivalent to signing your own death-warrant, and receiving the present of a bowstring from the generous hands of royalty itself, with an affectionate request that you would transfer yourself into Paradise before twelve o'clock. Besides, the idea of obtaining goods by legal purchase was much too milksop and insipid for the rollicking pirates, and the visits of the foreign traders were consequently few and far between. Negro flesh from Timbuctoo generally found purchasers, but at last there was a glut even of that in the market, and we read of forty slaves being at one period usually given in exchange for a horse! Bigoted as they are, I believe the shopkeepers would be sorry to return to the despotism of their former rulers, though they profess, at the same time, the most undying hatred for the French. There is a old prophecy rife among them, delivered by a Marabout who flourished in the last century, and which I do not think it will be irrelevant to mention here. It was to the effect that Algiers should be first stormed by the English, then taken by the French, and then retaken by the English, who were to occupy it permanently. The first two of these events have already been realised in the expedition of Lord Exmouth and the battle of Sidi-Ferruch, and many of the native population are eagerly expecting the conclusion of the prophecy, to which they look forward with singular pleasure. Nor is this superstition confined wholly to the Indigènes,

for a French gentleman actually sold his house a short time ago, and returned to France, so confident was he of our advent in Mauritania! Of course no importance could possibly be attached to a prophecy of this kind, which after all is only oral, and was most probably invented by the ever superstitious Algerines, after their subjection, as a sort of pole-star of Hope which might constantly cheer them with its beams. In spite of their protestations, however, their hatred is in reality directed against Christians, independent of their nationality, and one government would doubtless be as galling to them as another. It is against common sense to suppose that Mussulmen could ever entertain the slightest real respect for people whom their most sacred book teaches them to regard as stubborn infidels, breathing forth uncleanness and pollution from every pore. Under such circumstances, what shape could the genius of order assume save that of the gaping cannon or the flashing bayonet? Perhaps if she had ever assumed the same bristling and determined appearance in India we might not have learnt so terrible though so useful a lesson.

Periodical auctions take place at these bazaars, at many of which I attended, mixing with the crowd, and endeavoring to make out the voluble scale of numbers of the auctioneer. A most wonderful brass candlestick was being disposed of one day, having ten branches, some of which were intended for burning perfumes—a very common luxury in a Moorish chamber,—after which a gaudy hand-mirror was brought forward, and then a cooking utensil which might have formed a link between a kettle and

saucepan. The gestures of the auctioneer were extremely excited as the bids rose, while the crowd around him maintained a quiet and orderly decorum. It was impossible to look into the large dark dreamy eyes around—eyes which gazed with an expression so gentle and melancholy that it was as if the approaching wings of Azrael, the angel of death, were cleaving the air, and believe that the owners were merely revolving in their own minds the expediency of expending a few sous, more or less, upon the coveted object. "Khromssa, khromssa," (five, five,) cries the excited man of sales, and from the clear black eyes darts forth fire still more pensive than before. "Khromssa" again ejaculates the auctioneer. For one brief moment silence, and the next a princely looking being raises his head with a half-smothered sigh, and nods. What a world of resignation sits on his pale countenance as he places his hand within the folds of his breast-covering "Gandoura," like a monarch about to bid farewell to his weeping subjects, ere the yataghan of the invading enemy has transferred his existence to the pages of history! See, he has again withdrawn it: Bishmillah! it is merely to pull out the five francs and a half, with which latter addition he secures the bargain. "Khromssa ou nous!" (five and a half) cries the bearded salesman, and Hassan the thoughtful stalks solemnly away, elated with the triumphs of competive commerce.

It was in one of these bazaars that a Jew out-Jewed himself, and got "sold" in so delicious a manner that I cannot help giving the benefit of it to the courteous reader. Not very long ago, a tough old Zouave stalked along between the rows of opposition "stalls"

with a face indicative of unusual distress and anxiety. He jingled thirty francs in his hand, and eyed the faces of the merchants in the same manner in which Uncle Tom was supposed to have scrutinised the countenance of his probable master at the slave auction. At length he announced in a loud tone of voice that he had borrowed some money of someone in the bazaar, whose face he could not recollect, and was anxious to identify the lender in order that he might pay him his due. No one put forward a claim, and a second time he repeated the announcement. At length a Jew, issuing from the recesses of a dark shop, approached him, and represented himself as having advanced the money, the circumstance having escaped his memory till that moment. The Zouave, poor fellow! seemed perfectly overcome with the idea of being honest for once in his life, and immediately transferred the "vile metal" into the palm of the Israelite, who passed a high eulogium on his probity. When he had fairly pocketted it, in the presence of the crowd, which of course assembled at so unusual an occurrence, the Zouave coolly asked for the watch which he alleged to have given in pawn for the money. The Jew, wrapt in ecstacy most probably at the idea of finding one righteous man in this dishonest world, appeared not to heed the last demand, and turned slowly on his heel. But the Zouave repeated it with rather a menacing gesture, and the crowd, too, joined in the debate. The descendant of the Patriarchs changed color, and stammered most dolefully—a defect which is no joke in Arabic—attempting, at the same time, to slink back into his shop. But the Zouave was no man of straw, and

the Jew, finding himself the centre of a very unpleasant circle, begged of the soldier to accompany him to a spot where they could be alone and adjust matters. "I should be sorry," said he, "to deprive you of your watch, as your intentions seem to be so honorable, but, at the same time, it is difficult during the multifarious transactions in which I am generally engaged to lay my hand on it at once." Quid multa? The Zouave walked away with hush-money that jingled to the tune of a couple of hundred francs, and won besides a large bet which he had offered to a comrade, who never suspected that a Jew could be such a fool as to claim a fictitious debt in full brunt of the public gaze. Alas, poor Levi!—

—"Hunccine solem
Tam nigrum surrêxe mihi! fugit improbus ac me
Sub cultro linquit."

The Moorish coffee-houses—mere square white-washed rooms of different sizes, the fourth side of which opens into the street,—form an important feature in the town. Upon the walls are generally a few pictures of wonderful green animals, into whose bodies letters and sentences from the Koran are incorporated, while low divans covered with matting run round the apartment, upon which throughout the brightest and hottest day you will see crowds of Arabs sipping black coffee, smoking long pipes, or else fast asleep. They sit, of course, cross-legged, their black slippers being placed on the ground beside them, and little conversation goes on, either because they are too indolent, or too deep in the enjoyment of the tobacco or "hasheesh" which escapes ever and anon in white clouds from under their moustachios,

or through their distended nostrils. The cooking apparatus—consisting of a charcoal fire and a few saucepans—is in the corner of the room, and the odour that issues therefrom is most delicious. For the small sum of a sou a cup of this beverage is handed to you, accompanied by a pipe of tobacco, or a cigaret, should your fancy lead you to prefer it. You allow it to settle for a moment, (as a quarter of the cup, at least, is filled with the grounds) and then it is most refreshing and invigorating, partaking greatly when sweetened of the character of a liqueur. For the benefit of those amateurs who may wish to try their hands at this luxury I hereby give the true recipe, obtained *vivâ voce* from an Arab, for its fabrication.

Take the best coffee you can obtain, and grind it yourself, to be sure there is no chicory or chicanery in it. Fill about a quarter of a small cup with it, and upon that pour boiling water, adding little more than a tea-spoonful of sugar to the mixture. Then take the smallest covered tin pot you can procure, and empty the whole contents of the cup therein. Place it upon a charcoal fire for three or four minutes, and then pour it back into the cup. Give it another moment to settle, and if the compounder does not find it excellent the fault must be laid on the shoulders of the Arab who gave the recipe, not on those of the author who publishes it.

Curiously enough the trade of barber is generally amalgamated with that of coffee-house keeper, and the divans are occupied nearly the whole morning by Arabs and Moors who are undergoing the process of a "shave." It is more picturesque, perhaps, than

pleasant to find oneself endeavoring to enjoy a cup of coffee between two swarthy men, their faces covered with soap-suds, and the dirty lather dropping down at your feet with each sweep of the razor. It is still more remarkable, however, to see whole rows of little boys, from the age of ten downwards, gravely awaiting their turn for the steel, and offering themselves to the creaming brush with the *sang-froid* of bearded men. This fact may perhaps appear startling to Jones, who during his tenderer years has often shaved himself with the shoe-horn, but would have run away at the very sight of the paternal dressing case. To ease Jones's mind let us inform him that these little men, however ambitious of bristles, yield up, not their faces, but their heads, to the barber, who sweeps off every morsel of hair, with the exception of a tuft on the pericranium called the "Mohammed." From boyhood to manhood this tuft is never removed, for by its aid their religion teaches them that the Prophet will lift them up into paradise.

During the evening these coffee-houses are enlivened with strains of melody. Now according to our limited and terrestrial notions we understand by "music" something which is, at all events, not distasteful to the ear. The vocal performances of the Arabs, however, bear a most suspicious resemblance to that famous tune, during the performance of which society deplored the loss of a too susceptible feline member. I think one night's experience, dotted down as I found it, will shew ample reason why I did not frequent these temples of the unmusical oriental muse. On a raised divan in a corner of the coffee-house sat three Arabs, one of whom handled a

small instrument like a Chinese guitar, with two strings of catgut, from which of course a very feeble sound could be produced, while another drew a badly-resined bow across a violin which he held in the manner of a violoncello, and the third played on a peculiar drum of red pottery, called "rebeb," which resembled one of the modern water-coolers with a parchment bottom to it, and gave forth a most astonishing volume of sound for its size. I have rarely distinguished more than two or three different varieties of Arab chants, and these merely consist in the descent of a trilling gamut of five or six notes, each note being exchanged indiscriminately, and without the slightest regard to effect, for its sharp or flat, as the taste of the performer may suggest, the singers invariably straining their voices into a harsh falsetto, and emitting the sounds through the nose in the manner of the melancholy Chinese who howl now and then about the streets of London. Of course there is never the slightest attempt at harmony, (of which they seem not to have the remotest idea) and which at Algiers certainly sleeps undisturbed beneath the heap of "jarring atoms."* Perhaps these remarks may afford a feeble idea of the performances of the musical trio alluded to above. The man with the drum sang lustily, and endeavoured with his voice and instrument to outstrip the other performers. He had thick and bushy eyebrows, which he raised and depressed alternately according to the high or low

* The songs of the lower order of Spaniards in the southern portion of the Peninsula are executed in the same nasal drawl, and are most probably a relic of the Moorish occupation.

notes of the chant, so that they formed a species of vocal barometer—if the impossibility of such an idea can be excused. The man with the violin played the air in one key, in his own peculiar style, which seemed, however, altogether at variance with that of the guitarist. The violin certainly had the best of it, but the guitar was just loud enough to produce an agreeable discord which tended a little to relieve the monotony of the air. The song, I believe, was comic, judging from the stolid smiles which played over the faces of the audience, but as verse after verse was repeated without variation or change of tune I got rather tired, and took my departure at an early hour. Yet Arabs will sit evening after evening listening to these execrable strains, which are, I doubt not, coeval with that "corded shell" with which Jubal gave a new sense to his listening brethren. It is to be hoped that the lays with which Timotheus soothed and excited the alternating passions of "Philip's warlike Son" were of a description superior to these barbarous yellings, else we must have a very mean opinion of his highness if he allowed himself to be roused by them to madness, or melted into amorous phases of "spooneyism."

Many coffee-houses of far greater antiquity than those in the town are dotted over the country for the refreshment of pedestrians, and seem to have survived, in spite of their frailty, the wear and turmoil of centuries. There is one denominated the "Plane tree coffee-house," from the number and beauty of those trees that grow in front of it. It is of simple though graceful architecture, and by the white cupola

you might easily take it, in the distance, for a mosque. Close to it is a humbler building, with a roughly thatched roof, that answers the same purpose. Both these are built at the foot of a hill, (in the part called "Mustapha Inferior") the numerous plants and bushes on whose side form a grateful shade,—and here you have one of the finest views round Algiers. Turning to the left, a short distance from the Bab-el-oued end of the town, you come upon a little building of the purest white, within which half-a-dozen people would scarcely find room to squat. It is situated in a deep valley, arrived at by zigzag paths bordered with the cactus, the fan-palm, and the aloe, and shaded by the boughs of the orange, lemon, and palm trees. An old Turk who has been there all his life is the "couadji" or proprietor, and how he has managed to secure a profit in that lonely place is a question by no means easy of solution. The divan is very low and dirty, and the roof is festooned with centenary cobwebs woven by the large African spiders, which have the appearance of dirty towels hanging from the ceiling. In spite of these "little inconveniences," however, I was furnished with a cup of most excellent coffee, which greatly invigorated me after a hot walk. There is another coffee-house, too, by the "Point Pescade," which is equally ancient, and outside which a small trellised arbor, covered with the leaves of a trained vine, forms a most agreeable shade from the sun. Many a time have I ensconced myself therein, thinking over my own thoughts, to which the smiling landscape could hardly fail in giving aught but a pleasant turn.

This "Point Pescade" is about three miles to the west of Algiers, and the coast-line, along which the cactus-bordered road runs that leads to it, is broken ever and anon by numerous creeks and crevices, in whose shelter many a Corsair vessel has lain concealed until the convenient moment for pouncing on the unconscious victim-ship. The point itself is a rough steep neck of rock, stretching into the sea, and upon the end of it is a ruined fort supposed to be built by Barbarossa, while another fortress stands more inland, erected about one hundred years ago by a pirate of the name of Abdy. These defences must have been perfectly impregnable from the sea in consequence of the height and steepness of the rock, down which I vainly attempted a descent. The walls are of small stones joined by a powerful cement, and of amazing strength and thickness, while the cannon, old and rusty, are still peeping from their respective embrasures with the stands actually decaying beneath them. On the breech of the widest was sleeping a cat, her body lazily coiled up over the touch-hole. Here was a *tableau-vivant* of Peace, which wanted but the pencil of a Landseer to perpetuate the conception to admiring ages. Years past, and the iron voices of those guns bellowed over the echoing cerulean of the Mediterranean. How faithful in its unerring blast of destruction was the once glorious metal, and how patiently now, with the red rust of ages upon it, does it crumble away on its rotting wood;—the resting place of a cat! Who, amid the very footprints of Bellona bristling with brand and gory sword, uttering her hoarse thunders and

glancing haggard lightnings around, seems to blink a lazy defiance from those lustrous green eyes. Let her sleep on, and dream perhaps—of mice.

The Arab coffee-house keeper, however, is not without his share of pride, and expects you to be perfectly satisfied with whatever he vouchsafes to afford you. If you turn up your nose at the dirt around he is perfectly ready to turn you out bodily, preferring your room to your company, however well paid. A French lady, the wife of an officer, walking one day with her husband in the country came upon one of these coffee-houses, and expressed her audible disgust at its unseemly appearance in her own tongue, little deeming that the Arab host, who was standing outside, could understand what she said. He was sharp enough, however, to arrive at her meaning, and placing himself in the door-way very coolly refused to admit the officer, who was about to seek refreshment. And neither persuasion nor threat could influence the Arab to alter his resolution of not moving a single inch to allow the fastidious Gaul entrance into the homely precincts of his coffee-house.

Like the coffee-houses, the Aboriginal shops are mere square apartments opening into the street, and with not the slightest pretence to a window, the wares being sheltered generally by a wooden projection above, after the manner of the marts at Constantinople. Fruit shops and boot makers abound in the greatest quantity, but besides these there are sherbet shops, gold lace shops, turners, blacksmiths, and tailors,—the largest being rarely more than four

feet square, and having, at the most, three or four men within. The floor is covered with matting upon which the workmen squat cross-legged, with their shoes before them, working incessantly the live-long day, though but few purchasers seem to present themselves. So contracted are the dimensions of the shops in some instances that there is barely room for one man within, and I was extremely struck one day with a burlesque fruiterer's, which was scarcely higher than three feet, and certainly not wider than two, and where the pile of fruit in front, reaching almost to the top, left just room for the head of the occupant to be seen above it, like that of a Jack-in-the-green. Of no greater area than the above was a blacksmith's, where two men were bending with their faces in such close proximity to the anvil that the myriad sparks poured over them like a fiery shower bath; and how they manage to escape the burns and scorches with which their daily work must threaten them is a mystery I cannot fathom. The most curious shops, however, are the turners, where you see Arabs working cross-legged at diminutive lathes, holding the articles to be turned, such as rings or beads, between their toes, while they work the machine with the hands. The toe is with them as useful a part of the body as the fingers, and in that respect they follow the true dictates of Dame Nature, who doubtless never intended that toes should be such useless, trampled on anomalies, as they usually are with booted Europeans. Drop a small coin on the ground behind you, and an Arab, while staring you earnestly in the face, will pick it up with his foot

and transfer it to his hand, before you have time to stoop and look for it. I believe too, on an emergency, he would even empty your pockets with the same dexterous member, if you would give him a fair chance. Happily that is a state of perfection to which London pickpockets can never arrive in our present age of "confined understandings."

The sherbet sellers, with their glasses spread in tempting array before them, remind one forcibly of our old friend Alnaschar, of "Arabian nights" celebrity. I often pictured to myself the ambitious glass vendor, as I watched them smoking their carob pipes, with faces apparently full of deep and imaginative design. The fragile material, quadrupled over and over again by the speculations of prosperous trade, till its owner amassed sufficient to set up in the jewelry and pawnbroking line. Then for the hand of the vizier's daughter! Ha, with what pride should he hold up his head, backed by such a father-in-law! Still higher rises the tide of his fortunes, and gold pours in upon him in resistless torrents. How vapid, *now*, seems the conversation of the neglected Fatma,—how poor and unartistic her performances on the rebeb! He would offer a good round sum for the sultan's daughter,—nothing less than royalty now for a papa-in-law. The tears flow like pearls from the eyes of the once loved Fatma, and her breast heaves like the gentle swelling of a duck pond in the summer breeze! Away with the crocodile! Her eyes are but moist with the kerchief-covered onion, and the wind which rushes from the bellows' nozzle is even softer than those exaggerated groans. Get thee

to Al-Sirat!* Ah, that cruel kick! A smash, and the dream is over,—for Alnaschar the glass merchant must look for diamond cement to repair his broken tumblers.

* Al-Sirat is a bridge, fine as a hair, and sharp as a sabre, beneath which is the eternal fire. On the day of Judgment all men are supposed by Mussulmen to be compelled to pass over this bridge, the virtuous being of course sustained by Mohammed himself. As for the wicked, they topple over at the first step, into the burning lake. Among the Persians, it is known as Poul-Serrha; and a Persian Mussulman, when he wishes to use an offensive expression to his neighbour, remarks, "Just see if I don't trip you up as you cross Poul-Serrha, if I happen to be behind you!"

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH I had acquired the usual amount of book information relative to the costume and appearance of the Moorish ladies, yet I must confess that I was for the moment completely taken by surprise when the first real, live, daughter of the Pirate crossed my path. And I defy the best picture that ever was painted, or the best description that ever was penned, to give an adequate idea of the feelings, impossible to analize, which crowded unbidden around me, as I looked upon that strange, outlandish dress, enshrouding, as it did, a being whose thoughts, habits and position, were so totally and irreconcilably at variance with those of her more enlightened European sisterhood.

It was on first leaving my hotel and emerging from the Rue de la Marine that I encountered five figures, clad in white from tip to toe, and walking with so noiseless a step that they reminded me, more than anything I had ever seen, of our nursery ideas of a ghost. Tall and weird-looking they were, and stalked along with strides that would frighten any but a strong minded woman, discoursing at the same time in a tone which, as the lower part of their faces

was covered, had a singularly muffled sound, and accorded well with their fantastic appearance. I retreated into the road, with alarming ideas on Mussulman etiquette, and stole a timid glance along the ten brilliant eyes, the only visible part of the face. But contrary to my preconceived expectations I was answered by no indignant stare, and felt comfortable at seeing that a yataghan was unsheathed by the hand of no angry slave to put a stop to my impertinence, On the contrary, the eyes returned the look with a very free and easy sort of approval, which convinced me, in spite of all that travellers of the last century have asserted to the contrary, that Moorish ladies are, at all events, no haters of admiration. As a matter of course I stared after them till they disappeared, and then entering a thoroughfare I met dozens of the same figures either solitary or in groups, and attended in most cases by a gaunt negress, clad in one long blue check garment that reached from the head to the knees, leaving all below the latter, as well as the face, perfectly bare. But the first grand astonishment was over,—and after a few moments I found myself regarding Moorish ladies with as careless and *ennuyé* a look as if I had passed my lifetime among them.

The dress of the Mauresque is, however, far from inelegant, and is at the same time, I believe, the only Eastern female costume of uninterrupted white. There is a garment called the "hhaïk," which covers the head and the forehead, falling in graceful folds considerably below the waist, while a handkerchief generally of white muslin, denominated the "yashmak," conceals the nose and the lower portion of the

face, leaving but the eyes and eyebrows exposed. Then an inner garment, called the "foutah," wraps round the entire body and falls a little lower than the hhaïk. Her legs are concealed in gigantic trowsers, which seem as if they were puffed out by crinoline, and which fasten tightly round the ancle. Then comes a neat stocking of spotless purity—but this is occasionally omitted, being regarded in the light of an European innovation,—and a pair of black slippers, sometimes embroidered at the back, complete the costume. Now and then a plump hand may steal from its concealment beneath the hhaïk and obtrude itself for a moment on your notice. The nails are tipped with the orange hue of the henna,* and the fingers covered with the glitter of

* "——for a brother's eye
Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimmed the lamp,
And through the vein and delicate skin
The light shone rosy! that the darkened lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye!"

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

A few words concerning the uses of the henna (or as it is pronounced in Arabic "Khennah") may not be irrelevant here. The henna, when prepared for use, is of a greenish-yellow hue, and has a strong resemblance to light-colored snuff. The odour that issues from it is, according to European tastes, rather fœtid, although among the natives of Barbary it is regarded as an agreeable and refreshing bouquet. It is planted in great quantities in the neighbourhood of Tunis, from whence it is imported largely to Algeria and Morocco. The method of extracting the dye from it is as follows. A small portion is placed in a cup, and mixed with water to the consistency of paste. A poultice of the mixture is then applied to the part to be dyed, and left there for half an hour or upwards, according to the desired intensity of the color. On removing the poultice the skin will be found to have acquired a tinge greatly resembling that of coral, which it requires the friction of weeks to remove, and when the nail is stained the dye is perfectly ineffaceable, and is only removed by the actual growth of the nail itself. The

innumerable rings. Sometimes the back of the hand is dyed black with the col or cohol, which at other times gives a dark tinge to the nails in lieu of the henna, and either, as may be imagined, looks ugly at first to the fastidious glance of the European. But custom softens the barbarity, and reconciles one by degrees to the questionable adornment.

The Moorish lady, however, has little cause to regret the concealment of visage. With her eyes alone she can do almost as much as the European with her full length face. There is no resisting the magnetic influence with which those full black orbs seem to daze you. They laugh, they scold, they are languid, they fire up, by turns, and in fact do

Moorish women in many instances stain not merely the nails but the whole hand, and very often the feet. This singular habit is not merely ornamental, but to a certain degree medicinal, the henna producing a refreshing coolness by acting as an astringent on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and in India is often prescribed as an embrocation in cases of fever by the native physicians. In the golden days of piracy the hides and coats of domestic animals were frequently tinged with it, and Mungo Park relates that his Moorish master Ali, to whose malevolent caprice he was for so long exposed, invariably rode on a milk white horse whose tail was dyed red.

It is almost superfluous to refer to the antiquity of this favorite dye, the earliest records of post-deluvial history affording proofs of its existence and known uses. Of equal antiquity is the practice of painting the eyelashes and eyebrows with col, an operation performed by the women of Algiers by placing a brush filled with the moistened pigment between their eyelids, so that the involuntary motion of the eye distributes the stain equally around the edge. In the Egyptian catacombs a bodkin was found enclosed in a small box filled with col extremely similar to those which are at present in use. Among the Babylonians, Hindoos, and Romans, it was in vogue, as well as among the Jews. In the H. Kings, ix, 30, where Jezebel is described as having "painted her face," the literal reading of the passage (וַתָּשֶׂם בַּפּוּךְ עֵינֶיהָ) should be "adjusted (or set off) her eyes with the powder of stibium, (black lead or col)" which the expression in the Septuagint, ἐστιμίζατο τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς αὐτῆς "painted with stibium her eyes," fully confirms,

everything but talk, though at the same time the term "speaking" can without flattery be applied to their eloquent dumb shew. The dark line of col pencilled along the lids may add fresh brilliancy, but the effect is greatly diminished by a thick and continuous line of the same dye which connects the eyebrows, and invests them with a heavy and at times lowering expression. Generally speaking, the eyes of the Moorish women are large and full, and of that rich southern brown which is so rarely seen northward of Andalusia. There are however many exceptions, and iron-grey is by no means an unusual hue, nor must I omit to mention the phenomenon I once witnessed of a pair of optics that peeped from

and there seems no reason why our translators should have been satisfied with the really incorrect expression "painted her face." In the earlier ages this custom was not wholly confined to the softer sex, and many of the Assyrian nobles, and even of the Medes and Romans, are represented as practising it. It is related by Athenæus that when Arbaces was introduced into the presence of Sardanapalus, by the influence of a household eunuch, he found the monarch carding purple among his ladies in a woman's dress, his face, eyes, and eyebrows, being painted after the feminine fashion. His beard was shorn, and his face rubbed smooth with pumice stone, and when he had once looked on Arbaces he retouched his eyes with the paint-brush—a sight that filled the Mede with indignant contempt. Of a less pleasant kind, however, was the painting which Parsondes, a young Assyrian noble, received at the hands of Nanarus, viceroy of Babylon, whom he had ridiculed for painting his eyes with col, and his face with white lead. According to this story (quoted by Fullom in his "History of Woman," from the pen of Nicolaus of Damascus) Parsondes having fallen into the power of the viceroy, the latter determined to revenge himself by rendering his victim utterly effeminate, and with this view commanded his myrmidons to shave and rub him with pumice stone, to anoint and bathe him twice a day, to underline his eyebrows and eyes, to plait his hair, to force him to sing and play on the harp, and to confine him entirely to little arts and accomplishments of the kind, till at length the unfortunate hero could hardly be distinguished from one of the softer sex.

the hhaïk of a light green color, and invested the young lady with so suspicious a resemblance to a cat, that if that fabulous character Puss-in-boots had happened to be passing at the moment it is not improbable that he would have attempted to claim kin with her.* Very light eyes are rare, nor do I recollect any less dark than those whose verdant softness I have enunciated above. Nought but the fire of those darker orbs can accord well with the warm and voluptuous offspring of the Moor and Abencerrage.

Within the recesses of her gilt chamber, however, the Moorish lady is quite a different being to the white shrouded figure that glides so noiselessly along the highways. For the livelong day she lolls cross-legged on her soft couch, enjoying the fragrant whiffs of a delicate cigaret, or puffing very unlady-like volumes of smoke from the ornamented narghilè. Or, she sits gazing lazily into her hand-mirror, wondering whether there be so lovely a creature as herself in the whole universe. "Conceited barbarian!" I hear the fashionable Lady Lavinia Fitz Pimlico drawl forth, "who but a positive savage could entertain so absurd an opinion of herself?" And the divine creature glances involuntarily at the drawing room glass. Of course she, the accomplished, the polished, the worshipped Queen of the ball room, would scarce deign to nourish so ignorant an estimate of her own attractions! "Oh, but," pleads the fair enthraller

* Whether the Algerines look on green eyes as a beauty I am unable to decide. Among the Spaniards they are greatly admired, a peculiarity of taste which Longfellow introduces in his "Spanish Student."—

VICTORIAN.—How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?
DON CARLOS.—Ay soft emerald eyes!

of hearts, "with me the case is different, I can but believe what I am constantly told." Exactly so, my dear Lady, but the barbarian is positively wiser in her generation—*she* has no one to tell her the truth save her own shrewd perception, and yet she could not believe more with scores of admirers at her feet. A curl of her Ladyship's Grecian nose! The females of Joanna, the largest of the Comoro isles, consider a black streak under the eye as peculiarly ornamental: the women of some parts of Sumatra file their teeth to a point and blacken them; and various sable beauties, of whom we have so many models in our Crystal Palace, draw their underlips below the level of their chins by means of heavy iron rings inserted therein. Place the Lady Lavinia (in a fainting state of course) in the midst of these strange belles, and then weigh the dear little conceits and the harmless vanities of the adored creature in the same balance with those of any one of the savages—skimming off, of course, the superior ideas that her Ladyship has imbibed in her experience of "ton" and the circles of fashion—and it is surprising to what a hair's breadth the two scales would probably tally! Bathe the unconscious temples of the Lady Lavinia with Eau-de-Cologne, and do not for worlds let her know how we have been experimenting on her!

Revenons à Notre Mauresque. She discards the hhaïk, yashmak, and foutah, thus exposing the extent of her facial charms. Perhaps if we could see them we might be disappointed after the expectations we had raised from a look at those dazzling eyes. A morsel of the never-decaying ambèrgris enclosed in a species of locket hangs round her neck, investing

her person as well as the surrounding atmosphere with its delicious though scarcely perceptible perfume. On her head is coquettishly tied a silk handkerchief, generally of a blue or yellow color striped with gold. Her front hair is cut short, but her back hair is fashioned into a pigtail of about a yard in length, covered with red cloth. In her ears are diamond ear-rings, generally of great value, and four rows of huge pearls encircle her neck. Half way up her dimpled arm are plain gold bracelets, and heavy circlets of the same metal surround her ancles. She wears a blue jacket with lace sleeves richly flowered with gold, and, if she be of rank, ornamented with large diamonds. This jacket fastens in front, leaving the full bust open, over which white lace is carelessly thrown. A *ceinture*, heavy with gold lace, is tied around her waist, and sometimes another above that, whose ends hang loosely before her in two little tassels. Instead of her white walking trowsers she has blue silk drawers figured and braided with gold, which come down a little below the knee. Her feet are bare, and her toenails dyed with henna or col. And here we have the "toute ensemble" of the Moorish lady "at home."

The extreme richness of these garments in some cases surpasses belief. There are two or three Princesses in Algiers, the value of whose jackets alone would be looked on as a fortune even in monied England. I believe that they literally blaze with immense diamonds, and are of course only used on state occasions. At the same time, they are of great antiquity, and have been handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another, the marriage dower

of the lady consisting entirely in her handsome apparel. Sometimes the diamonds of families living in the country are of such immense value that they will not trust them within their own houses, but send them to a banker or merchant in the town to be taken care of. A singular carelessness, however, seems to influence some of them with regard to their trinkets, the least valuable of which they frequently wear as every-day ornaments; and a lady friend of mine who has often been among them and paid them unexpected visits has frequently found them, even when alone, decked out most superbly, for the mere sake I suppose of wearing finery. During one of these visits, a little Moorish girl happening to play about with but one diamond ear-ring the lady naturally enquired after the fate of the other. "Oh," replied her mother with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I suppose she has lost it." The maxim of ill-gotten gain rarely prospering seems, however, to have lost its general truth in Algiers, for there is little doubt that the greater portion of these ornaments are the result of long and ferocious years of piracy.

It is lamentable to think that the higher the position of the Moorish lady the less is her mind likely to be kindled by the slightest spark of education. For nearly thirty years have the French given laws to Algeria, and yet there is not one of the natives who has adopted a single European idea, or deviated in the slightest degree from the traditional habits and institutions of his ancestors. Many of the Jews, ever eager to accommodate themselves to any government provided it affords them free scope for their insatiate hunt for gold, have adopted the European costume,

but the Jewesses still retain the handsome though uncouth habiliments of yore. In consequence of this steady adherence to the customs of their forefathers, the Moorish women still occupy the same inferior position with regard to their husbands, who are not however allowed to exercise their former cruelties towards them. They are neither permitted to acquire a single real accomplishment, or to learn anything that could rescue them from the eternal ennui in which their lives must be passed. Of course they are ignorant of French, and those who wish to have any conversation with them must do so in their native Arabic. On festive occasions, as for example the Baïram, they perform a few amateur culinary experiments,—that is to say, they manufacture a few indigestible cakes, their fingers still covered with rings, and the circlets of gold around their wrists. How delightful must be the flavor of those tough confectionaries, formed by the black-tipped fingers of Fatma, and ornamented with the multifarious impressions of her diamonds! and how doubly delightful must be the little doughy balls for the evening repast, rolled by the dirty fat hands of the red-haired children that endeavor to assist Mama in her important avocations! "Chacun à son gout."

It must not be imagined that the above-mentioned daughters of Fatma are fortunate or unfortunate enough, as the case may be, to be born with tresses of a fiery hue. On the contrary, the hair of the Mauresque, whether young or middle-aged, is naturally of a raven black, and I experienced great astonishment at first on meeting babies carried about with their locks so violently crimson that they would

have been exhibited in England in the same category as spotted boys and wonderful fat giantesses. Among the Moors there seems to be a perfect passion for this unnatural color, and the children's hair is consequently dyed of a deep vermillion till they attain years of maturity, when nature is allowed to break forth in her own true and inimitable shade; and then the paint brushes and cosmetics again endeavor to deteriorate her lavish gifts.

In the generality of cases the hair seems to be dyed with henna, and we can only account for this singular custom by supposing that it took its origin from a necessity, the beard and locks being formerly colored to conceal the ravages of age. Musa, the conqueror of Spain, (according to Gibbon) "affected to disguise his age by coloring with a red powder the whiteness of his beard," and the ever imitative ladies struck with the brilliancy of the dye may have adopted it, not merely as an ornament for their own dark-haired offspring, but also in order that by the habit becoming general the aged might not always be distinguished by the ruddy glow of their locks.

It is rarely that Moorish ladies of rank ever leave the precincts of their own habitations. Whenever they do so, it is generally for the purpose of attending the bath, and their transit thither from their abodes is effected in a closely covered carriage, their faces at the same time being studiously concealed from the vulgar gaze. There was one respectable old lady who had been seventy years in Algiers, and being one day persuaded to pay a visit to a European lady was utterly astounded at the size of the town and

the appearance of the country around, of which she knew no more than if she had passed her life on an iceberg. The most they ever do is to walk on the housetops at dusk, and enjoy for a short time the serene beauty of the evening and the dazzling magnificence of the planetary orbs above. And how can minds, wild and untutored as theirs, enter into the magic poetry that breathes around in every wavelet of the scarce concealed blue of the atmosphere? Dead alike to the external world, and knowing nought of the unexplored recesses of the internal, they live a life of unconquerable ennui and die like dogs,—no expectation, no hope for them of aught save the dark eternity of nothingness.*

Yet the Moorish lady has one object in life,—that of getting as fat as she possibly can. The more flesh she makes the better is she pleased, as the Algerines look upon beauty in a particularly solid point of view, judging it in a great measure by the comparative number of pounds, avoirdupois or troy, which it may contain. The larger her proportions the more chance has the Mauresque of securing her husband's affection, a by no means inferior consideration in a country where wives form a staple article of commerce. To attain this object there are few things which she will shrink from eating and drinking, and a legend (rather dubious I am afraid) is afloat concerning a European lady, who actually succeeded in making a Moorish

* Mohammed gives forth that women will constitute the majority of the damned, and the Moorish women, as a matter of course, have little inclination to confide in a religion of so melancholy a nature for them at least, preferring, of course, the idea of mere resolution into their component elements to that of a soul destined to everlasting misery.

woman swallow a spoonful of cod liver oil, which she had with truth informed her would fatten most wonderfully. The poor Barbarian made a terrible face after it, and appeared as if she were about to call for the "steward," and, I need not say, preferred ever after her own dietary principles to the most skilful pharmacopœan *regime*. Moorish girls, Park tells us, were compelled by their mothers to devour a great quantity of Kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk every morning, in consequence of the prevailing taste for unwieldiness. "I have seen," he says, "a poor girl crying with a bowl at her lips for more than an hour, and her mother beating her most unmercifully with a stick because she would not drink, and it is remarkable that, instead of producing indigestion and disease, this singular practice soon causes in the young lady that degree of plumpness which in the eyes of the Moor is perfection itself."

The visits of a European lady to a Mooress are looked on by the latter as a kind of amusement, and welcomed with as much zest as children welcome the squeak of a Punch and Judy man. Happy be the daughter of civilization if she do not talk Arabic, as she has then no chance of being pestered with the thousand and one senseless questions, about herself and everything she wears, with which visitors are generally annoyed. But the Moorish ladies soon get tired of the comparative insipidity of trying to understand and make themselves understood in turn, and proceed to action. They first pull you about and examine everything you have on. Next they divest you of your walking habiliments and dress you up, if you will permit them after their own

fashion. A French lady, curious to see to what lengths they would really carry their passion for investigation, determined to give herself up entirely to the caprices of a Moorish family on whom she was making a short "morning call." They commenced by cutting her front hair short in a twinkling, and then while one painted her eyebrows with cohol a second dyed her finger-nails with henna and a third stuck little gold spangles over her face. To attempt to envelope her in Moorish habiliments was the next step, which, however, she resisted vigorously, anxious to save herself the trouble of that mysterious and illimitable "minute" during which ladies ask you so ruthlessly to wait while they are "putting their things on." And then they clapped their hands with the greatest glee at the droll appearance she cut. I need not say that she scarcely recognized her own face in the glass, nor I think would her nearest relation have known her at that moment. Cohol takes at least a week before it can be removed, while henna can only be eradicated as the nail grows and is cut. The lady perceived at once, as she dolefully endeavored to put her docked hair into shape, that a thick veil would be necessary till the effects of the masquerading had worn away with time. However, everybody seemed so pleased with her transformation that it was impossible to take offence, and she left the house with the best grace she could, consoling herself perhaps with a perverted translation of the hackneyed "example"—"Gratia ab officio, quod Mora tardat, abest"—"small thanks for the Mooresses' officiousness, the effects of which will be visible for a couple of slow months at least."

The middling and lower classes of females are much more free and unrestrained in their actions than their richer sisters. They walk about like Europeans in the public thoroughfares, make purchases in the French shops, regardless in some cases whether it be a man or woman who serves them, and do not object now and then to stand on the outskirts of a crowd when anything out of the common is going on. Many of them speak French very fairly, having acquired it from their intercourse with the civilized world, and some of the younger ones are even able to read and write it as well as their native Arabic. For the latter important change in the mental condition of the rising generation the Algerines are entirely indebted to Madame Luce, a lady whose name, in connection with reform, ought to be as immortal in French history as that of Sir Robert Peel in our own annals. Many of them work and embroider extremely well, and by their cleverness of finger can make a very tolerable living. The ostrich feather fans are principally the work of their hands, and are in some cases a source of great profit to them. In these respects they are a thousand times better off than hundreds of our own poor milliners, whose strength ebbs daily away at the needle's point, and whose slender remuneration is barely sufficient to drive the fiend Starvation from the gloomy perspective. Civilization tramps forward with resistless feet of iron and places upon the shoulders of our myriad white slaves the padded ladder upon which climbs Fashion with her rustling silks. There is but one dread means—the pawnshop of Beauty—for the poor forlorn drudge to escape from its crushing weight

and attempt its soft ascent. For the first few steps she mounts with confidence, but is hustled by the gay crowd and falls at length into an abyss from whose depths the world turns disgusted and shuddering away. There are those perhaps who think she may be hurt by the tumble, and pity her—but they have no time to wait, or their neighbour will have reached the top before them. One of them may be charitable enough to let down a rope for her to grasp, but, alas! it is too short, and she can but behold it with starting eyeballs. "I am sorry for that," exclaims the well-meaning individual, "it is all I can do, as I must go up with the crowd; so I will just tie it there in case it may be useful some day." And the poor lost creature expends her last breath as she watches it hanging hopelessly between her and the stars. The well-meaning individual arrives at the top, takes a long breath, and in a moment of idleness thinks of the fallen one. This time he procures a longer cord, which soon flutters dangling from the ladder-top. "It touches the bottom, but she does not seem able to grasp it;—well I have done all that it was possible to do." And when he in turn is swept away by the murky waters of oblivion his lips close with the prayer

——"Pulchra Laverna
Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctum que videri,
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem,"

and a white marble statue rises "to his memory" upon the bleached bones beneath, and is worshipped by every respectable man who passes. But where is the lost one?

Madame Luce, the lady alluded to above, is the

first of her nation that conceived the grand idea of educating the Moorish girls. For this purpose she left Paris on her own resources and set up a school at Algiers. Her difficulties in obtaining even a single pupil were almost insurmountable, and nothing but her decision of character could have overcome them. Without a single exception, the Moorish women refused to entrust their children to the dangerous precepts of an infidel, but at length the proffered reward of two francs a week for every child sent had the effect of inducing some of the poorer parents to alter their resolution, and a few girls attended under the stringent promise that they were to be instructed in no principles or ideas contrary to the precepts of the Koran. Poor Madame Luce was pained by these conditions but resolved to accept them, trusting that she might by indirect hints open their eyes to the gleam of Truth. She made herself perfect mistress of Arabic, and taught her pupils to read and write in that language, as well as French, giving them at the same time as good an education in other things as falls to the lot of many a respectable European child. Her funds being at last exhausted she applied to the Government, who granted her the sum of ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds), and having at last convinced the Moorish women of the utility of education her school soon increased in size, and instead of paying she was herself paid at length for her laborious efforts. Scarce had her academy increased its proportions ere the friend of a creature in office obtained a monopoly for the same purpose, settled in Algiers, soon filled her own benches, and actually drew away the greater portion of Madame

Luce's girls. Her school is now rapidly on the decline: and the increasing paucity of her pupils, and the gradual emptiness of her rooms, afford a melancholy proof of the apophthegm "Put not your trust in Princes."

Personally, Madame Luce has a fine open face, and a rather commanding presence. Several busts and likenesses of her have been taken, and may be obtained in the European shops. I had the pleasure of an introduction to her, and she was kind enough to shew me over her schoolrooms. She lives in a Moorish house in the old town, in one of the darkest streets in Algiers—a situation which ill accords with the native gaiety of a French woman. As may be imagined a very singular sight greeted me on first entering the academic apartments. The little girls were seated cross-legged on forms, chattering away to one another with great volubility in their native tongue, and were engaged in sewing and embroidery, the hours of tuition being over. The eldest seemed to be about fourteen or fifteen, yet there were some whose years seemed scarce to average more than five or six. They were dressed very plainly, the greater portion in little red jackets and trowsers, and without any attempts at ornament save the bracelets of plain gold to which their arms are accustomed from the earliest infancy, and their hair, brushed off their faces, hung down behind in small pigtails covered with red cloth. Their feet were bare and their finger and toe nails tinged with henna, but their eyes and eyebrows seemed free from the darker pigment of the cohol. The hair of the younger ones was generally dyed red, while the tresses of the elder

were left in their natural shade of magnificent black. One little Mauresque there was who formed a strange exception—her eyes being of a deep blue and her locks of a sunny auburn. She would have been esteemed pretty even amid the beauty-filled circles of England, and it is needless to say that she was looked on by the Moorish women as a very paragon of good looks. There were several little Jewesses squatting most amicably among the Mauresques, conspicuous only by their simpler robe of colored stuff and a conical cap of red velvet, tipped with gold lace, with a little gilt tassel depending from it, that was set most coquettishly on the side of the head. They use the same dyes and pigments as the Moorish women, and their hair is arranged after the same fashion. They discard the yashmak, however, in the streets, and have no particular walking costume. Strange and rare sight was it, even in the present age of miracles, to witness these little Moorish children shackled by the fetters of Islamism and yet emerging from the seclusion allotted to their sex by past ages to attain the book-learning so lately confined to the polished dames of Europe, and conferred on them at the same time by one whom they are taught to regard in the light of a dog and infidel! Strange was it to watch their nimble fingers as they embroidered muslin handkerchiefs with sentences from the Koran, or the piratical signs of the hand and crescent, in a style that Regent Street itself might have emulated. But still stranger was the anomaly as they sat side by side with Jewish maidens, oblivious, amid their more serious tasks, of the distinction of hate so rigorously enforced by universal custom and so

ferociously carried out by the Deys against the never subdued and homeless race of Israel!

Of the contemptuous feelings still evinced by Mussulmen of both sexes towards the Jews the following example may be quoted. Some Moorish women were once taken to the studio of an artist in which among other subjects was the portrait of a Jewess, placed carelessly against the wall. They immediately walked up to it and spit deliberately on the canvass, exclaiming at the same time "oh, the pig! how I should like to do it to her if she were here!" They will never even touch a Jewess if they can help it, and would consider themselves defiled were they but to speak to her. The same feeling is as a matter of course displayed by the Jewess, who, under the rule of order, takes as little pains to conceal it as the Mauresque. Madame Luce deserves the greatest credit for endeavoring to reconcile the youth of the adverse religions, but whether the amicable feeling, grafted in their tender years, will bring forth adequate fruit is more than I dare conjecture. Under the tyranny of the Deys the lot of the Jews was indeed aught but enviable. The men were compelled to adopt a certain black dress, which many of their elders still retain to the present day, and the females were strictly prohibited from veiling, such a privilege being reserved only for the Mohammedan women, the exposure of the face being looked on as a mark of the greatest infamy. They were of course liable to the most ruthless taxation, the Dey, whenever he was pressed for ready money, sending down a Chouse* or king's officer, who closed the gates of

* Hence our schoolboy expression of a "cheat."

their quarter and would allow no exit, even for the bare necessaries of life, till the specified sum was paid. In this way they were often kept in the greatest distress for want of provisions, and where the money was not actually forthcoming experienced many of the miseries of an actual siege. Nor dared they at the risk of confiscation or even death make the slightest shew of wealth, and many a doubly-locked cellar door has closed on the frightened Israelite as he counted in the dead of night his concealed hoards with an ear rendered preternaturally sharp by painful and incessant practice, and not daring to permit the slightest clink among the yellow pieces as he replaced them one by one in their hiding-places lest a cunning Mussulman passing that way might snatch them from his resistless hands. The use of the Arabic alphabet was denied to them, nor were they allowed to ride anything more important than donkeys—a race noted in Algeria for their diminutive size. The Jew might be struck, spit on, or caned in the open streets by any Mussulman young or old whose inclinations might lead him to divert himself with such pastime, and there was no shadow of redress for him. Nay, the very urchins amused themselves from time to time by jumping suddenly on the back of an old Jew who might be tottering by, and forcing him in spite of his feeble prayers to carry them a certain distance—but if he so much as lifted up his hand against the votary of Islamism it was instant death to him. The only way in which he could obtain temporary protection was by attaching himself to the person of some rapacious grandee, from whom, by the payment of enormous sums, he

gained the rather dubious privilege of being patronized by him in public, so that inferiors refrained from molesting him, not daring to incur the great man's wrath by the maltreatment of "his Jew." Nor did the Jewess meet with more consideration, being liable to be spit on or followed to her very house-door by an insulting crowd, her sole remedy being close concealment within the precincts of her own courtyard. A little Jewish girl, her heavy pitcher in her hand, was often obliged to wait at the well till the very last Moorish girl had drawn her supply of water, not daring to press forward for fear of a rude repulse; and very often would the little bigots rest their replenished jars on the ground while they amused themselves by mocking and jeering the poor unprotected child, and even driving her away with the cruelest taunts. How often beneath that quivering lip and flashing eye must there have been a heart charged almost to bursting! It is in the green days of childhood that our emotions are more poignant than at any other period of our life, and every little sorrow that then assails us is an incubus compared to which the burden of Atlas himself is as the gossamer wafted high over our heads by the scarcely perceptible breath of summer.

Even after death the unfortunate Jews fared badly, their burying place being trampled on indiscriminately by the most careless pedestrian. I came one day on a barren piece of ground over which small white stones of a conical shape were sprinkled irregularly, on which, at nearer approach, I discovered inscriptions in Hebrew. It was the Jewish burying ground. No enclosure ensured the reverentia loci—

nought was there to point out the sacred character of the place save those inscriptions. Now, however, a walled-in cemetery, erected for them by the French, has repaired the negligence occasioned by no fault of their own.

Under the French rule the Jews with their usual money-making genius are a thriving race, enjoying full privileges and immunities in common with French subjects. A magnificent synagogue has been erected for them by the conquerors, in addition to many others which they have built with their own hands. Their dress is of the oriental cut, consisting of turban, jacket and bagged trowsers. By many of the younger Jews jackets of a bright blue color are worn, with a white turban and black trowsers; while the elder Jews, as before stated, adhere to the rigid black by which they were originally compelled to distinguish themselves. Their cast of countenance is decidedly handsomer than that of their European brethren, and their eyes and eyebrows are darker and more piercing. Still I have seen many an old Jew striding along in his sombre dress, who, with his sinister look, white hair, bushy eyebrows, and wrinkled hand clenching convulsively the knotted staff, seemed the very personification of a Shylock—ready to take your heart's blood should you fail in the payment of your bond. There is a great absence among them of the hooked nose—an adornment of nature so conspicuous among the Israelites of the Minories—and they are of rather taller stature than their brethren across the water. A young Jewish girl in her tender years is the very picture of beauty. Full damask cheeks, large black eyes shaded by long pensive lashes, and a rarely

delicate complexion, are her principal traits, while her arms are beautifully rounded, and her dimpled bust as white as the purest marble. No sight more picturesque can be imagined than a bevy of these little girls with their classically shaped pitchers stopping to chat at one of the wells in which Algiers abounds, their little conical caps giving to their impassioned countenances the most *naïve* expression it is possible to conceive. They early develop into strong and healthy womanhood, but at the same time they lose their delicate tints, and become in some cases extremely coarse. The Jewish women that one sees walking with their awkward shuffling gait in the streets can scarcely be taken as a criterion of their sex, being singularly enough the plainest of their race, and consisting principally of women whose characters have been blown to the winds. From being originally compulsory their seclusion is now voluntary, the respectable Jewess, like the Mauresque, rarely leaving the house after she has attained to years of maturity, and to see her properly requires therefore a *carte blanche* in Jewish circles. That *carte blanche*, to a certain degree, I was fortunate enough to obtain, so that in descanting on the Rebeccas and Naomis of Algiers, I am enabled to speak from observation. The ladies will allow you to enter their apartments, but will rarely speak save when specially addressed, and even then their answers are as curt as possible. Now, their costume is very rich, consisting of a silk dress open at the sleeves, which falls straight to the ground and is of extremely narrow girth, crinoline not being in use among them. From the shoulder to the waist a glittering mass of gold thread

and spangles imparts a strange theatrical effect, and lace, from beneath which the gleam of precious stones is occasionally apparent, is tied around the face and falls carelessly over the bust. The Sarma, or little conical cap, distinguishes the unmarried women, while the married ones tie a gaudy handkerchief in a very ugly manner on the head, concealing thereby the greater part of the luxuriant tresses. Part of the lace stands out very stiffly from the cheeks, like an Elizabethan ruff, and gives a curiously antiquated appearance to the wearer. They carry a profusion of bracelets and rings, and make use of henna and col as freely as the Mauresques. Arabic is their language, and of Hebrew they seem to know less than I should have imagined. I should recommend a Pusey-and-Ellerton scholar to go to Algiers and pronounce his Hebrew alphabet *à l'Anglais*. The Jew who can understand him must be indeed the cleverest Jew in Barbary. From Aleph to Tau is with them the most hopeless and unpronounceable set of gutturals that can possibly be imagined. I tried several letters but was obliged to give them up in despair, not having a throat strong enough to enunciate them, and being powerless even to approach in some cases their proper sounds. Heth is pronounced as if it had four H's and a K at the beginning of it, while in Ayin a combination of G and N takes place, entirely beyond our European powers of articulation. Should our English Universities adopt the Algerine pronunciation, I fear many aspirants for Talmudic honors would "come to grief" at the very first syllable.

I was much amused once, on entering a shop for the purpose of hiring a bath, at seeing my name and

residence entered in cursive Hebrew in the ledger. I had just agreed for the price and was about to call an Arab boy to act as porter when, as my evil star would have it, I wrote my name in the Biblical characters and asked the shopman if it was not correct. He looked and acquiesced—then turning rather abruptly to me, said, "You are an Israelite." I must confess to being a little indignant at this insinuation, but of course concealed my wrath and requested an explanation. "No one," he said, "but an Israelite ever understands Hebrew." I explained to him that it now formed an essential part of an Englishman's education, at which he stared incredulously. Ultimately he threw endless difficulties in the way of my hiring the bath, and concluded by declaring that he would not lend it me at all, so fully persuaded was he of my Jewish extraction. One would have thought that I should have been entitled to his sympathy had such really been the case,—but Jew, however he may respect Jew in everything else, is fully aware that the greed of "monish" urges his race, in many cases, to means that savour greatly of dishonesty. And those two innocent letters obliged me to seek another shop at the other quarter of the town to effect my previous object,—but at the same time they acted as a salutary check on my Hebrew hunt, especially when commerce and self interest stood in the way. Still, it is curious to see the commonest packets directed in cursive Hebrew at the Jewish warehouses. I wonder how the names of Brown and Robinson would be expressed! The former would of course be represented by the Hebrew

equivalent for its color, while the latter tourist might be startled at seeing himself addressed as "the son of Robin."

At the time of the Passover the rich dresses of the Jewesses form a perfect show. Jewelry and gilding that has lain dormant for many a month is now brought to light, and in company with extravagantly rich silk dresses either heightens the charms of the Jewess or diminishes them by a very surfeit of magnificence. By the younger ones two long ribbons of vermillion silk are fixed to their pigtails, and trail along on the ground as they walk. I remarked two young Jewesses in particular whose dresses seemed perfectly to groan beneath the weight of gilding, and who created such a sensation even in the myriad-costumed streets of Algiers that everyone turned round to gaze after them. The poorest Israelite will put on something new for that important anniversary, even though it be but to the value of a farthing ribbon. Near the Bab-el-oued were generally seated a small knot of the most abandoned of their race, who, with dejected faces rested on their hands, and squalid garments, appeared the very picture of misery in its lowest depths. On the Sabbath of the Passover they appeared transformed into new creatures. Their faces were washed, their eyebrows fresh painted with col, and their matted hair concealed beneath gaudy new handkerchiefs. This regeneration, however, seemed but the Phantom of a few hours, for on the very next day they sunk again into their despairing listlessness and became the poor lost creatures that they were before, careless of aught save themselves and

their misteries, and utterly regardless of the squalid offspring of their greener crimes who played unconsciously around them.

It is during this festive season too that the higher Jewish ladies dressed in their most gorgeous costumes receive visitors, from whom they expect to elicit the praise due to their magnificent appearance. I called, in company with some friends, on some of the wealthiest Israelites in the town, and the habiliments of the women, who sat in state in their apartments, seemed literally to sate the eye with splendor. We were of course loud in our praises of the *toute ensemble*, at which the ladies, as well as the men, seemed much pleased. The master of the house busied himself in shewing us about from room to room, the furniture and decorations of which were quite on a par with the dresses of the females. There was one bed, the hangings of which were of rich Tunis brocade, and had belonged for upwards of two hundred years to the reigning Deys. The sofas and chairs were covered with cloth of gold interwoven with pink roses, so rich that I am afraid to say at how much the cost per yard was estimated. The house was of course Moorish, the Jews as well as the Algerines finding it impossible to reside in European tenements, and on one of the arches was painted the representation of a bloody hand, which they suppose to be efficacious in driving away evil spirits. After we had seen all the rooms we mounted to the flat roof. Like most Eastern habitations the roofs form terraces, adjoining one another, so that it is possible to traverse upon them the whole length of some of the streets. The effect of the sun's rays upon the panorama of white housetops

around was so dazzling that it was at first rather painful to the eyes, but very fanciful and picturesque was the scene with its minarets and cupolas, and now and then a Mauresque or Negress in the distance disporting on their aërial promenade. Across some of the housetops (must it be told?) were stretched clothes lines, with strange looking garments hanging on them to dry. In whatever regions of romance and poesy we may linger still we shall invariably find that the common-place must, like an evil genius, have its own way for the moment. We sympathize with the sentimental Zuleika, and form maudlin attachments to the three ladies of Bagdad, whose beauty is so eloquently dilated on in the thousand and one nights, never imagining that such heroines can be subject to the common laws of humanity. But I fancy we should be the first to call out if Zuleika were to come in with muddy trowsers, or the triplet of beauties parade along in dresses black with the grime of months. Poetry is all very well after dinner,—but shew me the Rhapsodist who would prefer a page of blank verses to a mutton chop and bottled porter. The Algerines wash at home,—and over the very spot where Nourmahal watered the blooming roses, and watched with responsive heart strings the flirting of the love-birds, are suspended the hhaïks and foutahs that must dry for to-morrow's wear!

We descended again into the principal apartments, graced by the presence of the ladies, and refreshments—consisting of a peculiar cake soaked in honey, with other confectionaries, and a powerful liqueur extracted from the date—were brought round. The dishes were handed to us, and we were obliged to

take the cakes up in our fingers, in doing which a stream of the sweet sticky stuff fell upon the rich carpet. No one however noticed such a trifle, and the cakes were excellent, eaten though they were in so picnic a fashion, while the liqueur was good though very strong. Etiquette requires that the hat should be kept on before ladies, so of course we took care not to infringe the rule. Then one of the young men of the household brought an Arab guitar, accompanied by the tinkling catgut of which he sung a Hebrew melody. He had a fine bass voice—apparent enough in conversation,—but he must needs twist it up into that cracked soprano, which he gave forth most deliciously through his nose. The spirit of the composition I could not unfortunately enter into, and was therefore not sorry for an occasional squall from the little red-pated Couitou (Eli) and Abraham, who were knocking each other about in the gallery. Of course we applauded and demanded an encore, which he gave most good-naturedly. Then after a little harmless chit-chat we took our departure, with a deep "salaam" towards the ladies.

In the course of my rambles among the Moorish streets I passed one afternoon a house, from the open door of which noise and revelry were proceeding. I was accompanied by an English friend, and meeting with no opposition we took the liberty of entering, and were well repaid by the singular scene which presented itself. A couple of long tables covered with viands were ranged parallel to each other in the courtyard, the foremost of which was occupied by Jews in their usual sombre costumes, while a by no means unpleasing group of Jewesses were seated

around the hindmost. So gorgeous were the dresses of the ladies, and yet so antiquated and barbarous the style of their garments, gold and jewels flashing profusely from every fold, quadrupled rows of large pearls encircling their necks in curious contrast with the red pigtails, and massive though uncouth bracelets covering their well-moulded arms, that it seemed more like the ideal of a transformation scene at the Princess's than an incident of real life. The men stared in rather indignant surprise at our intrusion, and then one of them coming forward asked if we were not English. I need not say that the acknowledgment of his nationality invariably constitutes the proudest moment of a travelling Anglo Saxon, and we were of course not slow in affording an affirmative to his enquiry. In an instant his behaviour was changed as if by magic towards us. A couple of chairs were brought in, and several of the guests vied assiduously with each other in pressing refreshments upon us, while in answer to our queries as to the nature of the ceremony the first speaker informed us with a smile that it was a marriage feast, in which he had the happiness to be the chief actor. The bride was seated at the men's table, at the head of which the chief Rabbi of Algiers was chanting grace in the usual high nasal entonation. Her dress consisted of bright vermillion silk fitting closely to her figure, and covered across the breast in the usual style with gold and jewels, while from her pyramidical cap of sultanis a small white veil descended over her shoulders, leaving her face exposed. Her eyebrows were gilt in one continuous broad line, after the style of gingerbread figures at a fair, her finger nails tinged of course

with henna, and her hands painted with zigzag lines of black which bore a strong resemblance to the stripes of a zebra. In spite however of her Barbaric adornments she was a fine handsome girl, very much inclined to *embonpoint*, and tried uncommonly hard to look sentimental—a feat ever difficult to accomplish with a couple of laughing black eyes, and cheeks like the full moon colored with carmine. Those of the Jews who spoke French rose from their seats and crowded round us, asking as many absurd questions about England as if it were a district in one of the planets, and propounding numerous queries as to the great firm of Rothschild, concerning whom they seemed to have received strange and miraculous accounts, and whom they appeared to consider little inferior to demi-gods. In a moment of enthusiasm up rose my friend, and to my utter surprise proposed the health of the bride in a neat French speech. Unfortunately however, neither that lady nor any of the ladies present were acquainted with aught but their native Arabic, so that when he had finished they stared at him with open eyes and mouths, and he sat down amid a rather uncomfortable silence. The Jews seemed equally astonished, till we explained to them the English custom of speechifying, with which, when they had translated it to the ladies, everybody, especially the bride, looked extremely gratified. So pleased were they that they pressed us to stay and sup with them,—a proposition which we gladly accepted, on condition that they would allow us to depart and return again in the evening.

At eight o'clock therefore we again presented ourselves at the house, and were shewn over the bridal

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chambers, in one of which was a bed so deliciously luxurious that its very aspect seemed provocation of sleep. Then we entered a large apartment fitted up with silken hangings, and furnished with the downiest couches imaginable, at one end of which sat the Jewesses in a circle apart, while the Jews, with their heads covered, occupied the remaining portion of the room. In accordance with the usual etiquette, and as the Algerine Israelites consider it equivalent to an insult to appear bare-headed in their houses, we kept our hats on, though at the same time the "beavers" seemed for once in their existencies sadly out of place. The ladies gossiped in Arabic by themselves, the men rarely addressing observations to them, as, by their curt answers, they seemed to disapprove of so great a liberty. The pith of the feminine conversation being unfortunately incomprehensible to us one of the Jews who spoke French entertained us with tales of Algerine life under the Deys, mostly of his personal experience, which gave a lively insight into a few of the "good old manners" of the time. Life among the lower classes seemed to be literally an empty bubble which the reigning despot and his officers tossed about and crushed at pleasure. For the slightest caprice our informant had seen men taken up and bastinadoed in the streets till they fell dead from sheer agony, their trembling relations not daring to convey the body to burial till the tyrants were merged in the nightly pleasures of their respective Hareems. Sometimes to make the punishment of death more exquisite (for the infliction of which a mere offence against a grandee was considered a sufficient excuse) the criminal was decapitated by

numerous blows, the executioners carefully abstaining from touching the more vital parts till the requisite number of wounds had been given. Theft was effectually checked by the severe castigation which followed its commission. For the first offence the malefactor lost the first joint of his right hand finger; for the second he suffered the amputation of his entire hand; and for the third he was given up to the yataghan of the headsman. After another half-hour of grim anecdote we descended *en masse* to the courtyard and ranged ourselves round one long supper table, my friend and self being placed in the seats of honor, opposite the bride. In deference to our European tastes (as our Jewish friend informed us) a knife and fork had been placed for each of us, the rest of the company not caring for superfluities of the sort. Then commenced the repast. Olives stewed in a peculiar manner, whereby the original villainy of their taste was much enhanced, were handed round, and a few dozens heaped on my plate by the assiduity of my hospitable friend. The flavor of the first I tasted had a striking resemblance to bad sea-water, and to swallow another seemed a hopeless idea—so I had nothing to do but to stare hard at my plate and lift my fork occasionally to my mouth as though I were enjoying them beyond measure. However, my entertainer saw through the shallowness of the artifice, and asked me rather sharply if I considered the olives unclean. I assured him that I had no such prejudice, but on the contrary was merely refraining from indulging too much in them lest they might spoil my appetite for another course. He looked dubiously at me, and dishes of boiled fish being placed on the table, seemed

determined to test the truth of my assertions by setting about half a pound thereof before me. The flavor—if flavor there had ever been—was entirely boiled out, and as there was neither sauce nor bread I doubt whether it were even preferable to those disgusting olives. However I set to with a good grace and devoured at least half the plateful, and immediately after that a fabulous quantity of fowl stewed literally to rags. The ladies seemed to enjoy the meal uncommonly, taking huge pieces of fish with the henna'd tips of their bejewelled fingers, and tearing the flesh of the fowls from the bones with their teeth as ravenously as a set of half-starved cats. The bride herself seized a leg, gnawed it a little, and finding it not to her taste handed it to a younger sister who sat next her, and who was already busy over a wing. The morsel, however, not appearing remarkably tempting to the latter young lady she threw it back to the bride, and a pretty little altercation ensued, the result of which was that the mutilated member was jerked across the table towards my plate, and there left for the remainder of the repast—an object, as may be imagined, by no means provocative of further appetite. After the fowls I entirely lost my reckoning among the weird dishes which were placed one after the other with terrible swiftness on the table, and found it impossible to tell at length whether it was of flesh or fish that I was the unhappy partaker. How truly fortunate was Sancho Panza as the dishes were snatched away one by one ere he had time to taste of them. Oh, for a medical attendant such as his, behind me! A peculiar kind of herb soup concluded the entertainment, and I rose to take

my leave—convinced by the symptoms of indigestion which hung about me days afterwards that like Lord Maulevener the terrible supper had completely "got into my system."

The Jewish shopkeepers are almost as numerous as the Mussulmen, and their shops are to all appearance the same, with the exception now and then of one or two women who assist in the minor offices. At the baker's you see whole families working together, one kneading the dough, another cutting the pastry into shape, and a third putting it under a press with a rotating top, to which is affixed a long handle which serves as a powerful lever to flatten it, and perhaps make it digestible. How strange was the anomaly as you watched the plump arms of the Jewesses at work, encircled with the eternal bracelets of flat gold, which are put on when young and cannot be removed afterwards on account of the fat rotundity of the member. It is almost impossible to reconcile the absurdity of making bread in bracelets. The "Queen of Hearts," as the legend informs us, "made some tarts upon a sunny day," but it sayeth not whether her majesty doffed the crown and other insignia which Royalty was always supposed to wear in those stormy times, or whether she moulded the paste with her sceptre and ornamented it with the great seal. But at any rate I should imagine that her majesty would hardly have hampered the motion of her beautiful arms with bracelets and rings during a culinary operation, where appearance was evidently so little regarded, and where a dubious result would have thrown her high character for the manipulation of puffs considerably into shade. The Jews of course grind

their own bread, and the original way in which this operation is performed by the Algerines, whether Israelites or Mohammedans, deserves notice. The wheat is put in a conical trough with a hole at its base from which the grains run between two gigantic millstones, of which the uppermost rotates slowly on a moveable axis by the agency of two beams of immense length fixed therein. These beams are turned by a horse or mule, the bridle projecting from whose mouth is fastened to one beam, while a rope passed round its middle is secured to the other. It is by the latter beam that motion is communicated to the stone, the former acting merely as a guide—always seeming to pull the animal on while its fellow-radius is in motion. Round the neck of the horse a bell is fixed, so that watching is not always necessary, as the cessation of the tinkle is sufficient proof of the cessation of motion. And the wheat ground between these millstones falls into a proper receptacle beneath.

It must argue well for the digestion of the Aborigines that they can manage to eat such tough pastry without a particle of dough in it. In the Rue d'Isly are rows of gaunt negresses in their blue check hhaïks, squatted on the ground, who assail you with unearthly cries as you pass. The negresses of Algiers are an extremely tall fine race, strong and vigorous as men, and with arms of iron, and are principally emancipated slaves who have been imported from Timbuctoo or Soudan, a sign of their emancipation consisting of three deep cuts in the cheek, the mark of some sharp instrument, with which many of their faces are disfigured. These dark ladies have the most terribly unleavened cakes for sale, which with fruit

form their staple merchandise. Should you be even indiscreet enough to purchase one it is hoped you would not be fool-hardy enough to eat it, for you might just as well think of swallowing leather as devouring that hard unyielding substance, which would most probably keep you awake for a week. In this street, too, are the principal stations for camels, of which there is a numerous supply in Algiers, and it is a sight common enough to see them parading through the streets with their heavy load of goods, docile as lambs to the voice of the driver. It is curious, too, to watch the "modus operandi" of loading whole droves of them for the work of the day. At a word they double their legs beneath them and sink down on the ground while the pack is strapped tightly on their backs, uttering at the same time the most heartrending cries it is possible to conceive. After the camel has risen one of its fore legs is doubled and strapped beneath it, so that it rests on the other three, and this being done they limp away and join the drove, their legs being unfastened when all is ready to start; then off they go—and I have seen them in the open country trotting away at such a rate with an Arab on their back that it was a wonder how the rider could keep his seat.*

The French shopkeepers with the most consummate assurance affect to look down on all the native races, and the term "indigène" is with them an expression of the greatest contempt. Whether the splendid

* The speed of the camel is not nearly so great as that of the dromedary, the latter in fact being distinguished not by the generally conceived idea of a double hump, but by its superior swiftness in trotting, being able it is said to perform in one day work for which a horse would require ten.

Algerines are inferior to a small white-faced clique, whose leisure hours are taken up with the cards and dice-box, and who are prematurely old with the poisonous Absinthe, is a point which I must leave to the judgment of the clear-minded reader, I was very much annoyed once at a piece of tyranny exercised by a grubby bookseller towards a little Jewess, with a remarkably sweet and innocent expression of face. I entered the shop and found her vainly pleading with the man at the counter, who scarcely seemed to heed her presence. A little knot of her comrades were at the door, peeping timidly in, and evidently awaiting with the greatest anxiety the result of her negotiations. The shopman as I entered turned to me with the usual automaton postures and begged to know what he could have the pleasure of doing. "Serve the little girl," was the reply, which would I think have come naturally to the mouth of any Englishman. "Never mind her—ce n'est qu'une indigène," said he with a curl of the lip. However I persisted in not completing my purchase till he had attended to her, declaring in case of his refusal that I would instantly leave the shop. Then with a face crimsoned with anger he pointed to a little picture-book and said "she wants that but she has not enough money." And what think you was the deficiency? One sou!—and that little coin stood between her and her happiness. Of course I paid the trifle, and the little girl ran with a face beaming with joy to her diffident comrades outside, while the shopman philosophically observed to me as an excuse for his barbarity, "no one ever puts themselves out for that kind of canaille—she was only an indigène."

The Moors still keep up the practice of polygamy, though at the same time I believe there are many of them who are content with the society of one wife. Wives with them, it is needless to observe, are not the soft and tender helpmates, the sharers of their joys and griefs, and the soothers of their anxious hours, as our English understanding of the term teaches us. There are no doubts or distractions on the part of the gentlemen, and no coyness or coquetry with the lady previous to the auspicious event, the idea of courtship, from the secluded life of the women, being of course entirely out of the question. The French "marriage de convenance" is the term whose signification approaches nearest to them,—marriage being a mere commercial transaction which the gentleman takes in a very cool sort of manner after he has paid down in hard cash the sum demanded for the invisible "bundle of charms." Hamet the shoemaker having amassed a few extra napoleons by many hard years of cobbling feels melancholy one morning on discovering that the coins which he has so carefully hoarded in his cellar are beginning to tarnish. In this dilemma he meets his neighbour Akhbar the sherbet-seller, and the following conversation probably ensues:—

Hamet.—Peace to thee oh seller of the divine sherbet, in the delights of which men smack their lips, and close their eyelids, and cry "Bah!"

Akhbar.—May the shadow of thy heavenly nose never deviate from its full proportions, oh celestial coverer of the toe-nails!

Ham.—May the houris prepare pools of ice-cream for thee, and stew the golden pippins of paradise for

thy evening repast! My head acheth, oh respectable Akhbar, and black bile from the evil genii oppresseth me.

Akh.—We must drive the ill-omened Sheïtan from thee. Confide the source of the thy griefs to the muscular bosom of thy friend.

Ham.—This morning I discovered that the canker-worm rust hath eaten into the gains of my beleathered moons, which, as thou knowest, I have concealed beneath my threshold, not caring to trust them within the rapacious grasp of the Rummi tribe of Bankers. Advise me, purveyor of sherbet!

Akh.—If thy gold perish were it not wise first to spend it?

Ham.—Thou hast the wisdom of the Marabout, oh Akhbar! but on what can thy friend lay out his gains? I have leather enough for two moons, my daily craft payeth for the Kous-kous, and, as thou knowest, within the precincts of my habitation are couches, saucepans, and a tambourine, which blessings are even to satiety. Lend me thy cunning oh delighter of the thirsty palate!

Akh.—Hast thou a wife, oh clouded Hamet?

Ham.—That is an article which thy friend, who rejoiceth in solitude, hath not yet purchased.

Akh.—Then hath the Prophet spoken to thee in the tarnish of thy metal, and desired thee to follow his sacred example and take thee a wife.

Ham.—The voice of my adviser is as a lull in the deadly Sciroccо.

Akh.—I have a daughter whose beauty is as the moon and all the stars. Her face is round as a melon, her eyes are black as the sloe, her eyebrows

are painted in the newest fashion, her voice is clear and strong like that of the hyena, and fourteen stone in the balance would not cause her to kick the beam. She gaineth flesh every moon, and will soon resemble the mother of elephants. Already she yeildeth to the touch like a silken cushion.

Ham. (in raptures.)—Allah, Hallah!

Akh.—In consideration of thy friendship, oh illustrious subduer of the pliable hide, and as I have a numerous family to dispose of, thou shalt have her a bargain.

Ham.—I will give my shop-full of boots, and my Narghilè.

Akh.—*That* I were a traitor to ask of my friend, but give me fifty Napoleons and thou shalt have her, bracelets and all.

Ham.—My friend asketh more than the sum total of my labours; I have but forty, beneath the bricks of my courtyard.

Akh.—Forty is not sufficient for her exceeding value; but I will be content if thou wilt give in addition twenty pairs of Morocco slippers, and ten dishes of Kous-kous.

Ham.—The prophet hath sent thee, and I close the bargain. And when shall the light of the Houri's countenance gleam on my painted pipe-bowl?

Akh.—To-morrow shall the Kadi draw up thy articles. Thou shalt not repent of thy purchase. She shall sing to thee through the nose, she shall make thee round cakes, hard as the carob-wood, and when thou comest in weary from the toil of the day she shall drum to thee incessantly on the loud tambourine!

Ham. (throwing up one of his slippers.)—Allah, Ilallah, Bishmillah! Let me kiss thee on the right shoulder, for thou hast driven out the Sheïtan, and I shall pass the day in rapturous anticipation. Salaam aleïkum!

Akh.—Salaama!

And the young lady is given over veiled to the boot-making Hamet, and when the Kadi has drawn up the articles of marriage, the only recognized wedding service, and all have retired, the veil is lifted by the anxious bridegroom. Be she peri or dæmon she is his now, and if after the end of a short time she is not all he can wish he returns her, like soiled merchandise, to her "indignant parients," who, however, will dispose of her two or three times afterwards if they can only get the chance. "What an anxious moment it must be for the husband when the veil is lifted," I remarked to a lady. "Yes," she replied in a very piquant defence of her sex, "but no one ever reflects that the lady herself must experience quite as much anxiety as she gazes for the first time on the countenance of her future lord and master."

Whether the newly-married couple be poor or rich it would be sadly in opposition to the customs of every nation on the globe if there were not a little rejoicing and merry-making on the occasion. Among the Algerines ladies innumerable are invited to the celebration of the nuptials, but not the shadow of a single gentleman save that of the bridegroom obtrudes itself on the feminine assembly. From those who have attended on these occasions I am informed that it seems to be almost as slow an affair as an old maid's tea party, everyone being most painfully

attentive to Eastern etiquette. I was of course excluded from such delightful reunions, although I daresay I might have been smuggled in in female attire (at a little risk) among a party of European ladies, provided I had worn two or three thick veils, which, however, it would have been considered an enormous breach of good manners to have kept down in presence of the bride. The following account of a "marriage in high life," the bride being no less a personage than grand-daughter of the last Dey, may give a little insight into the singular ceremonies in vogue on those occasions. And for a knowledge of the facts I am entirely indebted to Mrs. Thurgar, herself a guest and eye-witness, from whose animated descriptions I am enabled to record them with as much confidence as the most observative of "special correspondents."

The bride was an exceedingly beautiful Princess, about eighteen years of age, and was attended by other Princesses, who acted as ladies-in-waiting and tiring women. She sat on a raised daïs, and appeared more like a lovely statue than a breathing creature of flesh and blood, as it was almost impossible to detect a single movement in the position of her graceful limbs. The guests occupied couches placed round the spacious apartments, and were constantly regaled with cakes and other confectionaries, handed to them by the attentive domestics. Mussulman etiquette requires that the bride shall neither speak, smile, or even look at any of her friends on the day of her marriage and in strict accordance with this custom the lady fixed her eyes on the ground as though she were dazed by an irresistible magnetic influence,

never raising them for a single moment. Then commenced the important ceremony of attiring her, her outer garments being removed for more costly wedding apparel by the ladies-in-waiting, who performed their task with such adroitness that her *pose* seemed scarcely disturbed for an instant. The magnificence of her new costume was beyond description, the waistband alone being thickly covered with diamonds, and precious stones gleaming from all parts of her person. On her head she wore a tiara of diamonds, and ear-rings of the same jewels flashed from beneath the jet black of her hair. Her eyebrows were painted with col, her eyes were touched with belladonna, which rather detracted from their soft beauty by expanding the pupil and giving them an unnaturally brilliant appearance; and little gold stars were stuck over different parts of her face. Her nails were of course tinged with the deepest dye of henna, and her hands were stained black on the palm as well as the outside,—the dingy col being generally used in this manner on all festive occasions. The dressing lasted nearly three hours, and was a most tedious operation both for the actors and the assembled guests, a band of negresses being in attendance with fifes and tomtoms who played a particular tune for each portion of the dress as it was adjusted, no new part being put on till the sable musicians had changed the character of the melody. Some of the negresses danced and others sung, and after every two or three steps they came round for money, which was given to them by the bride's relations from a small golden box, the lid of which was studded with diamonds. Then, at a given signal the ladies, who

had been previously unveiled, covered up their faces, (the bride alone excepted) as the happy bridegroom walked in and looked for the first time on the charms of his spouse, whom he led away into the private apartments amid a deafening concert of rebebs and bamboo fifes. Refreshments were constantly handed round to the guests, and Moorish dancing women amused them in the evening, but at an early hour they took their departure. And whether, like English ladies, they envied the felicity of the newly married couple, or put pieces of cake beneath their pillows to dream of future husbands, is a question which even my intelligent informant would have found difficult to decide.

CHAPTER V.

THE Mosques in Algiers are numerous, and some are fine specimens of Moorish architecture, but in the time of the Deys their number was treble what it is at present, so many of them having been either pulled down or converted into buildings for secular purposes. Of the latter kind the finest is that attached to the Casbah, or late palace of the reigning despots, and its mutilation must be sadly deplored by the true lover of the beautiful, its light marble pillars, even, and delicately carved entablatures being almost entirely hidden behind piles of coats, shakos, or other military paraphernalia. The scimetar of the Infidel has yielded indeed to the Christian sword, but it must be painfully evident that the minds of the captors are even more Infidel in matters of decorative art than those of the race who have left behind, for the wonder of succeeding generations, the matchless colonnades of the uncrumbling Alhambra.

The two largest Mosques are those situated in the Place du Gouvernment, and the Rue de la Marine. The former owes its peculiar shape to a European slave, an architect, who, on being commanded by the Dey to undertake its construction, took care that it

should be built in the form of a cross. The grand mistake was not discovered till it was completed, and the circumstance was of course related to the Dey, who was so incensed at the audacity of the "Christian dog" that he commanded his head to be instantly struck off. The Mosque is surmounted by two cupolas and a minaret, and is of a dazzling white, the minaret being ornamented at the top by porcelain tiles of fantastic pattern. The interior, however, far surpasses the exterior, the domes being superbly painted with ornamental sentences from the Koran, similar sentences being engraved over all the doors. The Keblah, or sacred arch, which is built in the direction of Mecca, is surrounded with a carving in stone, delicate as lace work, and close to it is a door which leads on to a terrace, sacred as the niche itself, on which true believers take an airing and imagine that they are gazing towards the holy city. In the earlier ages of Mohammedanism the Keblah consisted of a visible point in the horizon, to which the eyes were to be directed in order that attention to prayer might be better kept up. Later however, it was found more convenient to introduce the arch, which, under the same appellation, answers of course a similar purpose, besides being more plainly perceptible by the worshippers within the building. From the middle of the floor rises a railed platform from which the Koran is neighed forth (for no other term will express the unmusical drone which they call chanting) and a small wooden gallery running along the right wall is reserved for women and Infidels upon gala nights. The floor is entirely covered with matting, but before the niche is spread a carpet for the reader of the

Koran, which Christian feet are not allowed to soil. By the principal entrance is a fountain, with an immense basin, in which true believers wash their hands and feet without soap, the latter article being unnecessary to the faithful, who believe that Mohammed will clean their finger nails for them in Paradise. This is the whole interior of a Mosque—and it is upon this pattern that all the Mosques in Algiers, and everywhere else I believe, are constructed.

The Mosque in the Rue de la Marine (Djemaa Kebir or large Mosque) is much darker than the one alluded to above, and an additional fountain is placed outside, in the street. The Hotel des Ambassadeurs, where I lodged, is just opposite the Mosque, and of this fact I was painfully convinced by being awoke now and then by the brazen lungs of the Muezzin, who mounts the minarets thrice in the day and twice at night to call the faithful to prayer. Let me, however, do the Algerines the justice to say that the call is nobly responded to—and old and young, rich and poor, leave their beds by night, and their occupations by day, at the invitation of those stentor tones, to prostrate themselves before that beneficent Being whom they worship under the name of Allah. What can the more enlightened European say, as those benighted creatures pass him daily, each striving to be first in adoration? Attempts to convert them are against the spirit of the French law—nor do they seem to have the slightest wish to be initiated into a religion to which the conquerors themselves seem to give so little heed. A Sunday on which the usual traffic of the week is carried on without the slightest

interruption—doctrines which the mass of the people cannot or do not attempt to understand—and churches where the real spirit of worship gives place to tinsel effect, are not the magnets which can allure the Mohammedan from the sensual Paradise promised as a reward to his constancy and fidelity.*

Cleanliness, according to the precepts of the Koran, is the key of prayer, and many a Mussulman as he passes to his daily work will perform his ablutions at the fountain, even though he may not have time to enter the Mosque. Sometimes two or three of them meet, and stick their slippers in crevices of the wall while they wash first one foot and then another, divesting themselves lastly of their burnouses, and splashing their faces and arms all over. Then they dry themselves with the burnous, which thus forms a very convenient portable towel for hands, legs and face, after which they pop it on again, as well as their slippers, parting from each other either as friends or foes according as the ablutions begin from the "funny bone" of the elbow or the extreme tip of the little finger. And the little patches of wet on the burnous add greatly, as may be imagined, to the picturesqueness of their *toute ensemble*.

* No wonder that Mussulmen adhere so steadily to the precepts of Mohammed, when that imposter (or enthusiast) has given them such comfortable assurances respecting their future state. On the day of Judgment, the Koran declares that Jews, Christians and Infidels (the latter term being applied to all who have not embraced the doctrines of Islam) will be driven into the lowest hell, and condemned, without hearing, to an eternity of torture. For the Moslem, however great his offences, Paradise gleams ever in the distance, and at the utmost the fire of Al Araf (or purgatory) will purify his soul, for spaces of from nine hundred to seven thousand years, according to the crimes committed by him in the flesh.

I need scarcely remark that a few years ago it was death to a Christian to enter a Mosque, and the whole building had to be whitewashed and re-painted if he but set foot in it, so great was the defilement supposed to emanate from his touch. Now, introition is not difficult, save in one or two Mosques, to visit which a special order is required. In every case, however, the shoes must be taken off, and the French themselves enforce this rule, it being as much a mark of respect as removing the covering from the head in a Christian House of Prayer, besides having the prestige of the greatest antiquity. No one, too, would wish to trample on the scruples of a people, who whatever may be the errors of their credence yet believe what they consider the essential truth, and the fervour of whose devotion it would be well if many a more enlightened congregation would imitate. The French, too, are bound to protect their worship, as it was expressly mentioned in the treaty of General Bourmont, proposed by himself "that their women and religion should be respected,"—conditions to which the last Dey was glad to subscribe, as he thus prevented the entire demolition of the Pirate city.

I felt that I was doing a very out-of-the-way thing, and so did my friend M——, as we stooped down before the entrance of the principal Mosque and pulled off our shoes. His, happening to be unfortunately new, were not disengaged in a moment from his feet, and the trivial circumstance caused immense surprise to the Mohammedans, who just knock their slippers off *en passant*, stooping only for an instant to pick them up. Thanks to the matting on the floor it was by no means a disagreeable process walking about

with bare soles, especially as the day was hot; and I should have been by no means averse to bathing my feet in company with the faithful, but refrained from so doing in case I should give offence by wetting the big toe before the knee. And there we were, picking out our steps, boots in hand, like irascible travellers in search of the shoe-black at a country inn. The Mussulmen were squatting in rows before the Keblah, and an elderly Imaun in a huge white turban was enunciating the perfections of Allah which the worshippers repeated after him in a kind of chant, every one taking the time he considered most appropriate to the words—so that the general effect was more striking than agreeable, and reminded one strongly of the hubbub of a charity school before lessons. In the energy of their devotions they rocked themselves from side to side, utterly regardless of each other's heads; and I presume that any ill-disposed Mussulman who chose might have given a very effective knock on the skull to his friend next him under the guise of enthusiasm. To the right was a little circle of Mussulmen by themselves, seated around another Imaun, and making quite as much noise in their way as their comrades. Of one of them I could see nought as he rocked backwards and forwards but the end of a nose and an immense bushy eyebrow, which protruded beyond his burnouse; and in his excitement I saw the bit of eyebrow move up and down, which had as may be imagined a most ludicrous appearance, no other part of the face being visible save the tip of that red nose.

The Arabs, although we took every care to keep out of the way of their sacred bit of carpet, eyed

us with looks of indignant fire as we examined the novelties around. Some scowled horribly at us, and I have no doubt wished us in a place warmer than Algiers. Yet we were as diffident as tourists looking out for lodgings by the sea-side, never stopping too long at one particular spot lest we should be regarded as suspicious characters by the people over the way. Two Frenchmen sauntered in, talking in a very loud voice, and the worshippers instantly transferred their attention to them, and certainly they deserved the angry glances that shot from those bigot eyes. To my surprise and disgust they marched up to the Keblah and stood within it, chatting lightly together and watching the devotees with the utmost *sang-froid*. I certainly thought the hot-blooded Algerines would have attacked them, for they ground their teeth and clenched their fists, and eyed them like tigers eyeing their prey. Several jumped up hastily and ran off, preferring rather to curtail their devotions than remain in the Mosque while their most sacred place was being polluted. It certainly was the most execrable piece of bad taste I ever witnessed, and had it occurred in the earlier years of the conquest I believe they would have answered for the insult by their blood. We left the Mosque in a short time, not caring to be ranked in a category with such unworthy representatives of races that are called superior, reflecting as we put on our shoes that acts like those are certainly not calculated to gain the good will of a fanatical people.

The first thing a Mussulman does on entering a Mosque is to perform his ablutions. Then he advances to within a reverend distance from the Keblah

and holds up his hands like a person in astonishment at his own absurdities. Then he places his hands together, open at an acute angle before him, as though he were trying to catch rain water; which is their form of supplication instead of our more expressive one of clasping the hands. And then he makes three low bows to the sacred arch, after which he prostrates himself at full length and touches the ground thrice with his forehead, his knees acting as a fulcrum and his heels flying, as a matter of course, each time into the air. And then he takes his seat among the other worshippers, and attends to the reading of the Koran. Except on particular occasions there are no grand services, the greater portion of their worship seeming to be performed individually, or at most in parties of half-a-dozen, as if they had no conception of the efficacy of the united prayers of a large assemblage.*

During the Ramadhan the Mosques are illuminated all over with small lamps, which has of course a most brilliant effect, and then the nightly services are characterized by the attendance of a numerous concourse which is more in accordance with our ideas of a congregation, all performing their devotions at the same time, and enunciating with unanimous voice the perfections of Allah. There is something thrilling in the worship of a multitude, though they be but idolaters—something that appeals to the sense rather than the ear in that passionate devotion to a superior Being, of whose existence all nations though sunk in the deepest ignorance have ever had an innate perception. Otherwise the effect might be attributable

* The Koran, however, advocates congregational worship, declaring that prayer is efficacious in proportion to the number of worshippers.

to the blent tones of myriad human voices, the power of which, even though wild and inharmonious, can be surpassed by few instrumental combinations. Nay, so inexplicably sweet and inimitable is the music of vocal melody that it has been asserted by the most eminent musicians that the full power of the largest organs cannot drown the high soprano notes of a solitary female singer, provided only they be delivered with moderate strength and confidence.

On the fourth of April commenced the great fast of the Ramadhan—the anniversary of that month so sacred to Mohammedans, in which their prophet received the celestial proof-sheets at the hands of the angel Gabriel. The night itself on which the Koran was let down from heaven is termed Saïlat-el-Khadir, or night of power, and is considered of greater value than a thousand nights put together. According to Mussulman credence nothing evil that is then committed is looked on in the light of a crime, the very idea of wickedness being out of the question on so agreeable an evening. The value of good deeds is of course multiplied then to infinity, and prayers if offered up at the particular moment when the silken volume was handed to Mohammed are instantly heard. Of course the prophet was not stupid enough to let his followers into the secret of the then Greenwich time, so that a pious Moslem, if he wishes to catch the opportunity, must repeat his petition from sunset to sunrise. A young negress (according to Long) was once fortunate enough to hit upon the right moment, and offered up an instant request for a good head of hair,—the Algerine phrase which expresses that desire is rendered "Lord make my

head large"—and her prayer was answered so literally that they had to knock down part of the wall next morning to let her out into the street! Every day in that month from three o'clock till sunset neither bit nor drop enters the mouth of the Mussulmen, who by the austerity of their self-mortification shew an endurance worthy of a better cause. Not even the commonest labourer will do so much as moisten his lips or smoke a cigaret during the prohibited hours; and a merchant was even known to refuse to sell otto of roses in case the agreeable odour might please his senses of smell. The moment, however, that the boom of the evening gun echoes over the town they immediately set to work to make up for the deficiencies of the day. But little time is given them for this as their attendance at the Mosques is required soon after, and no matter of what age or rank they rush in crowds to worship. Twice in the night they are awakened to eat; and this, coupled with the austere abstinence of the day, causes many of them to fall off terribly at the end of the month. Those who do not work may be seen lying about in coffee-houses, endeavoring to sleep away the hungry hours, their faces pale and wan even in slumber, while the busy little antelopes (?) emerging from the matting of the divans feast in pitiless myriads, utterly regardless of the precepts of their prophet, on the unconscious body of the unflinching votary of Islamism.

I entered the principal Mosque in company with some friends, to witness these evening services of the Ramadhan. We were not allowed to mingle with the believers, but had to mount into the wooden

gallery, where however we obtained a better view of the ceremonies than if we had been beneath? The Mussulmen sat in long rows, completely filling up the body of the Mosque, and I noticed several little boys among them, being initiated perhaps for the first time into the religion of their fathers. On the raised platform were seven or eight men whose office it was to chant the Koran by turns, and one or two servitors who carried the sacred volume from one to another. They performed the bows and genuflexions *en masse*, and when they prostrated themselves simultaneously, their heads on the ground and their heels in the air, the effect could be compared to nought save a surging sea of turbans and burnouses. The readers chanted the Koran in the same changeless monotonous manner as usual, never attempting the slightest alteration of voice throughout, and the people listened in silence. But when the Imaun began to recite the perfections of Allah up rose the burnoused crowd and repeated it after him, each in his own fashion; and never could there have been a stranger Babel of sound than that wonderful medley of strained voices. "Salaam aleïkum" (peace to you) sang the hoary infidel as he closed the book; and in an instant from a thousand bellowing lungs the syllables were thundered back like the roar of a tempest—"salaam aleïkum"—and ere the last breath died away we took our departure, (for the worship of the false prophet was concluded in that parting benediction), and an absurd idea struck me as I left the building—what a splendid effect might be produced if that weird chorus of voices could be led either by a gigantic hurdy-gurdy or a scotch bag-pipe!

Attached to the Mosques are the courts of law, the administration of which is regulated principally by the Koran, some of whose sentences, executed in different styles of Arabic caligraphy, cover the walls. Entrance therein is refused to Christians, but they are allowed to peep in at the door on condition of strict silence. The Kadi sits at the upper end of the room, habited in a green turban and yellow slippers, with a whip in his hand; while around him the Khodjas or clerks take notes of the evidence. Women are not permitted within the precincts of the court, but have to wait in a separate chamber, and are obliged to give their evidence through a small grated window. Often have I amused myself by watching their covered heads bobbing energetically up and down behind the iron cross-bars, and a volubility of clack issuing from beneath those yashmaks such as Algerine women only know how to produce. The Kadi in the mean time sits perfectly motionless and preserves a dignified silence, never seeming to give heed for a moment to the feminine gutturals, though of course he takes them all in. He has power over minor offences, and can sentence to imprisonment and the bastinado, the latter being administered at the Bureau Arabe. The French wished to do away with this barbarous punishment, but were prevented by the unanimous voice of the Algerines, who were indignant at the idea of losing so important a national institution!

The Moslem writers seem earnest in dissuading people from soliciting at the hands of their sovereign the arduous and responsible post of Kadi, and even

mention with applause the names of those who suffered imprisonment rather than accept the obligation. In fact many of the lawyers of old insert that the acceptance of the office without compulsion is abominable, founding their opinion on the declaration of the prophet—"whoever is appointed Kadi suffers the same torture as an animal whose throat is mangled instead of being cut with a sharp knife." Hence a Kadi is expected to be something far removed above human frailties, and his every action is a subject of cavil and discussion. He is, however, a person of wonderful importance among the Algerines, and when he enters the court his subordinates shew their sense of the dignity of his office by kissing him on the right shoulder. Can the origin of the expression "turning a cold shoulder to anyone" be traced to a perversion of this oriental custom?

The outskirts of the town abound in Marabouts or Mosques raised over the tombs of so-called saints. The finest is that of Sidi Abderrhaman el Tsâlebi, a Marabout who flourished about forty years before the Turkish dominion in Algiers. It is a light and beautiful structure, shaded by palm trees and a carob tree, the leaves of which are supposed to be possessed of such virtue that if they are swallowed with certain magic sentences written on them they will cure all fever or noxious diseases. The entrance is through an archway of marble with floral devices carved in relief upon it. Within the interior are suspended the banners of old Algiers, the hand and crescent conspicuous upon many of them, and peeping from dark corners the terrible pirate-flags which have

waved over so many Christian sighs and tears. The floor is of checquered marble, and rising from the middle of it is the semblance of a mighty bier, upon which rests the sacred corpse of the Marabout embalmed and covered with a cloth on which is worked in Arabic characters his names and titles. Three rosaries of wooden beads hang above him to testify the number of pilgrimages he has performed to Mecca. These rosaries are by no means dissimilar to those of the Roman Catholics, but the number of beads corresponds with that of the perfections of Allah, one being dropped at each enunciation. From this part of the Mosque leads a stone passage, at the side of which is a cosy-looking little cell about three feet in height, with books ranged round the walls, and the Imaun was supposed to seclude himself from the world within its recesses. When I visited the Mosque, however, he was not "at home," having mounted to a chamber in the Minaret to perform a certain religious ceremony which we were not permitted to witness. Leading from the stone passage are a series of charnel-houses in which are the tombs of many of the Deys; and in the extreme court is a fountain, where the customary ablutions are performed. On the left of this Mosque is a small building which you are only allowed to inspect through a barred window, and within it lies the body of Kaireddin Barbarossa, embalmed and covered with a pale cloth upon which is blazoned the name that was for so long a terror to Christendom. But he is very quiet now; and devotees who worship him as a saint attach small shreds of their clothes to the

iron bars of the window to shew that they have "left a card" on him.*

Our shoes, when we entered the Marabout, were of course taken off and placed in a row before the door, where they gave one the absurd idea of waiting to be cleaned. Brimful of enthusiasm at the thought of having gazed upon the veritable remains of the red-bearded pirate I put on my shoes, on emerging from the building, in such a hurry that I did not perceive the handful of walnut shells which had been placed inside by a waggish companion, and the reader can perhaps imagine my pleasurable sensations on standing up in them for the first time. The rogue, too, instead of shewing signs of penitence was wicked enough to regret that he had not introduced a few earth-worms, which he said would have softened the effect of the sharper fragments!

The Marabout himself was supposed to be a man who, by a peculiar sanctity and assumed power of miracles, had gained for himself the name of saint. He lived in a cell secluded from the world, and while there affected to have intercourse with the Deity, and was entirely supported by the gifts which the Mussulmen bestowed on him in return for his prayers. But by far the most numerous of his visitors were the fair sex, who had little scruple in entering his cell and unveiling themselves before the holy man; and if during the absence of mind engendered

* Barbarossa seems however to have given trouble enough even in his grave, for, according to Morgan, his corpse was found four or five times out of the ground, lying by his sepulchre after he had been there inhumed: nor could they possibly make him lie quiet till a Greek wizard counselled them to bury a black dog together with his body, which being done he lay still and gave them no further trouble.

by his pious meditations the lady should find herself compromised, it was no "sack" business as with an ordinary offender, but on the contrary her husband hastened to offer to Mohammed his grateful thanks for the honor conferred on his family. A Marabout could enter any house he chose, or any shop, and take whatever pleased him most, while the owner not only looked quietly on but boasted of the preference shewn to him by the saint. Neither war, nor any other deed of importance, was ever undertaken without his sanction, and among the Berbers no marriage contracted without his permission was considered lawful. After his death a Mosque was erected over his embalmed body, designated, in common with himself, by the title of Marabout, and the saintly office and powers descended in direct succession to his eldest son. Moorish women worship at his shrine every Friday, and in the time of the Deys no Christian was allowed even to approach the ground rendered sacred by the remains of this idolized piece of human vanity.

It was by assuming the character and attributes of a Marabout that the great conjuror Robert Houdin managed to secure the submission of the rebellious chiefs to the French government, who had employed him on this singular mission. Every artifice in war, as in love, is fair, and the idea of despatching a magician to bring about an object which neither fear nor love could effect has a touch of grandeur in it though it be but in its utter isolation from other instances. A book containing a full and copious account of his dealings with the votaries of superstition has been published, which ought to have given a great

incentive to the study of natural magic in France. During his short stay in the town Houdin amused himself often at the expense of the easily mystified natives, and especially of the negresses. Concerning his dealings with them many rich anecdotes are afloat, of which the following is a specimen.

Having gone up to a negress who was selling oranges, he demanded their price. "So many for a sou," replied the sable exile of Timbuctoo. "That's dear," replied the conjuror, "however, let's try one." Having purchased half a dozen he cut one open, when lo! imbedded in the centre, as though it were coeval with the formation of the pips, lay a Napoleon! The negress as may be imagined exclaimed Bishmillah, and so did the crowd of native boys which had begun to collect. "That's my Napoleon," said Houdin pocketing it. Again he cut open an orange, and it is needless to say with the same result. The negress, though utterly mystified, was savage enough that she had parted with her oranges, and her feelings were by no means mollified as he caused the fruit to refund for the third time its apparently golden germ. Robert Houdin offered to purchase the basket-full, but of course the negress declined, positively refusing to sell more, and neither the *gens d'arme* that the conjuror called up could force her to part with her apparently hidden treasure. Of course Houdin feigned anger and the external passions of disappointed avarice, but the negress was inexorable. Taking her basket into a street where she thought she might escape observation she seized a knife, and, commencing with the first, cut asunder every orange in her basket in greed of the shining yellow. Of

course she spoilt her oranges, and found that they were really nothing removed from the common lot of vegetable mortality: and here the anecdote comes to an end. One can only hope that Robert Houdin reimbursed the poor woman afterwards for his harmless, though to her, expensive amusement.

To return. Around the above-mentioned Mosque is a cemetery, covered with the graves of the highest families. The Moorish tombs are very peculiar, consisting of a small rectangle of ground about six feet long and a foot wide, enclosed by tiles. At the head of the tomb is a small stone rounded at the top, engraved with the name of the deceased, and surmounted by the crescent. Close to this stone is a little vase of water which the relatives of the deceased keep constantly filled, as, according to the Mohammedan—or rather Algerine—credence, men rise again so many days after their burial, being lifted out of their tombs by the knot of hair at the back of their heads, and if they are thirsty they can thus take a drop of water by the way before leaving earth. Some of the tombs are large square buildings something like our family graves, upon which the women sit at regular intervals, and especially on Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, to mourn. By the sagacious prophet this day, considered in many parts of England as so invariably unlucky, was chosen not from any particular advantages which it offered, but merely for the sake of being distinguished from the Christian and Jewish days of rest. At a cemetery not far from the Jardin d'Essai we saw several women seated upon the tombstones, some of them apparently convulsed with grief. Within this cemetery was

another small Marabout which we were about to enter when we were stopped by a gigantic negro, who refused to admit us. We explained that we were English, and friends of the Algerines, upon which he considered for a moment, and then having motioned to us to take off our shoes let us in. Like the Marabout of Sidi Abderrhaman it was fitted up with numerous banners, while in the centre was the covered body of the Marabout; and the negro pointed to a wooden money box into which we put a few sous. There was but one man inside, who was at his devotions, and such fervor as he exhibited I have rarely witnessed. Not even our entrance seemed to disturb his whispered prayers and oft repeated reverences, and the perspiration was literally pouring from his forehead with the vehemence of his emotions. It was an impressive sight, and we felt that it was wrong to disturb even by a careless footstep such real though misdirected piety, and with whispered thanks to our negro conductor we took our leave.

On the sea-shore, below the Marabout of Sidi Abderrhaman, is a frowning fort, built partly into the sea, and connected with it is a prison, from the barred windows of which have risen many a tearful Christian prayer for liberty. It was built by the Spaniards, and taken from them by the ever unscrupulous Algerines. Now, of all places in the world, it has been converted into barracks, and as I walked through the melancholy stone arches beneath it I could not help pitying the soldiers who were kenneled therein. One poor fellow was lying in bed, weakened by one of the numerous fevers of Africa, while a thorough draught was rushing through the cold arch

in which his bed was placed. How lonely and uncared for he looked with that grim prison vault above him, which no doubt his delirious fancy peopled with the most horrible shapes! The French call this the "Fort des vingt quatre heures," and the Arabs "Bordj Sitti Takelits," or, fort of Mrs. Takelits, from the fact of its being built near a Marabout consecrated to a sacred woman of that name. A little beyond this fort is an irregular mass of rock, upon which another fortress once existed, now demolished by the French, and within the walls of which was found the body of a man who had been buried alive during the French attack. Being taken prisoner he was put to the torture, under which his constancy gave way, and he embraced the Mohammedan religion. Ashamed, however, of his recantation he again professed Christianity, and remaining firm was buried alive for his obstinacy. His remains were decently interred after the capture, and he was canonised by the Romish Church, but under what appellation I could not discover. The remains of an ancient Christian cemetery were discovered not far from here, in which were deposited the bodies of Amedée de Bourmont, Chambaud, and De Trelan, victims of the first French combats on Moorish soil, and a very interesting account is given of its formation. A capuchin confessor of Don Juan of Austria was taken by pirates and brought as a slave to Algiers, and the hero of Lepanto being informed of it immediately sent a sufficient sum of money for his ransom. But the pious man, seeing so many of the bodies of his brethren left unburied or cast to the dogs, instead of taking advantage of his own chance of relief

preferred laying out one part of it in the purchase of a piece of ground wherein the unfortunate Christians might be decently interred, and the other part in the ransom of some of his enslaved countrymen. He finished his life in slavery, and the page of History knows not his name. Every trace of his self-devotion has now been removed, so that the passer-by may seek in vain for the confirmatory proofs of the legend. But the story will ever live in the heart of the true lover of noble deeds as an act that may have been equalled, but never surpassed, even by the most chivalrous exploits of the knight-errant ages.

The military parade ground extends along the sea shore and passes over the spot where this cemetery formerly existed. Here it is that the raw conscripts from France are drilled into shape, and here also the shining *glaive* of the guillotine does its fell work. When not occupied by the military it is filled with Moorish boys amusing themselves with the innocent enjoyment of kite-flying. This pastime seems to be quite the rage among the tender children of the corsair, and for the number of kites, hexagonal, pentagonal, and quadrilateral, that you see fluttering above you in the breeze you might easily imagine yourself within the precincts of the Green Park on a summer's day. Not merely is it an amusement for boys, but grown up men often indulge in it, and it is wonderful to witness great sturdy Arabs rushing about, with the thermometer at 120°, and endeavoring to raise their colored aërial machines without the assistance of the slightest breath of air. Yet they do get them up in some mysterious way, with exertions that would place a European *hors de combat* for a

week. And then, after fatiguing your eyes by endeavoring to look upwards at the aërial toys, you give up the attempt as hopeless, and for the next few moments see everything in the most brilliant phantasmagorical shade of yellow and green, with little phantom kites popping out of every nook and corner around. What can you do then but seat yourself on one of the warm rocks by the sea, and watch the magnificent scene till everything appears in its right color? The rippling Mediterranean is at your feet, the white sails of the numerous feluccas contrasting with its deep cerulean, while before you reclines the white city like a dainty maiden basking in the sunshine. And in the distance the bay sweeping so magnificently from Cape Matifoux, with the snowy peaks of the Jurjura rising in the background, while above all is a sky of such wondrous coloring that the blue air seems perfectly tangible as it deepens every moment into greater intensity. And as you gaze into the fathomless azure vault the idea that must rise before your mind may be embodied in the question—"who can conceive infinity when the wondrous yet limitable æther that we gaze on seems in itself so infinite?"

Fifteen years ago the parade ground, or *place d'armes*, was the scene of many an execution effected by the yataghan of the barbarian, death by the same instrument in the first few years of the French domination being awarded alike to all malefactors, Christian as well as Mussulman. But a Frenchman who was sentenced to death for a murder having been brought as usual upon the scaffold the executioner, who by a disgraceful neglect on the part of the

government was a Moor, trembled a little when he saw that it was the head of a Christian he was about to sever, and made two or three ineffectual blows before the death-stroke was inflicted. So enraged were the colonists at the circumstance that a memorial was sent to Paris, responsive to which the more merciful guillotine replaced the crooked sword. But the steel of the latter has fallen upon many an unfortunate Arab whose only crime was a refusal to submit to the conquerors, and a consequent resistance to their advancing bayonet.

The Arab, noble to the last, rarely cringes before inevitable death. If he can escape it he will, or if he can resist it he will, but where he sees there is no escape and no resistance he meets his fate like a hero. A little time ago an Arab was sentenced to death for murder, and was brought to the place of execution in an omnibus. It was no easy matter to get him out though, for like Barnadine he was unwilling to "get up and be hanged." In the fierce wrath of his wild strength he kept at bay a whole *posse* of *gens d'armes*, who found it impossible to effect an entrance within the frail vehicle, till at last a noose was brought and one by one the giant limbs were secured. Then, when he saw that all hope was vanished, he walked out quiet as a lamb, with deep resignation seated on his manly features. With firm step he mounted the scaffold, and then for the last time gazed upon the waves that rippled before him in enviable freedom, and the white cupolas of his native city gleaming in the morning sun; then he stretched his hands towards the city of the prophet and breathed forth his last

prayer,—and the next moment the elements had claimed their own.

At the top of the hill just above the Marabout of Sidi Abderrhaman is a prison recently constructed by the French. The most peculiar feature in this building is the chapel, which has the appearance of an enormous bird-cage. The altar is raised on a high platform in the middle, and is approached by a side staircase, the whole being surmounted with tall strong bars of iron. The prisoners are brought to the doors of their cells to hear mass, and then locked up again directly afterwards to meditate upon what they have heard. To the left of the building is the Casbah, an ancient fortress within whose walls is enclosed the palace of the once powerful Deys. This building may be said to be, from its commanding position, the crown and key-stone of the whole city. Rarely it was that the Deys trusted themselves beyond its precincts, feeling more comfortable with the consciousness that their cannon could whistle along the flat house-tops in case of disturbance or insurrection. The palace is a noble pile, and is a story higher than the usual Moorish edifices. The ballustrades of the gallery are of carved wood, and the doors of the apartments are painted and gilt. The pillars of the colonnades are of marble, and a superb fountain of the same material once threw up its sparkling drops in the midst of the courtyard, beneath the shade of the orange tree and banana. The sleeping room of the Dey is a remarkably small apartment with gilt beams running along the ceiling, and the door and walls are fantastically painted, but the color together with the gilding is rapidly wearing

off by rough usage. In some of the saloons are pictures on the walls (the work no doubt of Christian slaves) which are executed in the most absurd proportions: one is a view of ancient Algiers, with hills like green sugar loaves rising around it; while the device of another is a ship in full sail, but not a single sign of life in either of them, it being contrary to the law of Mohammed to make a representation of any living thing. There are several other subjects, but so blurred and worn away that it is almost impossible to trace the outlines. On the first gallery are the apartments formerly devoted to the Hareem, with a jealously small entrance to them; and from the second gallery projects a small wooden pavilion about nine feet square, painted in blue stripes and railed round so as to prevent approach. There are three small windows, however, through which one can get a peep at the inside—where, however, nought is visible save bare and dirty walls. The door is locked, and the key is kept by the governor-general, and as it has not been opened for years a fine coating of dust conceals the original color of the floor. This pavilion is the "sanctum sanctorum" of French colonists. It was within its wooden walls that Hussein the Dey struck M. Daumas the French Consul with his fan; and that little buffet filling up a long catalogue of insults lost the fair city for ever to the piratical line of despots. No one ever enters it; and the Frenchman points to it with national pride, and tells you how that fan was the indirect cause of freeing Christendom from a sore plague-spot. True; but Lord Exmouth was the first to break the galling yoke, and having effected his object he left

the Algerines in peaceful possession of their territory. Then came the French. No one will deny that it was a brilliant victory in which they destroyed for ever the power of the corsairs. But the hills of Mauritania were so green, and the orange groves so inviting, that in the deep enjoyment of them they forgot to cross over again to France. And they are still there, and rightly too. Nought but the utter annihilation of his power could check the heedless ravages of the pirate.

But the gorgeous palace has been converted into barracks, and the noble Mosque attached to it into a depôt for military stores. The gilt beams of the late Dey's sleeping apartments were looking down, as I passed, upon a young officer enjoying his *siesta*, who was, however, polite enough to rise and conduct me over the edifice. The galleries are now filled with long wooden tables, covered with glasses and bottles, from which a noisy pack of soldiers drink the destructive absinthe, and many of the interior apartments are desecrated in the same manner. A portion of the roof is enclosed by railings; and here it was that the dark-eyed ladies of the Seraglio took their daily exercise—but the grim figures of the Chasseurs d'Afrique usurp the promenade of the fair captives now. The lower portion of the palace is filled with a bristling array of arms, arranged in the most fantastic devices, after the fashion of those in the arsenal of Toulon. At the top of one of the rooms is a magnificent eagle, with extended wings, formed of brightly polished bayonets; it tramples steel lightning beneath its claws, and the pillars which support it on each side are composed of double gun-barrels, the capitals

being formed of pistols. Beneath it are various devices of swords, and at the other end of the room is a gigantic star, composed in the same way of bayonets. Chandeliers ingeniously represented by inverted pistols hang round the room supported by iron chains, while pillars of arms line the apartment, which are not altogether French, for on the stocks of several guns I noticed the Russian word "Tula." So grim was the assemblage of deadly weapons that it was as if the god of war had taken a suite of apartments and fitted them with appropriate furniture for the short time that he was compelled to lead a life of inactivity; and there wanted but a few scull drinking cups and a plate or two fashioned from scalps to carry out the idea. The mutilation of this splendid palace was certainly a most useless piece of barbarity. It might easily have been transformed into a noble residence for the governor-general, instead of the senseless French edifice now erected for that purpose, and adorned in front with incongruous pieces of architecture rescued from razed houses, which remind one of the motley ornaments on a twelfth cake. Nay, on the latter confectionary I have seen many more attempts at consistency than are visible on the gaudy house of his excellency, who, when I was at Algiers, was no less a person than General Mac Mahon, now Duke of Magenta. An accident happened to his carriage once that might have deprived the Italian campaign of his able services. Being out driving one day, with his lovely wife, the horses ran away with such violence that it was found impossible to check them; but by a wonderful interposition of Providence they stopped at the edge of a precipice,

in the depths of which, had they but advanced one step farther, the General and his wife would inevitably have met with a tragical end.

There is another prison about two hours' drive from the Bab-a-zoun gate, called the Maison Carrée, in which are confined those soldiers who for military crimes are sentenced to penal servitude. Most of the roads in Algeria have been constructed by means of forced labour, voluntary workmen however not being excluded from the field. On setting out to visit it one day I was witness of a little adventure which might have terminated disagreeably. Within the little omnibus which I entered was a French lady, who, with her husband, was bent on the same errand as myself. We had not advanced many steps from the town when we came on a party of Arabs with donkeys, one of the hoofs of which our driver, a Frenchman, unfortunately grazed. He took no notice of the occurrence, but in a few moments some half-dozen Arabs, their faces burning with passion and revenge, flew after us and soon came up with our conveyance. The driver attempted to proceed, but one of them seized the horses' heads, while the others pulled him from his seat. All this time they were bawling and yelling in Arabic, which is not the most pleasant sound, especially when proceeding from the lips of an infuriated native. The lady inside gave a most piercing shriek as one of them stood outside the door, apparently to prevent egress. But he sprang down directly, and after in vain persuading her to give up the idea of fainting, powerful signs of which she began to evince, and remain quiet, I alighted, and handed her from the conveyance to the side of

the road, her husband being too much frightened to look after her himself. A party of Frenchmen then came up, much superior in number to the Arabs, and for a minute or two the *mêlée* became general. A friend of mine who was with me, an Englishman of immense strength of arm, would have rushed to the rescue of the Arabs, but there appeared to be a cessation of hostilities, and the Frenchmen being persuaded at length that the driver was in the wrong promised the Arabs that he should meet them the next morning at the bureau of the Juge de Paix. They were pacified at this and allowed the omnibus to proceed, but I shall never forget their determined look of revenge and hate when they rushed like wild beasts after the conveyance; and should the native population ever gain the ascendancy the massacre of Cawnpore would I fear find a parallel in that of Algiers. Happily, however, there is not the smallest chance of so terrible a result, as the interior tribes have without exception been disarmed, and the whole province is kept down by the sharp point of the bayonet.

On our route to the Maison Carrée we met numerous parties of Arabs riding on camels, with baskets or sacks of vegetables piled up behind them. The camels were in some instances going at a furious trot, with steps that seemed sufficient to shake an ordinary rider to pieces. But the Arabs rode along as easily and composedly as if they were travelling in a first-class carriage, scarcely seeming to receive the slightest jerk from the awkward gait of the animal. Numerous Spanish women, too, were trotting along on mules, their black hair caught up in a coquettish little handkerchief, and their teeth gleaming white as ivory,

as they talked and laughed in their musical native tongue. The Spaniards—or I should say Mahonese—form a numerous party at Algiers, and on Sundays and *fête* days are decked in the gayest manner, looking as clean as a new pin in their spotless shirt-sleeves, red waist-bands, and tufted sombreros. On Easter Monday a large party of both sexes assembled under an immense olive tree at St. Eugene, a village two miles from Algiers. A couple of men played guitars, while the rest danced fandangos and waltzes under the grey canopy of the patriarchal branches. It is rarely that you see more graceful dancers than Spanish girls, or finer figures than Spanish men, and nothing could be gayer or happier than the faces of the couples who footed it to the tinkling measures. The fair *danseuses* exhibited unexceptionable feet, enclosed of course in the nattiest of boots which fitted generally without a wrinkle, and in the laughing orbs of their southern eyes there gleamed the sparkling joy of rustic merry-making. And then the swains, anxious to exhibit their prowess before their fair mistresses, engaged in wrestling matches, the victors receiving a large share of admiration from the circle of beauties, while the vanquished sneaked quietly out of the way and left the ring clear for more successful candidates for athletic fame. Easter Monday is a general holiday, and is gladly welcomed by the unfortunate shopmen and *employés*, to whom the Sabbath brings so little relief from the drudgery of the six days; and almost every shop in Algiers was closed, both workmen and masters being determined to enjoy themselves at that season of all seasons in the Christian year.

There is a dark side to every picture, and a cloud was cast over the usually cheerful English community by the death of one of its members—a little girl over whose head but few summers had passed. The climate, which is very unfavorable to children, may have contributed its *iota*, I am afraid, to the untimely demise of the ill-fated innocent. Ere four and twenty hours have passed over the corpse it must be returned to its last cold home, according to the tenor of the French law—a proceeding, too, which the extreme heat of the climate renders imperative. It was so late before the preparations for the interment were completed that our little band of mourners were not able to leave the hotel in which the death had taken place till half-past six in the evening, and by the time we had arrived at the cemetery it was quite dark, being a very stormy night. The cemetery is in a very lonely situation, about a mile out of the town, with the sea on one side and the mountains of the Boujareah on the other; and doubly gloomy did it appear under the sad circumstances. Nothing could exceed the solemnity of the scene, which, as the almost tangible darkness thickened around, reminded one of some terrible crisis in a dream, where the flesh creeps with expectation of a nameless approaching horror. We walked in procession behind the small coffin, covered with a white pall which the wind blew mockingly about as though eager to remind us that the lifeless clay within would soon become its spoil. We closed round the small grave, and the fitful gusts of wind murmured mournfully among the distant mountains, increasing in violence till they wailed in a shrill note of despair over our bared heads: it was Nature

weeping for the loss of a fair young flower. Earth to earth!—and as we silently cast the dark mould over the coffin forked lightning flashed vivid in the distance, like the awful harbinger of a world to come. Dust to dust!—and as we threw the first fresh sod upon the once loving but now terribly heedless the sobs of the bereaved mother were heard even above the incessant roar of the foaming billows. All was at length finished, the clergyman from his unaided memory having repeated the funeral service; and sad and unbroken was the silence as we wended our way homewards, leaving atom to dissolve into atom, and element into element. Let them mourn! But the spiritual essence admitted to its bright eternity of joy unimaginable may be singing Hallelujahs in the presence of Eternal Perfection for a happy, happy release from the coarser trammels of its mortal prison-house.

CHAPTER VI.

To evince surprise at any object met with in the course of travel is voted by the present generation decidedly unknowing, and to dilate on that surprise shockingly vulgar. The fact is that everybody has seen and *done* everything worth looking at in the four quarters of the globe, or at all events studied Murray to make up for their deficiencies as regards regions that may be beyond the reach of their purse. Ennui and yawning are the watchwords now; and Englishmen meeting casually in Abyssinia or Timbuctoo would as soon think of embracing a tiger as of speaking to each other without an introduction, no longer considering that mere brotherhood of race and language has more claim *there* to a civil greeting than it would have on the pavement of Piccadilly. "We made the acquaintance of the Joneses in Syria," says the fair and languid denizen of a St. James's Square drawing room, without of course bestowing a syllable upon the magnificent grove of palm-trees beneath the grateful shade of which the introduction probably took place. "What a comfort it is being back in London," exclaims the ball-room beauty, "I have only been at one evening party

since I have been away, and that was given by the Muggeridges who have, as you know, taken apartments in an Egyptian tomb: and really it was very uncomfortable, for the ices were execrable, and they could not even manage a trifle for the supper table; besides which we had to sit upon old mummy-cases instead of rout-seats." But the fair simperer was not of course pedantic enough to mention the hosts of crocodiles that may have poked their noses out of the mysterious old river to listen to the unusual sounds of the "Dew-drop" as they floated along the papyrus-clothed banks. Besides, crocodiles have been *done* now till they are as common as cats. I heard a gentleman once pithily remark, "really it is impossible to travel *now*: all you have to do is to get out of the train into the steamer, and out of the steamer into the train, and register your luggage the whole way if you please." But is there less brightness in the Southern sun, or less depth of blue in the Southern sky, because science has brought them so much nearer to us?

Yet I think there are few tourists who can boast, as I can, of having received a morning call from a pirate. Ay, and it was one of the most ferocious of his kind, too, who waited upon my friend and self one fine morning, and chatted as mildly in his way as Mr. Ledbury to his silent partner. He was an exceedingly fine-looking old fellow of seventy-nine, but as strong and vigorous as a man of half his years. He had a long white patriarchal beard, trimmed with great care, and there was a roguish twinkle in his large blue eye which inspired one with the tolerably correct idea that he must have been a "fast man" in

his day. His right hand was terribly slashed by the sword of a Portuguese (as he afterwards informed me) whom he was taking prisoner, two of the fingers being as it were hammered together by the violence of the blow. He was habited in a white turban, green jacket, and light-colored Moorish trowsers, made a most polite bow on first entering the room, and sat cross-legged on the sofa with as much ease as if he had been accustomed to drawing rooms all his life. There was one little bar, however, to the full enjoyment of his conversational powers, neither of us unfortunately understanding Arabic, his native language, and he spoke little else save a vile *jargon* of Italian and Spanish terminations that he had picked up in the course of his piratical wanderings, intermingled now and then with a word of French. However, he was most eloquent in signs, and after a repetition of question and answer three or four times on each side, and a perfect miracle of hand-telegraphy, we managed to arrive at the general drift of his responses which I will put down for the reader as unlike the original as I possibly can.

The corsair vessels were not always the small tight craft we have been led to imagine from the wondrous tales of the sea which we took in so greedily during the green portion of our existence. Many of them were ships of thirty, forty, and fifty guns, with crews of three hundred men and upwards. Before boarding a vessel they usually hailed her, and enquired of what nation she was, (and here the old fellow became very excited and put his hand to his mouth in the fashion of a speaking-trumpet, yelling in gutturals till he was red in the face.) If the vessel were French

or English, or belonged to a nation which maintained a consul at Algiers, they let her go free; if not, they made a lawful prize of her and her crew, (here he flourished his arms so vigorously and gave such a thrilling war-shout that I retired into a more distant chair, being afraid he was going to shew fight, as in that case I should only have got the worst of it; and had I attempted on my return to give an account of my combat with a pirate the *blasé* tourists would be sure to turn up their noses at the incredible absurdity.) I ventured to ask how many men he had sent to their account in the course of his professional life, but he gave a lazy chuckle and shook his head, and declared that it was impossible to remember small details of that kind. Then I tried to get a little information from him relative to the Christian slaves. He had formerly possessed one or two himself, and by his own account seemed to have proved such a model master to them that I felt quite disposed to envy their felicity. The greater portion of the slaves used to live in the Bab-a-zoun quarter, and were allowed but one change of clothes and two pairs of boots a year. They worked from six in the morning till noon, had one hour allowed for dinner, and then worked till sunset. He said that they were generally treated pretty well, and only whipped when occasion required it. He did right to make the last reservation; for under the summer rays of that burning sun I should imagine that occasion *did* often require it. I asked him what was the cause of his taking to that roving kind of life. He stared at me with as much wonder as if I had asked him the name of the man in the moon and replied with a sneer "*tout le monde*

were pirates in those days." I comforted myself, however, by reflecting that in these degenerate times gentlemen contented themselves with professions of a milder nature. Imagine the Stock Exchange or the College of Surgeons roused from their peaceful lethargy and filling the seas with their murderous hordes like the vikings and jarls of old! Fancy Brown turning out after business hours to chase some unfortunate brigantine, and then returning after the little exploit to invest the proceeds of his piracy in the Bank of England! Happily it is but fancy, for Brown wouldn't be fool enough to go on such a wild goose chase, with the risk of losing his clients, becoming bankrupt, and having in addition every detective in England after the skirts of his blood-stained frock coat. Besides, Brown would rather be on dry land, and will not forget in a hurry the crossing he was foolish enough to undertake one day between Folkestone and Boulogne, when the wind was a little fresh, and with few aggressive ideas in his head then, I'll warrant you!

The old pirate, like the Southern State planters of America, would lead one to believe that slavery in Algiers was a much lighter thing than it really seemed. From the accounts, however, that have come down to us from some of the unfortunate captives the misery and ill-treatment they endured was so great that none but the most robust constitutions could endure it long. Independent of this, the terrible idea of working from sunrise to sunset in that almost tropical heat, the hours of labour being of course longer during summer than in the winter, would of itself be certain death to more Northerly

constitutions. Add to this the unhealthy and almost loathsome food which was doled out in little to the greater portion of them, and it will appear surprising that any of them could have survived it longer than a few years. Their ordinary nourishment consisted of bad bread, gruel, rancid oil, and olives; and it was only by a little extra work after the hardships of the day that they could even earn enough to purchase a little wine or a few other trifling comforts. They were divided into two portions, those which belonged to private individuals and those which appertained to the state. The former were better off in many respects than the latter, (it being of course to the interest of the master to make the most of his property) and were in some cases allowed to open taverns or coffee houses provided they paid a certain annual tribute to their owners. Nay, so well did some of them thrive as publicans that an English Captain, who was commissioned to bring back several of them to their native country after Lord Exmouth's bombardment, assured me that they were quite unwilling to leave their lucrative employment, whereas the others were so overjoyed at their liberation that they fell down and kissed the soil the moment they landed among their own people. The condition of those who were termed *public* slaves was most deplorable. The state awarded them but one shirt, one tunic of linen with long sleeves, and a mantle, for the whole year. They slept together in a large building termed a "bagnio," situated in the Bab-a-zoun * quarter, but the captures after a time became so numerous

* In this case the word Bab-a-zoun, literally "gate of grief," was very appropriate. Bab-el-oued signifies "water gate."

that four other bagnios had to be erected. These edifices consisted of nothing more than a series of dark low cells, into each of which some fifteen or sixteen slaves were thrust night after night. Some were provided with mats, but the greater portion had to sleep on the ground, which swarmed with scorpions, centipedes, and other reptiles peculiar to Algiers. Independent of this there was the stifling heat consequent to the juxtaposition of so many human beings in a confined space, which, together with the unwholesome stench contributed, one might almost say mercifully, to thin their numbers. Where there was not room enough many of them had to sleep on the roof or in the courtyard, which, exposed as it was to the unhealthy dews of night, seemed yet more preferable than the stifling pens in which their fellow-sufferers were confined. In the day-time they worked under the superintendence of a Bachi, who, being responsible for the amount of work performed by them, scrupled not to use the lash at the slightest appearance of idleness or fatigue. Their ransom, too, was a matter of difficulty even to those who were provided with means sufficient for that purpose. Being public property no especial owner could be found for them, and in many cases the State refused to give them up. Even when the ransom of private slaves was attempted there were so many dues to be paid to the Caftan of the Pasha, Secretary of State, Captain of the port, Bachi, and Guardian of bagnio, besides other minor officers, that the original sum demanded was often doubled in this way before the unfortunate captive could be freed. To give an idea of the enormous and almost fabulous sums demanded

for the release of captives of high quality an instance is related of the capture in 1719 of a young child of twelve years of age, daughter of Lt. General de Bourck, governor of the fortress of Bouchain, together with her uncle and two servants, by the Algerines. And the astounding sum of seventy-five thousand livres (upwards of £3000) had to be paid down for these four people before they could leave the soil of the corsair.*

It seemed a sad reproach to Christendom that so many of her children should be allowed to languish in bondage without any attempts on her part at liberation. Accordingly, we find a certain religious order, the Mathurin Fathers, collecting money in 1719 for that purpose, and making periodical ransoms as far as lay in their power. Where they had not sufficient to rescue more than a limited number from captivity they consoled and visited the rest, administering the Eucharist, and exhorting them against falling into the sins of their masters. But the French Revolution put a stop to their laudable efforts, and few successful attempts at liberation were made after that till Lord Exmouth silenced the guns of the barbarian and burnt his piratical fleet. At that time,

* The following "little account" (quoted by Long) was handed by the Dey in 1785 to the American deputies, Messrs. Randall and Lamb, who came to treat for the ransom of their enslaved countrymen.

8 Captains at	$6,000	each	$18,000
2 Mates „	4,000	„	8,000
2 Passengers	4,000	„	8,000
14 Seamen „	1,400	„	19,600
			$53,600
Custom, 11 per cent			5,896
			$59,496

however, there was not a single British slave in the whole regency; the captives consisting mostly of French, Spaniards, and Italians, so that the British flag is utterly exempt from the charge of selfishness which was brought against it by some of its detractors. But to return. The bazaar in which the captives were formerly sold by auction or otherwise was termed the Batislan. Around its courtyard were ranged the buyers, and each slave was marched round for inspection, his hands and teeth were examined, and he was asked by an interpreter to what profession he had originally belonged. And according to his personal strength or powers of mind his saleable value was estimated. Every one is familiar with the anecdote of the Frenchman who, when questioned as to the nature of his previous occupations, replied that he had been used to a sedentary employment. "In that case," replied the purchaser, who could not probably write his own name, "I'll give you a pair of feather breeches, and set you to hatch chickens."

In the year 1582 the illustrious author of Don Quixote was captured and exposed for sale. During that single year there were two thousand Christians in Algiers alone, and not less than thirty thousand in different parts of the Dey's dominions. The price of the lower orders of slaves was consequently reduced to a mere trifle, and their treatment was, as a matter of course, more barbarous than at any other period. Cervantes became the property of a gardener, and happening to be at work one day discovered a trap-door in the ground, down which he descended and found himself in a cavern from which led a passage that opened on to a most sequestered spot by

the beach. He returned silently to his work, closed the trap-door, and communicated the discovery to a couple of his countrymen who were fellow-slaves. They agreed to convey the materials for a raft, piece by piece, into the cave, from whence it was to be taken quietly to the shore and there constructed, the projection of some rocks forming an admirable concealment both for it and the entrance to the passage, so that at the first appearance of a Christian man-of-war they might steal out in the dead of night and endeavor to reach it. One evening a large ship was discovered on the horizon, and imagining that their plans were ripe they descended into the cave. To their horror they found a party of Janissaries coolly awaiting their appearance, by whom of course they were delivered up to Hassan Pasha, the Dey. Posterity will scarcely believe that the plan was defeated by the perfidy of one of the Spaniards, who, stating that he wished to embrace Islamism informed the Dey of the projected escape and received his freedom. But so struck was Hassan Pasha with the nobility of soul displayed in the face of the illustrious slave that instead of inflicting condign punishment he purchased him of his former owner. The Spanish government, however, ashamed at the capture of so noble a subject, sent money for his redemption, and he was happy enough to end his days among his own people.

More fortunate was Dr. Isaac Barrow in his *rencontre* with an Algerine rover among the Ionian islands. His pugilistic propensities soon shewed themselves in the form of a stubborn courage, which so animated the crew of his ship that they stuck most manfully to their guns, and the discomforted

pirate was obliged to sheer off and leave them to pursue their voyage in peace. He dreaded nothing more than slavery, and being asked by Dr. Pope why he did not go down into the hold and leave the defence of the ship to those whom it concerned, his answer was, "It concerned no one more than myself. I would rather have lost my life than have fallen into the hands of those merciless Infidels." This circumstance forms a long and beautiful episode in the poem of Latin Elegiacs wherein his travels are described. "In enumerating all the evils which he would rather undergo than fall into the hands of the barbarians, he mentions poverty; poverty worse even than that which he then bore:—

—paupertas durior illâ
Quam fero—

and it is no slight proof of the spirit, good conduct, and resources of this extraordinary man, that he was able with such limited means to visit so many distant countries, and in such times." *

The corsairs were not merely content, however, with attacking vessels, but made several descents on the coasts of Spain, Italy, and Provence, whence they returned loaded with prisoners and booty. At Hyères, in the South of France, are a range of mountains called Les Maures, from the fact of their having been held by the Algerines at different periods; and not far from the sea-shore are the remains of a convent which was sacked, and the nuns carried off by the same ruthless invaders. The legend, which it may not perhaps be irrelevant to mention here, runs as follows:—

* Hughes's Life of Dr. Isaac Barrow.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century the convent boasted a superior in the person of Sybille de Foz, a young lady on the pleasant side of five and twenty, but who was evidently better fitted for the ball room than the chilly cloister. This juvenile abbess had the prettiest dimple and most bewitching blue eye that ever peeped from beneath the conventual hood, and would altogether have been a most dangerous acquaintance to carnally-disposed men. Above all things she was passionately fond of practical jokes, which she never hesitated to play at the expense of others, provided she could indulge that silvery laugh of hers which trilled through the frowning arches like the softest treble notes of a flute. There were not wanting malicious detractors in the shape of ugly members of the sisterhood who affirmed that although she tied herself to the bed-post and inflicted with her own pretty hand a daily self-scourging by way of a religious constitutional yet the end of the lash always managed to fall on the wooden post instead of the white flesh, notwithstanding a few charming screams and tears which should have given proof to the contrary. It was alleged, too, by the said detractors, that the humility and patience with which she devoured salt fish on Wednesdays and Fridays might be traced, not to the fervor of religious enthusiasm, but to the little piquant dressings or nicely-flavored egg-sauces which rendered it more palatable, and thus did away with the intended mortification. Whether these allegations were true or false must of course remain buried in the depths of bygone ages, and it behoves us, her chroniclers, to regard her now in the charitable light

of a well-meaning though rather flirty superior, who might have obtained her situation in the same way that government appointments are given away now-a-days—by interest.

One dark night when the sky was covered with thick black clouds, and the rain was pelting down in unpitying torrents, she left her cell softly at the disreputable hour of twelve and entered that of a sister almost as fond of mischief as herself.

"Therese," said she, shaking her, "get up! I can't sleep on these hard mattresses so I'm going to have a little fun."

Therese sat up in her bed in astonishment, and stared stupidly at the captivating little hoiden.

"Don't yawn so loud or you'll awake somebody," said Sybille de Foz, "but get up and follow me."

Mechanically Therese obeyed, and followed her conductress up a long winding flight of stairs which led to the roof of the convent. A huge alarm-bell hung above them from which a cord descended to their feet. The abbess seized the cord.

"Now," said she, "I'm just going to try whether the Hyères people are true to their word, and would really come to our assistance on an uncomfortable night like this."

And before Therese could say a word the alarm-bell was pealing forth in wild crashing tones that rang through the tall tree-tops around them, forcing Echo into such furious mimicry that it was enough to make her hoarse for a week after. And then the young ladies slunk down to their beds before anyone had time to discover their absence, and shut their eyes so tightly that the nuns who were running about

with candles to find out the cause of the hubbub were worldly-minded enough to envy such sound slumbers, which not even so tremendous an alarm seemed able to dispel.

Now the good people of Hyères had made a compact a short time previously with the abbess to the effect that in case of any sudden alarm or catastrophe the convent bell was to be sounded as a signal for them to hurry instantly to her assistance. Being awakened therefore from their cosy dreams by the distant tinkling they got up as per agreement, and it is needless to say armed themselves to the teeth—by which expression it must not be understood that they carried tooth-picks in their mouths, like Frenchmen of the present *régime*. Mons. Pierre Duretête the Burgomaster, however, took some little time before he could be thoroughly roused, and being of rather a slow and heavy turn of mind it required another ten minutes to make him comprehend the reason thereof, even when he was sitting bolt upright in his bed.

"Quick, quick!" said his wife clasping her hands. She had a sister in the convent.

"Give me my helmet," said the Burgomaster phlegmatically. His wife in her terror seized the first thing that came to hand, and clapped it on his head. Monsieur Duretête jumped up and said something so naughty that we are afraid to record it.

"That's the saucepan, fool!" screamed the irate Burgomaster, dashing it across the room. "Have you forgotten that I always keep my helmet in the top long drawer?"

Madame Duretête turned tremblingly to the chest

of drawers and produced the desired article carefully wrapped in silver paper. There was no time to remove the external layers, so it must be presumed that the Burgomaster popped it on his head as it was and fastened it of course under his chin. Having apparelled himself as expeditiously as he could Monsieur Duretête looked out of the window, and pronouncing a terrible anathema on the pelting raindrops stalked out of the house and joined the discontented throng of town's people who were waiting for him in the market-place below. Then off they tramped in a formidable, though uncomfortable body, over hedges, over ditches, and through three miles of mud that reached up to their very knees, till they arrived at the convent gates. All was however quiet, and instead of the hordes of barbarians they expected to encounter there was nought but a solitary cat who ran mewing up to the foremost as if to ask for shelter from the murky weather. Surprised at this they knocked with impatient bangs at the convent door, and after a vast deal of unbolting from inside it was at length opened, and the pretty abbess confronted them with a candle in her hand, while the pale faces of the nuns peered from behind her at the armed forms.

"Why was the bell rung?" enquired Pierre Duretête from beneath his helmet.

The abbess replied not, but a wicked smile overspreading her face disclosed a row of teeth so pearly that Cartwright, had he lived in those clouded times, would have grown pale from envy till she had imparted to him the secret of the tooth-powder she was in the habit of using.

"Well Madam and Reverend Mother!" said the Burgomaster, applying his handkerchief to the tip of his nose and sneezing. He had caught cold, poor fellow!

Sybille de Foz, however, giving an arch glance round, replied "Fact is, Mister Burgomaster, it is a joke altogether. I am sorry you've had such a long walk, and I am still more sorry that I can't, by the ordinary rules of etiquette, ask you in; and as it isn't quite the thing to be seen gossipping to a party of gentlemen, besides being very chilly, I'll shut the door if you'll allow me, and wish you a very good night." And amid peals of her witching laughter the door was shut and bolted.

"Young woman!" bellowed the catarrhic Burgomaster, pronouncing his m's like b's, and his n's like d's, in the violence of his influenza, "If ever you catch me coming on such a fool's errand again my name's not Pierre Duretête."

So the gallant band had nothing to do but to return as they came. The elder portion growled of course the whole way home, but the younger seemed to consider it on the whole an excellent piece of fun, deeming, most probably, that a view of the pretty abbess would have been cheaply purchased even by a dozen miles of such mud. The condition of the poor Burgomaster, however, was truly deplorable. For the next fortnight he was a continual source of anxiety and trouble to his over-sedulous wife, not only on account of the wakeful nights which his loud coughing inspired, but also by reason of the wonderful quantity of hot water which he consumed in foot-baths, the pailfuls of gruel which he imbibed, and the pounds

of tallow candles with which he greased the end of his glowing nose. One night, however, not very long after this occurrence, as he lay dozing in his bed, lulled to sleep by the musical hum of the mosquitoes only to be awakened again by their sting, he was roused in common with the town's people of Hyères by the same tinkling sounds as before. This time, however, as might have been expected, they merely turned on their sides and chuckled at the idea of how they were "selling" the fair Sybille by not responding to her call. But the alarm-bell still continued to ring fast and furious, and induced them at length to get out of bed and see if anything was really amiss. To their horror and alarm a ruddy streak of flame burst forth in the distance, glowing every moment with deeper intensity, till at length it flickered and grew fainter, and then all was undisturbed blackness. With looks of apprehension they rushed again to the convent, but barely in time to find it a smouldering heap of ruins, the nuns gone, and to see by the first faint streak of returning dawn a small rakish sail, which soon disappeared below the horizon. "The Algerines!" they exclaimed, wringing each other sadly by the hand. Alas, it was too true! Seven only of the sisters escaped to tell Hyères the dreadful tale that the Moors had landed, pillaged and burnt the convent, and carried all away save themselves into worse than slavery. And among the captives, sad to relate, was the fair Sybille, who had besides the poignant anguish of reflecting that had it not been for the inconsiderate habit of *selling* others she would not now be herself on the road to be *sold*.

It was the season of the Ramadhan. However our old friend the Pirate treated that fast with the contempt it deserved, and made very testy signs of being hungry after our conversation. It was more than he dared do to buy food for himself at that hour, as any Arab who passed would have fallen upon him and kicked him without mercy,—a summary way in which I saw a Mussulman once treated under similar circumstances. Moved at last by his persuasions my friend sent out for a roll, and then Monsieur le Corsair asked for a little water. We handed him some in a glass, but he pointed to the washing basin, which was of course set before him. Placing the roll in the middle he poured water upon it, and then worked it with his hands into a paste. To shew his good breeding however, he took up some between his finger and thumb and offered it to us, but we told him rather sternly that *we* were in the habit of keeping our Ramadhan too scrupulously to admit of our even tasting so great a luxury. The good gentleman, however, did not lose temper in the least at our refusal, but fell to and soon devoured the soft mixture, eating it from the palm of his by no means over clean hand, and letting it drop in an ornamental manner over his long beard. Then with the greatest tokens of affection he rose up and embraced my friend, kissing him on both cheeks, and then turned to offer me a similar mark of respect. But I dodged about among the furniture and escaped him. Borrowing then a comb of my unhappy companion he cleansed his beard thoroughly with it, and would have returned it had not my friend with obviously unaccountable generosity begged of him

to accept it, which he did with a bow of gratitude. Then he arranged his beard and turban before a glass, much to the amusement of two impudent little *grisettes* who were staring at him from the windows of an opposite house. The old gentleman, however, nothing disconcerted, ogled and winked at them in return, and finally concluded by kissing his hand. Then with another tender embrace of my unfortunate friend, and another escape on my part, he left us, promising to call another day, but not until I had made a hasty likeness of him and prevailed on him to give me his autograph beneath it. The words that he wrote, in addition to his name of Mahmoud, certainly surprised me coming as they did from such unappropriate fingers.—"Allah is great!"

The Pirates of the present day are, however, a relic of the "old school" that are fast dying out and will be extinct in a few years. They generally adopt the trade of boatmen, by which they gain a maintenance for their declining years, and are able at the same time to practice a few of their old tricks upon the pockets of the unfortunate passengers whom they may ferry to land. But the exciting privilege of the sea chase is taken from them for ever, and even were they in a condition to revive it there is a Giant, incubated from the wave, whose mighty power would render futile the united efforts of a legion of their bristling corsairs. A useful and willing slave is the vapour-god with the iron rods of science held above him, but allow him the slightest tether and in his frantic efforts at escape he leaves behind him a battle-field filled equally with the mangled bodies of his friends or foes, for in his blind rage he knows no

distinction. Uniter, whether for weal or woe of the Antipodes, oh conquering Steam, under thy honest banner we laugh at pirate vessels as legends of a bygone age, and coeval with that period in the world's history when, as we are informed,—

> "Pigs were swine,
> And monkeys smoked cigarros!

The position of our Consul before the capture was by no means an enviable one. Not being allowed to reside in the town his residence was situated about two miles from it, on the top of a steep hill, and black mail was paid by our Government not only for permission to allow him to reside there, but actually for the safety of his life and that of his family. On popular festivals, such for example as the Bairam, it was unsafe for him or for any Christian to be seen about as the public excitement often degenerated into fanaticism. He was liable, too, to seizure at any moment, as was proved when he and his family were thrown into prison at the time of the memorable Exmouth bombardment. In one of the walls of the present British consulate (a fine Moorish tenement, though situated in an extremely narrow, dirty street) are still to be seen the remains of a missile projected by the British fleet, which is about the only trace they have left of their signal victory, and is at the same time a proof of the moderation of the conquering Union Jack. And in the person of the Consul* himself, I do not think a worthier or more obliging representative of Great Britain could possibly be found.

* John Bell, Esq.

A thorough or even a slight knowledge of Arabic would be a most useful appendage to a visit in Algeria. There are so many ancient inscriptions within the Mosques, on the tombstones, and over the doors of private houses, that one is naturally led to deplore an ignorance which is so great a bar to an immense deal of useful and curious information. Independent of this would it be a pleasure to be able to decipher the various placards printed in excellent type and stuck about the town as plentifully as bills on an English "house in chancery." One would be able also to gain a great deal of insight into the private character of the Algerines, and to make acquaintance with many of their proverbs and sayings, some of which are of the greatest antiquity. Let not the enthusiast content himself with the idea that French will serve his stead in an intercourse with the natives; far from it. Very few of the Algerines can speak that language perfectly, and even when they can they would not care to divulge their secret opinions in a tongue whose associations are naturally hateful to them. But speak to them if you can in their own dialect, and ten chances to one but you will have gained at once the entrance to their innermost hearts.

The Arab and Moorish boys are remarkably fine handsome little fellows, and quickly develop under the influence of that southern sun. The dress of the latter is exactly the same as that of their fathers, the "toga virilis" consisting in the assumption of the turban, which is wound round the fez. It is most absurd sometimes to watch children who can scarcely walk toddling along like miniature men, their red fezzes covering heads as cleanly shaved as those of

their progenitors. Their games, like those of our own youth, are for the most part athletic, and you may often see them playing at a species of "hide and seek," or racing frantically through some of the lonely old streets where a false step would cause a severe injury. Whether it is on account of the prevalence of the guttural element in their language, or whether they are really more loquacious than European children it is impossible to say, but at all events they seem to make a prodigious noise and hubbub when they are engaged in conversation. The names commonest amongst them are Mohammed, Hassan, and Hamet, which you often hear vociferated in the same style as that in which the British snob bawls after imaginary "Bills" or "Jims." Give a stentorian shout for "Bill" in a London alley and you will most probably be surrounded by a crowd of ragamuffins each claiming the honor of the appellation,—an effect which the vociferation of "Mohammed" will produce in the Algerine *culs-de-sac*. The boys, however, are often sadly in the way. Whenever I attempted sketches of the old town I generally found myself surrounded with a crowd of as many as thirty or forty who stared with open eyes at the picture, never thinking that the unceremonious manner in which they pressed upon me could in any way interfere with the view. On these occasions I had an unfailing remedy for getting rid of those who were *de trop* by pretending to sketch them. In an instant they would either run openly off or leave the space clear by slinking quietly behind. I have even rid myself of grown-up men by this invaluable recipe. According to their law it is forbidden either to make

a similitude of any living thing, or to allow their own likeness to be taken. Besides that, they have an idea that if a Christian can but possess himself of a representation of the face or form of any of them he has merely to stick pins in it to cause the individual represented to waste away in the same manner as our forefathers were supposed to wither beneath the blighting *ban* of a witch. In consequence of this superstition I had, as may be imagined, immense difficulty in finding indigenous costumes for my pencil. I used to go into the coffee-houses and put it as an open question whether any one was disposed to allow himself to be sketched on condition of a suitable reward. In an instant there was a shaking of heads, and an almost fierce rejection of the proposition, and in nine cases out of ten I generally walked out "with my tail between my legs," and a failure of the project into the bargain. One day, at length, a half-starved Kabyle in the most ragged dress it was possible to conceive followed me out of a *café*, and stated that for a certain sum he would allow himself to be taken. The picturesqueness of his dress seemed to consist more in the quantity of tatters than in the peculiar shape of the garments, besides which he was blind of one eye,—however I was too glad to secure him to demur at these little defects. An Arab mendicant next accosted me, and asked alms. I promised to give him something if he would stand for a few moments as a model. He hesitated, and seemed to have so painful a struggle with his conscience that I was quite sorry to prove such a dangerous tempter to him. At length he yielded with the philosophic observation "I am but a poor man." He had a

noble and almost princely appearance in spite of his mean habiliments, and there was a look of majestic sorrow in his full black eye as I rapidly pencilled him. I did not attempt a likeness, being careful only about the details of his costume, so that when he glanced at the drawing he was terribly disgusted at seeing only one or two ugly strokes to mark the features. My third model was my old friend the pirate, whose conscience was very easy on the score of sitting to an Infidel, and who was, to do him justice, of much too jovial a disposition to bother himself as to the probability of my bewitching him. I must not forget to mention an anecdote concerning an artist who was imprudent enough to attempt to sketch a full coffee-house one evening. Scarcely had he put his pencil to his paper before the musicians rushed with their instruments into the street and were quickly followed by the customers, the coffee-house being emptied in an instant. With beetling brows the host approached him, and asked what he meant by sending off his constituents in that way. And it was only by very civil words, backed by a bagsheesh, that he became pacified and allowed the artist to depart unmolested on condition of never again repeating the offence.

The Algerines are passionately fond of games of skill, which they play in the public thoroughfares surrounded in most cases by a large crowd who generally seem to look forward with astonishing interest and patience to the result. There is one game which is very common and is played in the following manner. A number of pieces of wood slightly hollowed on one side and plane on the other,

a little bigger than spellicans, are thrown up, and according to the flat or hollow part on which they fall their value is estimated, a rough board divided into nine equal squares being the indicator. Pieces of orange peel and stones, which represent different ratios of value, indicate each time the amount gained, which is duly registered on the red lines that border the squares, and the victory is of course to the one who is able to mark the greatest number. Spanish cards, too, are a favorite amusement, but the contest in which they evince most interest is a species of draughts, played upon a board on which the squares are distinguished by being raised and depressed, and it is probably from this that our idea of black and white squares first originated. Chess I have never seen among them, although we are taught to believe that it is to the Arabs that we are indebted for this ancient and scientific amusement. Perhaps, however, the fact of its requiring a certain amount of mental labour will I think be sufficient apology for its absence among the Algerines, as they are rarely anxious for any recreation which gives them much trouble. They have not lost, however, their passionate attachment to tales of the marvellous, and will sit and listen for hours to the stupidest narrator, provided he has something out of the common for their pricked up ears. The way in which the story-teller generally delivers himself of his budget of fables is remarkable for its tediousness. Every sentence is spun out with expressions equivalent to "says he," "you know," &c. interluded with a frightful amount of useless conjunctions and prepositions, and the description, titles, or name of the hero or heroine recounted each time in

case the audience should lose the point of the narrative. The sentences in which the characters are made to express their feelings are of course flowing with all the metaphors that the narrator can string together, which are, as may be supposed, strangely tedious and irrelevant at times. An Englishman attempting to harangue a crowd of his compatriots in the same manner would either exercise a soporific influence on their tired senses, or would most probably find himself at the end of a few moments sawing the air alone, with Echo mocking in the distance. On traversing one day a street in the old town I perceived a large crowd which completely barred my farther progress. Endeavoring to find out the occasion thereof I discovered an Arab with a drum in his hand somewhat in the shape of a cornucopia. Beside him, seated on the ground, were two other Arabs, one of whom had a fife and the other a small tomtom. He was declaiming in a sort of chant, while after every two or three minutes he stopped and beat a smart "tarantara" on his drum, the effect of which was heightened by a chorus from the united instruments of his small orchestra. The man who played the fife swayed his body to and fro, and shut his eyes as though he were in ecstacies at his own dulcet tones, but the man with the drum preserved a more dignified exterior and merely closed his optics without moving. The interest of the audience seemed to be greatly excited, for they listened with open eyes and mouths, like children whose morbid curiosity tempts them to hear a ghost story at the conclusion of which they start terrified at their own shadows. Perhaps he was recounting to them that marvellous love-story

of the young Arab who pined so terribly for a damsel with whom he was not allowed intercourse that his body after a time cast no more shadow, and who at length in spite of his remarkable thinness overcame every obstacle and eventually married her. Whether the amorous young gentleman put himself under a course of homœopathy or hydropathy or any other "pathy" to regain flesh is more than the informants generally state, but that I suppose must be taken for granted, as the young lady, whatever her previous inclinations, could hardly have had a wish to marry a scarecrow. Perhaps he was dwelling on the loves of Camaralzaman and Badoura, or tickling the adventurous spirit of the Algerine youth by the marvellous fortunes of Sindbad the sailor. But into whatever sphere of romance or poesy he might have caused them to wander he took care ever and anon to recall them to earth by a tap of his tomtom, in order that in their small but ungrudged contributions he might receive the just meed of his exertions. Let them fly to the clouds after that as often as they pleased, so long as they descend again at the drumming of the tambourine. After all, he was but a man!

From the European capitals the trade of shoe-black has gradually worked its way into Algiers, and numerous Jewish and Arab boys tout with their little apparatus as eagerly as the metropolitan shoe-brigade. In whatever part of the modern town you wander you are sure to be assailed by a crowd of these urchins pestering you with execrable cries of "cirez, cirez," and should you evince the slightest hesitation your feet are literally dragged from under you and cleaned by force before you have time to see whether they

were in want of it or no. Of course no Englishman would grudge a couple of sous for this sometimes convenient operation, but French *employés* very often think nothing of tossing a single sou to the "indigène" who have no shadow of redress for this meanness. I once saw a Zouave, who had imbibed enough to make him jolly, strut up to a shoe-black, and after having allowed him to clean carefully his boots strut away again with a burst of laughter and without giving a single liard. The little fellow had a quiet cry which nobody noticed, and then took his place again among the juvenile "brigade," despairing of recovering his right from brute force. Even the Spaniards, so many of whom have settled in the colony, share the general contempt of the French for whatever is "indigène," and speak of it as Americans of the Southern States speak of "niggers." Nay, they will not scruple at times to handle them roughly if they can get the opportunity of doing so on the sly, and I was once witness of a little scene which may I think merit insertion. One night Algiers was awoke by the terrible cry of "fire," and it was discovered that the second, third, and fourth stories of a house in the Place du Gouvernment were spouting forth huge sheets of flame which flickered and roared terribly in a high wind. Cannon were fired so rapidly that a facetious Englishman assured me he was thinking of getting under the bed, imagining that the Kabyles had attacked the town, and looking to that of course as his surest refuge. The military were beat to quarters, and by their strenuous efforts the fire was confined to the building in which it originated, but which at the same time was entirely gutted. Next

day a crowd of Frenchmen, as a matter of course, surrounded the ruins. Three little Arab shoe-blacks passed by and picked up a small fragment of charcoal, eyeing it with looks of uncommon curiosity. To my surprise a burly Spaniard issued from an opposite shop and administered to each of them so brutal a kick that they retired writhing with pain, while he alleged as an excuse for his barbarity that they were young thieves and had no right to steal the charcoal. Nobody interfered; and the fellow was on the point of returning when my sturdy friend M——, who was with me at the time, stopped him, and displayed six feet of threatening muscle to his astonished gaze. "You kicked those boys, so you must kick me, for I have done the same as they," said he. The Spaniard scowled, but shewed few signs of a pugilistic disposition, and retired step by step into his shop. We followed him, and my friend stood at the door hurling every epithet he could muster on his head, and calling him every coward that the French language could produce, in his loudest voice. Of course the crowd now turned their attention to the *fracas*, and thought it best to appear to take our part. The man seeing such odds against him slunk out of the shop into his private apartment, and my friend, after endeavoring in vain to draw him forth by a few endearing expressions announced his intention of horsewhipping him when he next met him,—and we retired covered with honor, for the crowd were loud in their praises, and several of them actually followed us into by streets to thank us for our interference. As for the Spaniard, we returned half an hour later and found him again in his shop, from which however he again fled

precipitately at the unwelcome apparition, exclaiming "Ah, les Anglais sont barbares,—ils sont tout-à-fait comme les sauvages,"—an opinion which I suppose has been secretly nourished on the continent ever since Voltaire astounded the world with his "Savages of Europe."

As may be expected the military consider themselves the aristocracy of Algeria, and look down with unmitigated contempt on the civilians. The latter class in their turn are not slow to reciprocate the same jealous feelings, and now and then a *fracas* occurs which always ends to the disadvantage of the men of peace. A short time ago a party of officers intimated to the master of the Café Valentin in an imperious tone that they intended to frequent his coffee-house, and that he was therefore expected to exclude all civilians without distinction, in order that the "cercle" might be more select. A fiery newspaper editor, hearing of the circumstance, determined to present himself at the *café* the very next evening in order to make this proud prohibition of none effect. French editors are proverbial as being not only the representatives but as a matter of course the defenders of the press, and the consequence of this opposition to military arrogance may easily be conceived. The literary Camelford walked into the *café*, and took an excursion next morning to a retired spot out of Algiers where he had the satisfaction of receiving a sword-wound that laid him up for six weeks. But it was a salutary lesson to the officers, and the Café Valentin has since that time been constantly invaded by the sacrilegious steps of the unwarlike—myself

among the number. There was a more serious quarrel, however, one night at a Café Chantant, of which there are two or three in Algiers. An elegantly attired *artiste* was warbling forth a song which gave such pleasure to the motley assemblage of *employés*, sipping the coffee or absinthe, that amid the unbroken silence the fall of a pin might almost have been distinguished. At that moment two or three officers entered, one of whom was deeply intoxicated, and commenced hiccupping forth a drunken roundelay. There was an indignant cry of "hush," which however only served to increase the jollity of the soldier, who growled forth a louder and more unmelodious bass accompaniment to the silvery soprano. The lady stopped, finding it impossible to proceed, and an honest shop-keeper whose wrath had been excited got up and told the officer that a man who could conduct himself in that manner could be no gentleman. A savage repartee was the result, and in a few moments the whole house became a scene of the grossest disorder. Blows were dealt liberally around by the officers, and some of the thick coffee-cups were flung in return at their heads by the indignant civilians. A *posse* of *gens d'armes* entered and several of the *employés* were collared, while not even a word of remonstrance was addressed to the officers, who exclaimed with a sneer to the unfortunate prisoners as they passed, "You'll catch it, *canaille*, for your insolence." They left the coffee-house, however, but an effectual damp had been cast upon the spirits of the audience, and the entertainments were discontinued for that evening. What was the nature of the

punishment awarded for the "unprovoked assault" on the military I could never learn; but I dare say that a few weeks of incarceration expiated the offence, and taught them how dangerous a thing it is to interfere with the amusements of a Chasseur d'Afrique!

CHAPTER VII.

On Ash-Wednesday the whole indigenous population of Algiers were in a great state of excitement, induced, however, not by a suddenly conceived reverence for an occasion so sacred, but by the circumstance of the most important negro ceremony of the whole year—that of the inauguration of the first bean—falling upon that day. From an early hour in the morning crowds of Arabs, Moors, Negroes, Negresses, and Moorish women, dressed in their gayest, flocked from the Bab-el-oued end of the town into the country, being conducted thither in some cases by the little omnibuses, and preferring in others to make use of their own feet. Each Negress carried a couple of painted candles and a gigantic key (that of the house-door), and each Mauresque stuck large leaves inside her hhaïk by way of embellishment to her eyes, but which had at the same time a strong resemblance to blinkers. Curious to behold heathen rites performed within sight of a railway which was actually commenced I jumped into one of the little vehicles, and was soon whirling like a fire-engine along the dusty Littoral.

I must say my fingers itched with the desire of making a sketch of my fellow-passengers, of whom the following was the compliment. Opposite me sat a Moorish lady whose hands were dyed all over with col, the finger-nails alone being tinged with henna. Now and then the intense heat compelled her to open for an instant the hhaïk in which she was enveloped, and an embroidered corset richly decorated with flowers was exposed. Next to her was seated her husband, a Moor; and close to me were three attendant Negresses in blue check hhaïks, each with a painted taper in her hand. An English lady and gentleman made up the party; and I must not omit to mention an Arab, who was the driver, and a well-dressed Turk who sat next him on the box. We alighted on a rising ground just above the sea-shore and near the ruins of the Marabout Sidi Belal, from which a capital view of the ceremonies, which were performed immediately beneath, was to be obtained. Four or five marquees were pitched which were occupied by some Moorish families of distinction, but whether they came with a view of witnessing the rites is rather doubtful, as the tents were kept tightly closed the whole time, and the fair occupants, I believe, amused themselves with little else than devouring kous-kous. On a conspicuous flag were engraved in white letters on a blood red ground the device "Vive la France, abolition de l'esclavage," a wholesome way of reminding the assembled Negroes of the state of bondage in which but a few years previously they had been merged, and at the same time of calling to their mind the debt of gratitude they owed to their deliverers. The European spectators,

for whom chairs had in many instances been provided, stood on the above-mentioned rising ground, and on the slope sat the Moorish women cross-legged, to the number of two or three hundred, and looking in the distance like so many sacks of flour stored in rows. On the sand below sat a large circle of Negroes and Negresses, the latter being clothed in white sacrificial vestments, and the former half naked with a fillet of upright feathers around their heads. Shortly after our arrival the ceremonies commenced. Two powerful Negresses plunged into the sea, and swimming out cast the water high in the air towards the assembly. Then half-a-dozen men within the circle beat drums with drumsticks of curved cane, and the same number jingled each a pair of double iron castagnets, while one played a bamboo reed-flute, a certain regularity of measure being however detected in the barbarous hubbub. Before them stood a brazier from which thick white clouds of incense were arising, and with their faces thitherward three or four Negroes executed a kind of religious dance, which consisted in leaping frantically up and down, their limbs and head swinging from side to side like pieces of limp flesh in time to the harsh music. Some of them fell after a time exhausted and rolled with frightful convulsions in the yielding sand, upon which the whole assemblage rose, joined hands, and danced wildly around them. Then the orgiasts took short clubs in each hand and the character of the dance changed as the clubs clashed against each other, and the performers jumped madly up and down *en masse*. It was just the scene that Robinson Crusoe might have been

supposed to witness when he peeped from his hiding place and beheld the cannibals after they had picked the bones of their unfortunate brethren. Apropos of the subject, how melancholy must have been the thoughts of poor young Robinson as he pinched his flesh and wondered whether he should ever live to be underdone! Their frantic movements were continued for upwards of an hour, and then a bull wreathed with flowers was led by the horns once or twice around, followed by three or four gaunt high priestesses and the musicians, the procession being closed with the now jaded dancers. One of the high priestesses was of enormous height, measuring not less than six feet two, and I need not observe that many men looked short by her side. Three cocks were first sacrificed and the omens examined. These being found to be propitious a shrill note of joy issued from the women, in which the Mauresques joined, and echo seemed to prolong the sound far over the sleeping sea-lake in front. Then the bull was thrown down on the sand and its throat cut by the gigantic priestess, the attendant priestesses sprinkling it at the same time with milk from small blue vases. Whether purposely or not the operation was but half performed, and the poor brute staggered once more on its legs with the blood streaming from it, and then fell and expired. The reeking entrails were examined, and another shrill joy-note rending the air announced that for the second time the omens had proved favorable. Then a priest waved thrice aloft the sacrificial knife, and with muttered prayers sprinkled the adherent drops of blood upon the faces of the sacrificers; and again the two Negresses broke

from the centre and swam for a short distance into the sea, casting as before the water high above their heads towards the land. The ceremony was now concluded, the bull was cut up, and a fire was lighted upon the spot over which it was roasted and eaten. And not the least picturesque part of the scene was a party of mounted Spakes in their red cloaks, curvetting about on the sand, and forcing their horses to take leaps that would have dismounted any but an Arab, for the purpose I suppose of parading their horsemanship before the impassive "sacks" within which it was so difficult to believe that women, according to our ideas of the term, were concealed.

According to the account of the Negroes, who seem to know little more concerning their ceremonies than the mere name, and perform their parts almost like automata, the sacrifice was instituted for three reasons. Firstly to propitiate the powers of earth and air; secondly in honor of the Ethiopian Sidi Belal; and thirdly to inaugurate the first bean of the season, no matter how premature, that is discovered to be ripe. Sidi Belal, according to the legend, was the slave and afterwards muezzin of Mohammed, and being liberated by him emigrated to this part of Barbary, where he became so eminent for his piety that a Mosque was erected over his remains, a few whitewashed walls being all that now point out the sacred spot. Little or no connection seems to exist between the triple objects of the sacrifice, and their incongruity can only be reconciled by the merest conjecture. Sidi Belal may have been the first to have introduced the peculiar yellow bean into Algeria which forms so staple an

article of consumption among the native races, and by a simple union of ideas his soul might even have been supposed after death to have taken up its residence therein. Pythagoras had a most respectable connection among cereals, and his disciples were far too wise to burden their consciences with the notion of having devoured their grandmothers merely for the pleasure of eating a dish of beans.* The Mohammedans are firm adherents to the doctrines of transmigration, and every bird or beast that approaches a Mosque or Marabout is supposed to be animated with the spiritual essence of departed relations, and regarded therefore as sacred. The same superstition consecrates as a matter of course the vegetable creation, and every tree or shrub in holy places is tenanted by its appropriate spirit. The powers of earth and air, in the idea of the intimate connection of those elements with the ripening and developing of the fruit of the soil, are doubtless supplicated for their propitious influence upon the bean-harvest, and the answer of the unknown deities, favorable or not, would naturally be expressed in the disposition of the omens. The splashing of sea-water towards the sacrificers is evidently intended as a lustration, the purifying propensities of salt, whether crystallized or in solution, being too well known to need comment. No precepts with regard to these sacrifices are mentioned in the Koran; and although the Negroes who perform them are strict Mussulmen yet no other portion of the indigènes

* Oh quando faba Pythagoræ cognota, simul que
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?
HOR. II Sat. 6, 63.

ever take part in them. Of their immense antiquity there can be but little doubt as a single glance at their leading characteristics will prove, and an authentic account of their origin, could such a thing be procured from the stolid blacks, might tend to throw a little light upon the ancient and ruder idolatries of the regions beyond the Sahara from which the whole negro population of Algiers were originally imported. Compelled by their masters to embrace the doctrines of Islam, and yet desirous perhaps of perpetuating even under the yoke of foreign tyranny the religion of their childhood, these practices might have been carried on at first under the assumed guise of a barbarous devotion to the Marabout, himself a slave and naturally the patron saint of slaves, till in the course of centuries the real object of the sacrifice was lost and the spirit gave way by degrees to the modern letter. The French seem to regard them however in the spiritless light of a later invention, an idea which seems of little weight when the striking character of their features are taken into consideration, as the incapacity of the negro crushed by ages of oppression is well known; and there seems little reason why a slavish population should have purposely designed innovations which, militating against the precepts of Mohammed, (in which idolatry is so strictly forbidden) would as a matter of course bring upon them the wrath of their bigoted masters.

It is rarely that the Algerines admit the presence of a physician within their family circles.* Whenever

* Dr. Bodichon has I believe been successful in obtaining entrance professionally in some instances, and is at the same time the only French doctor on whom such unlimited confidence is placed by the jealous natives.

a Mussulman woman is taken ill it is supposed to be the Sheïtan, or evil influence, which possesses her, and to effect a restoration to health the devil must be driven out by powerful incantations. For this purpose certain rites are performed every Wednesday (except during the Ramadhan) by the ever sedulous Negroes on the sea-shore between Algiers and St. Eugene, the spot chosen being in close proximity to a natural stream of peculiarly efficacious water which flows from the fissure of a rock, and which they say has flowed for ages immemorial in the same unvarying current. By the end of the Ramadhan a large concourse of patients had naturally accumulated, and one morning at an early hour they assembled not far from the sacred streamlet, seating themselves in a large circle on the beach. To my surprise a Jewess took her seat among them, and further on an old Jew, both of whom joined (most disgracefully) in the ceremonies. The sable exorcists were clad as before in their white sacrificial vestments, but I missed the presence of the gaunt high priestess who had assisted at the inauguration of the first bean. A small rock rising suddenly up from the sea formed a natural altar, and in front of this a small brazier of charcoal was lighted and soon sent up the fragrant incense-fumes. A high priestess took the initiative in the ceremonies by pouring a large bottle of milk into the sea, and into this lacteous portion a whole concourse of fowls that had been brought thither were dipped. Then they were taken one by one and held three times over the incense, being placed each time as close to the live charcoal as they possibly could without actual contact. During this operation the high

priest took some water from the ever-flowing well, and having first sprinkled himself cast it over the other priests and priestesses and the whole assemblage. Having then taken the sacrificial knife he waved it thrice above his head, and laid it for a few moments on the seething incense. Then a cock was immolated. Its throat was only partially cut, so that for a few moments it rushed wildly about in death-agony ere it fell down and expired. From its yet palpitating breast a large tuft of feathers was rudely torn to which of course a portion of the flesh adhered, and being held aloft during a muttered prayer constituted the omen. The brazier of incense was then brought to the woman to whom the fowl belonged—for each valetudinarian furnished her own bird—and having been first placed beneath her face that she might inhale the fumes was passed thrice slowly around her, imprecations being uttered each time, at the conclusion of which the Sheïtan was supposed to be expelled. The same rites were performed over each woman, and when all was concluded the Mauresques retired into an immense cave that jutted into the sea, and bathed within its dark recesses. Emerging again they returned to the sacrificial ground, and there was suddenly an immense picking of feathers, and then each woman took her fowl and withdrew,—and in a short time a long procession of veiled figures, white and blue, might be seen slowly wending its way along the dusty road towards the Pirate-city. During the first part of the ceremony I was partially, but as I imagined effectually, concealed among the leaves of a gigantic aloe, and with pencil and sketch book in hand attempted a delineation of the strange scene.

Judge then of my disgust when after having committed a few hasty strokes to the paper I saw the glittering eye of the high priest fastened upon me. In an instant the sacrifice was stopped and a general hoot was set up, in the midst of which I managed to scramble away without being perceived, retiring to a higher ground where I had still an equally good view,—and was glad to see that business had been resumed after the trifling interruption. Of course I was not imprudent enough to reproduce the culpable sketch book, but was obliged to content myself with a mental photograph, of which I gave a pen and ink copy the same evening to my faithful diary.

One of the Negresses who performed the important *rôle* of high priestess was servant to a poor Moorish woman who made a precarious living by the manufacture of sundry little household articles of consumption, such as bread and pastry. A French lady, a friend of mine, had rendered great services to the Mauresque, and out of gratitude to her benefactress she permitted her to conduct me over the house one morning, though I need not say how entirely such a proceeding was opposed to the rules of Mussulman etiquette. As I entered the vestibule in company with the lady there were two little Moorish girls playing together, one of whom was extremely good looking. The moment they saw me, however, they took alarm, and climbed like monkeys into a little niche in the wall before which hung a curtain that screened them effectually. The mother was a very quiet looking old lady, who made no scruple of receiving us without her veil, and conducted us through the apartments which were however but poorly furnished, and from thence to

the house-top. When she descended into the court-yard she seemed rather annoyed at the absence of the children, and vociferated "Fatma! Fatma!" in a loud tone, to which a timid response came from the recesses of the curtained niche. In a moment however the little girls emerged from their place of concealment and ran up to us, carefully hiding the lower part of their faces with their burnouses, so that nothing but a pair of laughing childish eyes was visible. I could not repress a sigh as I looked at those innocent eyes and reflected to what a fate their very brightness might bring the matured girl when the biting pangs of poverty should fall with the swoop of the tempter on a motherless head! We next visited an apartment in which the process of bread-making was being carried on. The paste was contained in a large round flat dish of red earthenware, and the sable priestess was bending over it, planting into the midst thereof a series of blows with her clenched fists that would have frightened a bargee. The strength of her thews and sinews was something extraordinary, and many a British athlete would not have despised the massive proportions of her broad and capacious chest. She had been at the same work for an hour without intermission, and the perspiration was streaming from her face in her ferocious endeavors to tame the tough leathery substance which refused so pertinaciously to yield to her persuasive force. Dough is never employed to knead the bread of the Algerines whose digestive organs must certainly equal those of the ostrich. But to make up for its deficiency the paste is beaten in the manner above described with the fist till like a cowardly braggart

it becomes mollified by a thrashing. The grim determination that gleamed from the eyes of the priestess as she directed the smashing blows made me shudder as I pictured the result of a personal encounter with such wild giant force.

The Aïssoua, a fanatical sect of Arabs, settled for a short time in Algiers while I was there, and tenanted a house in the upper part of the town, not far from the Casbah. I had heard a great deal of the mysterious powers with which they were supposed to be invested by the credulous Algerines, and my curiosity having been greatly excited by the most wondrous accounts I determined to test their truth. Accordingly I emerged from my hotel at about eight o'clock one fine night towards the end of March. There was an exquisite softness in the evening air, and the large diverse-colored stars* shone with a lustre that even the brilliancy of the full moon could not dim. The Place du Gouvernment was covered with the usual medley of races seated under the orange-trees in calm enjoyment of the ineffable beauty of the scene. The stately turbaned Moor was there; the free Arab with the hhaïk wrapped over his head with cords of camel's hair; the tall Negro snatched from beyond the Southern Ocean of sand; the ever-griping Jew in his sombre blue-black attire; and the stiff conquering European in

* This is no mere poetic metaphor. The stars not only appear larger and brighter than in Europe, but a bluish and even a reddish tinge is by no means difficult to be detected in some of them. D'Israeli mentions this phenomenon as apparent to Contarini Fleming on the plains of Syria. The nights, too, in Algiers seem still to preserve a dark blue tint, as if loath to part with the brilliant depth of azure which distinguishes the Algerine day.

his "beaver" and "pants"—an object of indigenous contempt and indigenous hate. And the Mussulman was smoking his tchibouque, and gazing dreamily on the moon-silvered peaks of the Jurjura which seemed to present to his soothed mind the promised meed of his fidelity—the first heaven and the myriad houris on whose pure and everlasting loveliness he was to feast his unsated eyes; while the less ardent European watched with composure the wavelets of the Mediterranean which gleamed and glittered with the sparkle of possible treasure to be derived from this newly-acquired mockery of an El-Dorado. I turned from the scene and bent my steps towards the upper portion of the town, and after a quarter of an hour's tedious ascent among a dark and unlit labyrinth of streets arrived at my destination. There was a small crowd of native men and boys waiting outside till the carved door should swing on its hinges and give them admission. I joined them, and after a few moments delay the door opened and entrance was afforded to a portion of the crowd, myself among the number. Then the door was again closed, and I walked through the vestibule, feeling I must confess a little out of my element at the novel *tableau-vivant* before me.

The courtyard was filled with Arabs seated in circles, and in the midst of each circle was a gigantic dish from which they appeared to be making a voracious meal. There was of course no vestige of a chair or bench to be seen, and as I stood for a moment undecided the host advanced and motioned me to join the new-comers who formed themselves into a circle like the rest. Now the Mohammedan fashion

of sitting is not the simple crossing of legs which causes the untravelled to regard Snip the Tailor as a man perfectly at ease on his classic board, and therefore utterly independent of European conventionalities as regards chairs. On the contrary, while Snip puts himself into an uncomfortable position for the more convenient handling of his implements, the Mussulman drops down with a lissome, natural motion, the outer side of each knee-bone lying flat on the ground, and the point of each toe being snugly placed within the bend of the knee. From the free right and left motion of the foot below the ancle, independent of the rest of the leg, to which from his babyhood he has been accustomed it will be plainly perceived that the position in which he squats at his ease is utterly unattainable by the European, the muscles of whose leg have never thus been called into play. But on the other hand the Arab finds an equal difficulty in sitting on a chair—a motion which we seem to consider at once so primeval and natural. The awkward shape therefore in which I endeavored to coop up my legs in imitation of my fellow-guests was a source of considerable amusement to them, and at the same time of exquisite discomfort to myself on account of the pleasing sensations usually termed by the vulgar "pins and needles" which obliged me every now and then to shift my position. An immense round tin dish about two feet and a half in diameter was now brought forth and placed in the midst of our circle. Within this dish was a medley of sago cooked in a peculiar manner with strong oil, yellow beans of the African species, and on the top of all misshapen pieces of boiled meat. This was

the Kous-kous,* the "summum bonum" of Barbary dishes, the "cock-a-leekie and haggis" of the Algerines, by the side of which the choicest productions of Very or Soyer would most probably be left untasted or cast aside as meet for dogs and Infidels. Without a moment's delay the Arabs put forth each a dirty hand and clawed hold of the pieces of meat which they devoured in a twinkling, smacking their lips with the most satisfactory gusto after them. Not to appear behindhand I followed their example, and seizing an unctuous morsel between my finger and thumb took a careful bite at it. Whether it was cat's meat, or horse's flesh, or salted negro that I tasted will ever remain an unpleasant mystery between me and my organs of taste,—certainly it had no flavor that I could recognize, and under pretence of taking a fresh supply I transferred the relic of the unenviable viand to its original resting-place. Happily it was instantly caught up and devoured by a hungry and unscrupulous neighbour, so that I escaped the bad taste of appearing to refuse the hospitality of mine host—the merchant of butter as the translation of his name went—which would have been the greatest insult I could possibly have offered to him.

Then a spoon roughly carved out of yellow wood was handed to each of us. Now from the great care with which these useful domestic articles were doled out from a canvas bag it was evident that

* Among the richer Algerines grains of wheat triturated on a flat stone till they are round and smooth take the place of sago, and chicken is used instead of boiled meat. Nuts and almonds are sometimes introduced, and the whole is frequently well peppered.

their number was limited. Kous-kous eating had been going on from six in the morning up to that moment, and as I afterwards ascertained not one of these spoons had been washed the whole time. So it was not unnatural that the one which was handed to me should seem rather sticky to the touch, and upon a delicate investigation I discovered that it was thickly coated with oil and grains of sago, which, viewed in the light of varnish and ornament were effective enough, but regarded as the implements for garnishing a civilized stomach were hardly so desirable. Careless of minor details such as these the Arabs dug their gastronomic weapons into the kous-kous and filled their mouths with the odious compound, nor must I forget to chronicle the performances of an extremely fat boy who shovelled such immense quantities of sago into his capacious mouth that he had actually to ram it down tightly each time with his spoon! The contents of the dish were fast disappearing under such able and experienced hands, so that my chance of tasting it would soon have been at an end. With hopeless desperation I glanced again at the obnoxious spoon, and as I almost beheld myself mirrored on its greasy surface a happy idea struck me. By a dexterous "pas de main" it was stripped in an instant of its glossy coating which was transferred to the matting beneath me. I hope my peculiar and unfortunate position may have excused this frightful breach of etiquette, but at all events the Arabs were too busy to have a suspicion of what I was about, so with fear and trembling I took a moderate spoonful of the concoction.

Has any one a remembrance of the unmoistened

and unsugared rice pudding of his school-days, of which he was obliged to eat a given quantity under the terror of the ferula that was hanging like the sword of Damocles over his unparted hair? If there be such a one—and such a one there surely must be—he may perhaps be able to realize the feelings with which I turned the nauseous compound over and over in my mouth, counting the individual grains as they forced themselves one by one down my unwilling throat. I never remember a mouthful the swallowing of which seemed so utterly and hopelessly impossible. Perhaps emanating as it did from the stew-pans of the faithful it rather stuck at the idea of having to pass through an infidel digestive apparatus. May the prophet defend me from another such meal!—and if he doesn't at all events I'll endeavor to defend myself. Basins of skim milk were now brought round of which one was set before every fifth man, and as I raised the sour fluid to my lips I saw four deliciously greasy mouths open aghast at the deep pulls I appeared to take. However, I had only imbibed a drop or two in reality so that there was enough and to spare, and seeing a small tin bowl of water hard by I took a draught with as much relish as if it were iced champagne. Numerous grains of kous-kous, which covered the bottom of the bowl, rattled musically against my teeth as I sucked in the sparkling lymph, and afforded a proof that at all events I was not the only guest who patronised the ancient brewery of Adam. The repast was now concluded, and the Arabs placing their hands before them in an attitude of prayer murmured their chanted thanks to the prophet of Mecca for having bestowed

kous-kous with so unstinted a hand. It was a wild and unmusical grace, but very effective, and sung with unsimulated fervor. And then the circle rose, and with bared feet proceeded to the upper end of the courtyard where a carpet had been spread on which many, sated with kous-kous, were already reposing. Silent and impassive they sat, speaking no word to each other, and calmly stroking their magnificent beards as they gazed into vacancy. They were meditating! We may conclude that their thoughts were of a cheerful turn as few men are disposed to look at the dark side of nature after a full meal.

Meantime a fresh lot of Arabs had been admitted from outside who now occupied the place recently filled by my select companions and my humble self. A fresh meal was set before them to which they did ample justice, and retired at its conclusion to the sacred carpet, where they sat thinking of nothing like their former companions, and endeavoring to digest their unctuous edibles and drinkables. According to the custom of the Aïssoua kous-kous is provided on certain days in the month, from six in the morning to six the next morning, to all true Mussulmen whose empty stomachs may prompt them to accept the donation, and to the women of the household is assigned in every case the tedious task of preparing it. I had taken a stand against one of the pillars of the courtyard, feeling a little *de trop* when I had finished my meal, and not sorry to resume a more natural position. A ragged and consequently misanthropic, Mussulman, whose supper seemed to have disagreed with him approached me and

commenced a conversation in very indifferent French, in which he spoke in the most contemptuous terms of the host, the guests, and the quality of the food, and concluded by pouring out a malediction on the former for the bad milk which had accompanied the kous-kous. "How much do you think his vile skim milk cost him for the whole day?" he asked. "Don't know," I answered, feeling in no humour for statistics. "Why, eight sous," replied he with a sneer. Like many other people he made a point of despising an object, not on account of its real worth to himself, but because of its low intrinsic value. I had no remark to make, so I merely observed "Oh," and retired a step or two into the shade, leaving him like the melancholy Jacques, to anathematize humanity as much as he wished, provided he kept his acrid thoughts to himself.

There were but two candles burning, and the light from them was, as might be imagined, very feeble. Fresh guests constantly poured in, and for upwards of an hour kous-kous was being supplied, so that I had ample leisure to look around without being perceived. I scrutinized first the galleries, which in this instance were hung round with thick drapery of a dingy brown color that concealed the greater portion of the arches. To my surprise I perceived a pair of glistening human eyes, worked up as it were in the pattern, and peering on to the scene below. Further on were another pair of eyes, and another, and another, and even while I looked the mysterious optics seemed to multiply in all parts of the tapestry like the fabled stone features at the entrance to Fingal's cave. No other part of the face, however, was visible,—nought

but those fixed unwinking orbs that had something weird and unearthly in their solitude, increased tenfold by the uncertain gleam of the candles. The Arabs seemed either not to be aware of, or to give no heed to their presence, so that after a long stare of unmitigated surprise I suffered my eyes to fall again on terra firma. The kous-kous eating was happily drawing to a close, and when the last batch of new-comers had stuffed their fill the host marshalled the whole assembly into four or five concentric circles that filled the area of the courtyard, and having had the politeness to send round for a small bench I ensconced myself thereon and awaited the scene that followed.

A brazier of burning charcoal was introduced and placed on the carpet, and at the same time seven large tambourines somewhat resembling sieves, with parchment instead of wirework, were taken by as many Arabs and held over the charcoal till the vellum of each contracted to the desired key. Then sundry taps with the hand having proved that they were in equal pitch the Arabs seated themselves behind the brazier, and commenced the most barbarous concert to which it was ever my misfortune to listen. The tambourines were beaten with the hand in regular time, at first gently, and then with an imperceptible increase of violence, till at length the noise that issued from them was as ear-stunning as the roar of Mons. Jullien's big drum. Louder and still louder grew the now thundering din, and the eyes and mouths of the performers worked convulsively with the excitement, while the perspiration poured in streams from their glowing faces. At length they

raised their voices in a wild and sonorous chant, which, blent with the deep bass of the tambourines, seemed to issue from the lungs of a legion of stentors. It was a solemn invocation to the spirit of the Marabout * who amid the sands of the desert founded miraculously this singular sect in ages long past, and according to their belief the prayer is always answered by the descent upon them of his supernatural influence. Louder and louder grew the din, till they seemed to shriek themselves hoarse in the endeavor to be heard above the mimic thunder of the tympana. At length one of them threw down his tambourine, and started up with a shriek so terrible and infernal that he resembled a demon emanating from his native hell. He jumped madly up and down before the brazier, his arms swinging about like pieces of limp flesh, and his head falling in jerks before him as though he were utterly deprived of the power of volition. Three men forcibly snatched off his burnous in order that his motions might be unimpeded, while he continued the frantic dance seemingly unconscious of their interference. The Mohammed, or tuft of hair at the back of his head, had been suffered to grow into long curls which covered ever and anon his face, and swung round at one time with violence sufficient to extinguish one of the candles. His features were horribly convulsed, and there was an agonized expression on them as though he were

* The Marabout Aïssa (Joshua, or the more sacred name) being with his followers in the Sahara, and food not being procurable, gave them the power of eating whatever they could lay their hands on. Accordingly they devoured cactus leaves, scorpions, serpents, and whatever fell in their way; and the power they say has descended among them to the present day.

forced into action by a power not his own—an Orestes maddened by the furies. He stretched out his hand and touched another Arab who immediately arose with a shriek similar to that of his predecessor, and leaped up and down with the same furious gestures, his burnous being as usual removed by the bystanders. Then two more Arabs were touched with the same result, that wonderful contact appearing to convey a magic influence to which resistance was impossible. Suddenly each man took from the brazier a large morsel of live charcoal and placed it in his mouth, still continuing the dance. With every inhalation the charcoal glowed like the sun and lit up those swarthy features with a lurid and unnatural glare, while with every exhalation fire and myriad sparks flew from their salamander lips. Whether by accident or design the last candle was extinguished, and the scene assumed a character little less than terrific, and might not have formed an inapt design for another "Inferno." So vehemently now were the blows showered upon the unfortunate tambourines that one of them burst, while the throats of the chanters seemed strained to the utmost pitch, amid which even the yells of the dancers could scarce be heard. On a sudden everything ceased—the candles were relighted, and the performers fell down exhausted, one of them being carried away with the foam on his whitened lips.

Suddenly from all sides of the courtyard arose a series of thrilling cries, blent in one high note, that rang through the startled air clear and distinct as a bell. It was like the passing chorus of a thousand wild birds, that seemed to swell for a brief moment

above our heads and then die and melt away in the far distance like the boding sighs of the Banshee. I could perceive nothing that gave me the slightest clue to these elf-like sounds till I bethought me of the mysterious eyes. They were still in their places, now however no longer quiet and fixed, but sparkling and scintillating as from some unconceived pleasure. The mystery was at once explained. The eyes belonged to the Moorish ladies of the household who were obliged to adopt this extraordinary mode of witnessing the ceremonies, their presence among men being of course inconsistent with the principles of Islamism. The note they utter consists in the monosyllable "lu," repeated over and over again, and enunciated in the highest tone of which the female voice is capable, and is used as a sign of approbation, pleasure, or pain, according to circumstances. And women are hired either at marriages or funerals whose sole profession consists in leading this weird chorus at the very top of their shrill voices.

In a few moments the tambourines were again in full force, and the shrieking and yelling was again repeated, but this time the number of dancers was increased. One of the Arabs took a sword, and having stripped to his loins ran it for nearly a quarter of an inch into his stomach, twirling it round at the same time like a gimlet. To a certain degree there was no deception in this, but the absence of blood roused my suspicions that the sword fitted into an old scar long used for the purpose, especially as it was introduced sideways. But that the steel did really enter his skin was beyond doubt, for he passed close to me and pulled it slowly out. Then he ran

it into the nape of his neck in the same manner, twirling it round as before, but still no blood followed. The invisible women seemed pleased at this feat, for another "lu, lu, lu!" swelled around us, and then the frantic dancing went on as before. Presently four or five instruments resembling thick kitchen shovels were brought in red hot, and I felt the sudden glow on my face as they were taken past me. When the Arabs beheld these their cries changed into another key, and by their gestures they seemed like wild animals eager for food. Each man took the glowing iron, placed it on the shorn part of his head, and then stroked it caressingly with his naked hand. During this feat there was a sickening smell of burnt flesh, and a light smoke arose from the skin of the performers whenever the ruddy metal touched it. Then having licked them all over with their tongues they placed them between their lips, holding them firm with their teeth, and leaping for a few moments still higher in tune to the untiring thunder of the tympana. A large scorpion was now brought in on one of the tambourines, and as I touched it with a stick *en passant* it darted up its poisonous tail, leaving no doubt as to its vitality. One of the Arabs took up the reptile by its head, placed it in his mouth and swallowed it, making a horrible crunching noise in the process of mastication. How he escaped the effects of its sting is more than I can imagine, but at all events the unnatural meal seemed to give him new life for the maddening orgies. One of the dancers now stepped forward with a dagger about a foot in length, and lifting up his eyelid thrust it some way in just over the eyeball, and walked about

with the weapon thus apparently sticking out of his eye. Then he drew it slowly out, and the host at my request having handed it to me for examination I found that it was sharp as a needle and perfectly solid. The voices of the women at this period were louder than I had heard them before, and so long did the shrill applause continue that the Arabs looked up hastily and said "hush" in the same sort of contemptuous tone with which a charity-school master endeavors to stop the clatter of his refractory pupils, and the obedient chorus instantly subsided. Half a dozen cactus-leaves were now brought in and the moment the dancers perceived them they left off their frantic gestures and grovelled like dogs on their hands and knees. The African cactus, or Barbary fig, grows round Algiers into a regular tree of twelve feet or so in height, and the leaves are of course large in proportion, being generally about a foot long and half an inch thick, and are very thickly covered with strong prickles of an inch in length. These prickles are as thick as a drugget-pin at the base, and very firm, so that the handling of the leaf is a matter of difficulty and pain, and should the point of the prickle break in so doing it forces itself beneath the skin and causes excruciating agony. The Arabs crawled adroitly towards the man who held the leaves, baying like the dogs they imitated, and as he held one forth they thrust their heads forward and took rapid bites, devouring it seemingly without the slightest inconvenience. The green fluid expressed from the herb flowed in streams over their long beards, and I noticed that when they accidentally touched each other they gave a low growl like

curs who are gorging. The applause of the invisible ladies was great, but by no means so enthusiastic as before, the tambourines were again silent and the performers fell to the ground as if the superhuman stimulus to their exertions had been removed. One of them continued insensible for so long a time that it was feared life was extinct. Happily, however, he revived, and was thus mercifully prevented from a death in the midst of such disgraceful orgies.

Kous-kous was again brought round to fortify the enthusiasts for a repetition of the ceremonies which were to be kept up till six o'clock in the morning. Finding that it was midnight I rose and uttered "salaam aleïkum" (peace to you) to the assembly, which salutation was gravely returned by "salaama" (good bye). I drew a deep breath as I left the house, like one who has by a timely awaking been relieved from the incubus of some terrible night-mare, and as I threaded again the narrow streets the delicious night air cooled and refreshed me. The Place du Gouvernment was now deserted, but there were the same fragrant orange trees, the same tideless sea, and to the right the same eternal snows of the majestic Atlas, which seemed by their very calmness to reproach me for the burning flush which the excitement of those dark idolatrous rites had brought to my cheeks. No wonder that my sleep was broken and disturbed that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

For a considerable time great doubt existed in the minds of antiquaries as to the appellation with which Algiers was supposed to be invested by its ancient conquerors. Some contended for the correctness of the term Iomnium, while others again on the authority of Pomponius Mela declared that Icosium was the more likely expression. A recently discovered inscription has however, if reliance can be placed on it, settled the long disputed point.*

A poor French nail-maker who rented a small Moorish house in the Rue Bab-a-zoun brought to light from the depths of a long closed up cellar a moderately sized square stone, the convenient smoothness of which immediately suggested to him the idea of transforming it into a species of anvil for his nails. He acted on the suggestion, and at his death the owner of the house built it up in the wall over a shop now occupied by a barber. An antiquary, passing by, noticed some letters engraved thereon, and having obtained permission to cleanse it from a thick coating of dust discovered the only inscription in which the

* Dr. Shaw is of opinion, however, that Icosium was situated on the banks of the Harash, four miles to the eastward of Algiers.

ancient name is mentioned. He immediately offered a reward for the stone, which would not have been difficult to detach at the time as the building was not nearly completed, but in vain, the owner not being willing to put himself to any trouble on the subject. At the suggestion of the antiquary the authorities of the museum put themselves in communication with him, but with no better success, and like a veritable dog in the manger he completed the construction of his house, and the stone still remains as a monument of his ignorant selfishness. The inscription is as follows:—*

I. SITTIO M. F. QVR.
PLOCAMIAN
ORDO
ICOSITANOR.
M. SITTIVS, P. F. QVI.
CAECILIANVS
PRO FILIO
PIENTISSIMO
H. R. I. R.

An ingenious derivation of the word Icosium is contained in the following legend. The Lybian

* Berbrugger reads the inscription as follows:—
"Julio Sittio, Marci filio, Quirinâ,
Plocamiano,
Ordo Icositanorum.
Marcus Sittius, Publii filius, Quirinâ,
Cæcilianus,
Pro filio
Pientissimo
Honore recepto impensam remisi."
an exact translation of which would be a matter of no small difficulty according to that reading. The general idea is that of a father erecting at his own expense a monument to his son, at the instigation of the Icosians.

Hercules in his passage along this part of the coast was abandoned by twenty of his followers, who chose out a situation for themselves and laid the foundations of a future town. A contention having arisen among them, however, as to which of their names the town should bear they came to the conclusion of bestowing a title on it which should remind distant generations of the number of its founders, without alluding to any one of them in particular. Accordingly from the word εικοσι (eikosi, twenty) was derived Eikosion, which, by the Roman conquerors, was Latinized into the form Icosium.

Very little mention of it is made however by the Latin authors. Pliny tells us that it received the Roman franchise, which proves that it must have been a town of some little importance, derivable perhaps from its being a convenient port for ingress and egress as regards the interior, or from its forming a station on the great coast road to Mauritania Tingitensis. The traces of a Roman road have been discovered in the Bab-a-zoun and Bab-el-oued streets, and likewise in the Rue de la Marine, and through the two former the highway to the Eastern and Western districts most probably passed, while from the Rue de la Marine ran the road perhaps that led into the interior. The latter street, to judge from the number of broken columns which were excavated from it during its reconstruction by the French, must have formed the principal thoroughfare of the city, especially as it is highly probable that it led, as now, to the port, and would be the first to be traversed by those who entered the town from the sea. Icosium is said to have possessed Bishops at

the Christian era, but their names are unfortunately lost to us. The Barbarossas when they founded the Turkish dominion in Algiers greatly enlarged the city, and filled it with public monuments which not only absorbed the ruins of Icosium but also those of other smaller Roman towns that existed in its vicinity. Hence the number of the relics that have come to us is of necessity small, and they have been mostly discovered among the foundations of demolished Moorish houses. Many objects of antiquity, including some valuable manuscripts, were unfortunately lost in consequence of the non-existence of a museum during the first few years of the conquest. That glaring defect has, however, been now repaired, and there is much within the present *musée* to repay the antiquary for the trouble of a visit. The principal objects of interest consist mostly in numerous slabs covered with inscriptions as deep and fresh in many instances as when they issued from the chisel of the sculptor, but too often remarkable for the provincial character of the Latin. Many of the letters, too, are of an ornamental kind, and bear no distant resemblance to the flourishing capitals which adorn the shops in our own public thoroughfares. There are several gravestones with figures of the deceased, in relief, who are in most instances represented in the act of holding fruit, such as grapes, in the right hand. I was rather astonished at seeing many of these figures surmounted by a crescent, which stands out likewise in relief. On examination, however, it differs from the Turkish emblem inasmuch as it presents a much smaller segment with regard to its outer circumference, having more the appearance and

dimensions of a half-moon than that greater circumference by which the true crescent is supposed to be distinguished. It may perhaps have been employed as the symbol of Proserpine or Hecate, in her office of arbitress of the realms below, as it was of Diana or Luna, and might have been placed there in a kind of vague religious hope of propitiating the goddess, or possibly simply as an ornament consistent with the creed of the true Roman. Within one of the half-moons a star was conspicuous, but I should be disposed to attach little weight to its appearance there, as it is not only not in relief but very roughly carved, and might easily have been added afterwards by a Mohammedan ignorant of the real nature of the symbol which he was thus embellishing. Several very perfect busts and statues have also come to light, and many large amphoræ of a size capable of containing with ease two or three men. There is a large sarcophagus, too, which might have held either the remains of a Pagan or Christian physician from the nature of the bas-relief on the exterior. These consist of several figures, one of which is represented with a cock perched at its feet, and might be taken equally for a representation of St. Peter or Æsculapius. The lead of the interior coffin is nearly perfect, and through a small fissure can be perceived the unmutilated skeleton of the occupant. A curious hand-mill has also been dug up, and a Sella Balnearis, or bath chair, of carved white marble. In the centre of the seat is a circular hole about a foot in diameter, through which it was intended either that the water poured upon the bather should escape, or that steam should pass up from beneath in the manner of a

vapor-bath. Both these operations may have been combined in the daily baths of the African colonist, the steam being introduced from beneath to cast him into a kind of languor in order that the cold water applied afterwards in the manner of a shower bath might produce a still more delicious reaction on his heated body. Then he might be rubbed down and anointed afterwards, and finally left to repose, reeking with perfume, and dream away the time that preceded the evening meal. This would not differ greatly in detail from the present Moorish baths, the delightful effect of which I have been assured few earthly sensations can surpass, though at the same time they are weakening even to the strongest constitutions. The pleasure-loving Algerines, however, both male and female indulge nearly every day in this delicious though debilitating practice, which in some instances has actually been known to produce hydrocephalus.

To suppose that the present Algiers was built originally on the site of Icosium would be a great mistake. "Djesaïr Beni Mezarhanna" was its original appellation, from the first word of which, El Djesaïr, is contracted our anglicism of Algiers, and the more similar Alger of the French. The signification of the above is "The Islands of the children of Mezarhanna," which were most probably the same upon which the forts now stand, and there it was that the earlier Algiers was originally founded by the Berbers, Mosgans, or Beni Mezarhanna. At what period, however, it was transferred to its present site upon the ruins of Icosium would be difficult to decide, for the earliest mention of its position on the mainland occurs in the four hundred and sixtieth

year of the Hegira, when El Bekri a geographer describes it as "a town filled with splendid monuments of antiquity and porticos of a most perfect construction, which does not permit one to doubt that it has been formerly the capital of a large empire . . . . . the theatre being paved with little stones of different colors resembling all sorts of figures of animals."* The indigenous population in their songs still employ the expression El Djesaïr Beni Mezarhanna in speaking of the town, the contraction El Djesaïr or Djesaïr not being so euphonious and being merely used in common parlance.

Concerning the earlier history of Barbary little is known, and that little is gleaned from facts that are at once uncertain and unreliable. A few pastoral tribes including, according to Sallust, Libyans and Gætulians, inhabited the mountains, roaming like their wild successors from spot to spot with no object in view save that of their daily sustenance, comprised principally of herbs and the uncooked flesh of beasts of prey. Afterwards from the great army of Hercules broke in the Medes, Armenians, and Persians, who formed themselves into a colony, and traded with the savage tribes of the interior, and at a subsequent period the Phœnicians emigrated thither and commenced a rude civilization by the foundation of towns, of which Carthage was the principal. Then followed the Punic wars and the subsequent downfall of the city of Dido; and, under pretence of avenging the cause of the murdered Adherbal, the forced submission of Numidia and the annexation of Mauritania to the imperious sway of the Eagle from the seven hills.

* Quoted in Berbrugger's "Icosium."

The Roman empire in Africa was indeed, both on account of its immensity and the gigantic work of civilization which was carried on throughout its whole extent, fully worthy of the imperial purple under whose domination it occupied a position in no way inferior to the exclusive portion of the civilized world. From the Lybian desert to the Atlantic washed coast of Morocco, and in Algeria to the borders of the Sahara was the majesty of Rome acknowledged; and throughout the length and breadth of Barbary, even in parts of the Atlas now considered as almost inaccessible are still existing numerous traces of the handiwork of the ever-dominant children of Magna Græcia. Under the shadows of the Atlas, too, sprung up those great strongholds of Christianity whose missionary influence rescued Europe from the chains of a benighted idolatry, and of whose purest tenets England now stands forth as the sturdy protector.* Towards the decline of the Roman empire an attempted revolt on the part of Bonifacius the proconsul against the Emperor Valentinian was the means of the former, fearful of his weakness, soliciting the assistance of the Northern Barbarians. In 428 A.D. therefore Genserio, king of the Vandals, left his native pine forests, and with an army of ninety thousand men, in which were included Alans and Goths, planted his standard on the genial soil of Northern Africa. Joined by the savage tribes of the interior too anxious to throw off the yoke of their conquerors it soon became evident that the sole purpose of the fair-visaged strangers was not that of assistance but

* At one period there were no less than one hundred and sixty Bishoprics in Northern Africa.

of rapine and plunder; and the first victim that fell beneath their hurtling arrows was the unfortunate pro-consul himself. Town after town succumbed to their remorseless arms, and were razed in succession, till the whole of Barbary submitted to their sway; and for nearly a hundred years they held good, by tyranny and extortion, their new conquests.*

The luxuries, however, of fruitful Numidia and the languid character of its climate were not without effect on the hardy settlers, and in 533 Belisarius wrenched Carthage from their enervated hands, and by a series of conquests totally eradicated them from the possessions they had so treacherously obtained, so that for a time again the Roman name was dominant in Northern Africa. But harassed by repeated attacks from the Moors of the most westerly provinces the extent of their dominion gradually decreased till it was confined to a comparatively small portion of the eastward coast, Carthage being the centre of their greatest power. In the year 647 the votaries of the blood-stained Islam crossed the desert, and wrenched the districts around Tripoli from the hands of the Græco-Romans under their prefect Gregory, the latter being slain in single combat by Zobeir one of the Arab chieftains, who refused even the hand of his lovely daughter, captured while fighting by his side, together with one hundred thousand pieces of gold, the proffered meed of the exploit, under the plea that his sword was devoted to a higher religion than that of Mammon or the alluring charms of earthly

* At the present day occasional traces of their former presence are not wanting in persons of the light-haired and blue-eyed Arabs of some interior tribes.

beauty. In 665 the power of the Byzantines was still more weakened by frequent attacks by the Saracens, till at length in 670 sprung up the Alexander of the Mohammedans, the mighty Akhbar, to whose resistless arms succumbed the whole coastline from Tripoli to Tangiers. United for the moment in common defence the Byzantines and Africans made a feeble stand, and Carthage was again reconquered by fresh reinforcements of the former under the Prefect John. In 692 the Saracens flocked again in multitudes from Arabia, and at the battle of Utica the Christians were utterly defeated, while Carthage was for ever razed to the ground; and the religion of the false prophet, after a series of desperate struggles, was firmly established along the green mountains of Barbary.

Amid the early history of Northern Africa and even of Mauritania Algiers seems to have formed an insignificant item, very little mention being made of it beyond the fact of its mere existence. As a separate power nothing important is heard of it till 1505, when the Spaniards having taken possession of a small island in its vicinity the alarmed inhabitants offered the crown to Selim, governor of the Metidjah, and he finding himself too weak to repel the invaders solicited the assistance of Horuk Reis, commonly known as Barbarossa the first, who then occupied Djijeli with a vast army of pirates from all parts of the world. Barbarossa, with his brother Hhaireddin, was not slow in accepting the invitation, and accordingly entered Algiers with five thousand of his desperadoes, murdered Selim, and proclaimed himself king. He oppressed the Algerines by merciless

extortions and tyrannies, and sent bowstrings to those who murmured, or whose cupidity excited his avarice, till the terrified inhabitants scarcely dared to leave their houses. He next turned his attention to Tunis, which he reduced, and after that to Tlemçen, but was defeated in 1517 by Gomarez, governor of Oran, and was beheaded after a vain attempt at escape.

His brother Hhaireddin was elected to the now vacant throne of Algiers, as being the most worthy representative of the deceased Barbarossa whose death he swore to avenge. For this purpose he offered to become a tributary to Selim, Sultan of Constantinople, and the latter having accepted his allegiance sent him a couple of thousand Janissaries as an earnest of what he might eventually do to assist him, by whose aid he was enabled to drive away the Spaniards from the obnoxious islet. Hhaireddin in no way disgraced the example of his lamented brother, for so great an adept did he become in the arts and accomplishments of piracy that Selim was struck by his perseverence in the good cause and made him Capitan Pasha of the Turkish Fleet. Having thus established as it were a joint stock company of unlimited liability we find him so eager in the pursuit of his honest labours that his prisons were soon full of Christian captives, and at length, indignant at the long and unrequited insults offered to Christendom the Pope granted full indulgences and promises of Paradise to all who would undertake their rescue. The Emperor Charles V. accordingly made gigantic preparations for the punishment of the corsairs, and in 1535 embarked at Cagliari, with an army swelled

by the addition of Germans, Italians, Portuguese, and Knights of Malta, who were burning to revenge their enslaved countrymen. He wrenched Tunis from the power of Barbarossa, who fled to Bona; while Charles, satisfied with his conquests, withdrew. In consequence, however, of the renewed aggressions of the pirates he set out with a similar array, and having succeeded in landing at Algiers during a storm built what is now termed the Fort L'Empereur, which commands a most favorable position with regard to the town, and having met with a temporary success concentrated his troops there. But another terrible storm coming on, and his soldiers not being under cover, their powder was wetted and spoiled, and a sally having been made by the wary Algerines a terrible massacre ensued among the Spaniards who had little save spears wherewith to defend themselves. To add to their distress many of their ships containing provisions and baggage were destroyed by the storm, and according to the advice of the Genoese Admiral, Doria, they marched up to Cape Matifou and re-embarked, many being lost or left behind in the fatiguing four days' journey thither, and the expedition being of course an utter failure. Bolder now became the Barbarians both at this and various useless attempts to subdue them by fleets of Spaniards, Dutch, Venetians, and even English under Sir Robert Mansel. In 1655, however, Blake extorted submission from the Dey of Algiers and the Bey of Tunis, and compelled them to deliver up without reservation their Christian captives. In spite of their signal defeat we are surprised to find England eight years later endeavoring to treat for a peace with them,

which after great difficulty was obtained, the articles being ratified by Sir Jno. Lawson, 10th Nov. 1662, and renewed by Admiral Sir Thomas Allen, 30th Aug. 1664. Sir Jno. Lawson obtained great credit for his stroke of generalship, but the Barbarians, as might have been expected, soon encroached on the articles of the treaty, and announced their intention of searching all British ships they might happen to come across, and making prizes of those on board which either Turkish or Moorish captives could be found. England could not be expected to brook this insult, and men-of-war were sent out in 1679 to support Sir John Narborough in his endeavors to make the treaty binding with Algiers; but under the government of Charles II. little could be expected, and Sir John after making a flying visit to Mahon returned to Algiers and gave the Dey four days in which to consider the matter. At the end of that time he set sail, having been unsuccessful in his negociations, though had he remained but another day there it is probable he might have attained his object.* A proceeding like this could prove of course no hindrance to their piratical excursions, so in 1682 Admiral Duquesne weighed anchor in the Bay of Algiers and threw innumerable bombs into the town. So terrified were the Dey and his subjects at

* S. Pepys to the Duke of York, May 6th 1679. "Sir Jno. Narborough's last letters were of the 7th and 17th March, from Alicant, where, having newly met with His Majesty's orders for his coming home after a short visit to Algiers, he therein told me he would accordingly proceed forthwith to Port Mahon for the settling some matters in that place, and from thence to Algiers, so as to be at Tangiers in his way homeward about the seventh April. Since which, though we have wanted advice from him wholly, yet by a letter I have seen from a slave

this novel mode of warfare (for it was during this attack that bombs were first used in naval engagements) that they were on the point of capitulation, from which, however, they were saved by a series of unfavorable winds which drove the French fleet back into Toulon. Emboldened by these repeated failures they actually carried their depredations as far as the coast of Provence, leaving ruin and desolation in the track of their murderous footsteps. So great an insult as this could not be easily passed over, and in 1683 another fleet under the same Admiral attacked the pirate city, burning two thirds of the town, and compelling the Algerines to sue for a humble pardon, which Louis XIV. was not sorry to grant. The sublime Porte, too, was not willing to afford them assistance in this matter being itself at peace with France, besides having previously been offended by their endeavors in 1660 to render themselves more independent by prevailing on it to allow them to elect a Dey from their own people, who should have equal rights with the Turkish Pasha that had since the vassalage of the second Barbarossa been the invariable Governor of Algiers. From that period, as might be expected, the authority of the Porte over Algiers began rapidly to wane, and at length having obliged the Sultan to allow the whole power to be

of Algiers of the 1st April it appears that he came before that town the 25th and departed the 29th March, after having sent two of his Captains ashore to treat of a peace, but without effect. This only is added by the slave, that had Sir Jno. Narborough stayed one day more in the road those of Algiers had certainly made a peace with him, that Government having it seems afterwards expressed some trouble that it was not done, by which calculation of time we may now from day to day expect his being here."—PEPYS' DIARY.

vested in the newly-created Deylik the Pasha was treated more as an ambassador or consul, and at the commencement of the eighteenth century Algiers finding her strength increasing withdrew her customary tribute from Constantinople, and stood forth an isolated State.*

But to return. Quickly forgetful of the severe lessons they had recently learnt their galleys again overspread the Mediterranean, and even ventured into the Atlantic, where they not only took prisoners and booty from the Canaries but it is said actually appeared in sight of the Scilly Isles. Marshall D'Estrees bombarded and burnt part of their town, but the punishment left the usual light and unnoticeable effects on their piratical spirits. At the same time, however, they seem to have directed their efforts at this period more against the mercantile marine of England, and so many of our ships were destroyed that in 1700 Captain Beach burned seven of their frigates and compelled them to subscribe to the articles of a treaty, which stipulated that none of their rovers should under any pretence approach British harbours, that no British ship should ever be attacked by them, and that suitable respect should always be paid to the British flag. To be obliged to agree to a treaty of peace with any nation was to them the most galling, besides interfering with the

* The election of the Dey caused eventually numerous disputes, and ended frequently in the murder of the elected one by the adverse party. On one occasion seven Deys were elected and murdered in succession on the same day. Had the circumstance occurred in the present generation one might almost have accused the Algerines of being actuated by those brilliant examples of British Parliamentary Electors, which the recent commissions have brought to light.

pursuits of their gains. Whenever therefore they were forced into it by any superior power they invariably declared war against some petty state, in order that they might still find victim-ships whose crews they might enslave, and by whose merchandise they might enrich themselves. This spirit, too, was fostered by the Dey himself, whose life, should the corsairs fail in procuring sufficient booty, would have been in hourly danger, and who would have lost besides a most important portion of his revenues thereby.

The coasts of Spain suffered terribly from the aggressions of the Algerines towards the end of the last century. Enraged at their insolence Charles III in 1775 collected the largest fleet that had ever menaced the Barbary coast, under the command of Don Pedro Castejon, the land forces being under that of Count O'Reilly. From this avalanche of naval aggression immense effects were of course to be expected by the whole of Christendom, who listened with awe to its magnificent pratings. The expedition sailed from Carthagena in June, and favored by unusually calm weather (preceded however by a storm) the immense army was landed quietly at two o'clock in the morning to the right of the town about four miles distance. Even under these favorable circumstances, and with the harbours teeming with their ships, it will hardly be credited that through the indecision and unskilful tactics of the Commander the expedition was obliged to retreat with the loss of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men. All Europe having thus waited with breathless anxiety to witness the result of the

mighty mountain-labour were disgusted at seeing crawling forth—a mouse. The Algerines themselves would hardly credit their senses when they saw this huge armament turn tail, and after that it would have been surprising if their depredations had not been ten times more frequent than before. As soon as America declared her independence the Dey as a matter of course made a war with her, and greatly did her ships and subjects suffer from his rovers, while in 1792 Washington actually hinted to the Senate the necessity of advancing nearly one hundred thousand dollars for the ransom of the captives, and the purchase of peace with the Dey. The latter, however, would have nothing to say to the deputies sent to treat with him till he had extorted nearly a million of dollars, a price for the non-molestation of their ships and peace with his highness, for the discharge of which the American treasury was almost drained.

The Dey, however, in 1812 took it into his Royal head that America had had quite enough peace for her money, and being rather short of funds thought that renewed warfare with her would not be a bad idea. He was no gainer by this step, for America having concluded peace with England in 1815 sent round a fleet commanded by Bainbridge and Decatur, who by their sudden and unexpected appearance forced him into a new treaty of perfect equality on both sides, American dollars being placed entirely out of the question. This was a disappointment for which he was not prepared, but it was but the first, for in the following year the final blow to the long series of insults and oppressions offered to Christendom

by the piratical powers of Northern Africa was given by the ever-memorable bombardment of Lord Exmouth.

It was only the general warfare in which Europe was engaged that prevented England, as mistress of the seas, from putting an end to the numerous piratical excursions of the Algerines. Finding at the general peace of 1815 that her fleet was comparatively free from the exercise of that constant and painful vigilance required for the prevention of French encroachments she now turned her attention to the suppression of the unchecked system of robberies, against which so many fruitless expeditions from all parts of Europe had been launched. After considerable beating about the bush the Dey by the cold-blooded murder of some coral fishers at Bona, working under the British flag, was considered to have filled up the measure of his iniquities, and with the impatient eyes of all Christendom upon him Lord Exmouth anchored in the autumn of 1816 before Algiers, and dictated a series of arbitrary demands, of which the liberation of Christian slaves and the immediate abolition of Christian slavery were the principal. A short time previous to this the Dey having obtained news of the approaching armament had seized upon and imprisoned the English consul, whose wife and daughter had with difficulty escaped in naval uniforms, besides eighteen of the men of the Prometheus who had been sent to fetch away the consul's family. Having refused to give up either the newly-made captives or those who had long crouched beneath the Moorish whip there remained but one terrible alternative; and Lord Exmouth

embraced it with the grasp of a hero. The next morning's sun beheld the proud pirates' flag levelled to the dust, his strongholds in crumbling fragments, and the fleet which had so long been the terror of the Mediterranean utterly annihilated.* And under the shadow of the British bulwarks the last Christian slave was borne away from the pitiless taskmasters, and the chord of Christian groans which had so long vibrated among the hills of Mauritania was for ever silenced. And, whatever our Gallic neighbours may say to the contrary, the expedition of Lord Exmouth paved the way for the conquests and occupation which in 1830 were completed by General Bourmont.

It seems hard, too, that we should not have the credit of an action the gallantry of which will for ever stand pre-eminent on the fairest pages of history. Yet it will scarcely be credited that the service thus rendered by us to civilization has been the butt at which almost every French scribbler has aimed his slanderous arrows. We are accused by some of selfishness—a charge too ridiculous to refute, as among all the victims released by the effusion of our blood there was not a single British slave. Our self-restraint, too, in not adding Barbary to our numerous possessions has been construed into a mere stroke of policy, as according to Gallic notions a good fleet of corsairs would have been an excellent shackle to foreign commerce and communication, and an

* In no subsequent or previous engagement was the true bravery of British sailors so conspicuously displayed as in this. It is related that some of the sailors being in want of wadding actually tore their jackets in pieces, and crammed them together with the buttons into the guns, so great was the enthusiasm they shewed in helping to rid the Mediterranean of its merciless corsairs.

assistance therefore to England, supposing that she should again become embroiled with foreign maritime states. As, however, the piratical fleet was entirely destroyed before we left Algiers bay that insinuation, like the others, must unfortunately for the malicious libellers fall to the ground. We must, however, do them the justice to say that it forms an ingenious defence for the want of moderation evinced by the present occupants, whose avowed object was to inflict chastisement on the Dey for the insult to the French nation offered in the person of their representative, Mons. Daumas, at the feast of the Baïram. The preceding calumnies are however nothing in comparison with a thunderbolt hurled at us by a Mons. Fisquet, who put forth in 1842 his "Histoire de l'Algerie." The British Isles ought to have sunk immediately into the depths of the ocean at this terrifically conclusive *leven* that crashed upon them from the lurid atmosphere of a Parisian *troisième*, had they not with their usual "brass" preferred to remain for a little time longer on the surface. The "psephisma" is too magnificent to bear translation, and we give it in the exact words of the author, trusting at the same time that he will be more merciful towards us in future, and for his own sake more economical with regard to those staple and valuable articles of commerce, ink and paper.

"Plus d'un siècle après l'Angleterre est chargée par le congrès de Vienna de poursuivre, dans les états Barbaresques, l'abolition de l'esclavage des Chretiens; et l'expedition de cette pretendue dominatrice des Mers, commandée par Lord Exmouth, n'aboutit en 1816 qu'à un ridicule traité comme s'etait egalement

dix années auparavant terminée la mission de l'amiral Nelson."

For nearly thirty years the French have held Algeria at the bayonet's point. For an equivalent period so many millions of francs have been annually expended by them for the maintenance of the miscalled colony, which is useful in few other points than as a training school for recruits. Like the Romans, of whom their proud boast is to be the modern representatives, they can raise great works and keep the native population in subjection, but colonists in the thorough signification of the word they are not, and can never be. There is wanting the sturdy patience and sanguine endurance of the British husbandman, so opposed to the fiery and volatile spirit of the Frenchman, who can hardly bear to wait for the results of his industry, and who loses heart at the first failure. Perhaps a cogent reason may be adduced for the ill success of the colony in the fact that very few capitalists are willing to exchange the pleasures and conveniences of their mother-country for a sojourn in a relaxing climate, with a by no means clear-sighted view of success, and above all that feeling of exile with which every Frenchman who is long absent from his own fertile land is invariably oppressed. Hence it is only poor and miserable men who have tried their hands at every expedient, but without success, who claim a free passage and emigrate to Algeria as the Ultima Thule of their expectations. The enormous custom-house and port duties, too, preclude to a certain degree a free commerce with other nations, and as a natural consequence the number of ships that visit

Algiers are but small in comparison with its great importance as a maritime town. According to a report current in the town at the time I was there, but for the truth of which I will not undertake to vouch, the average number of foreign vessels that trade with Algiers had diminished for the year 1858 at the incredible rate of two per diem. So exorbitant, too, are the expenses incurred by every ship bearing the British flag which anchors within the mole that few but colliers ever find it worth while doing so, and from thence they invariably sail to America, a regular trade between England and Algiers alone being out of the question. A short time ago I heard that an English company proposed sending a steamer periodically from London to Alexandria, touching at the principal coast stations, yet it will scarcely be credited that they were compelled to forego their intention in consequence of the enormous port duties of Algeria which would entirely have eaten up their gains! The French themselves, there is every reason to believe, look upon their new conquests as a mere incubus, and would gladly transfer it to any other power, could they do so in national honor. To cheer the hearts of the emigrants several official books have been published with very flourishing statistics, the latest of which is that of Maccarthy, under the title of "Geographie de l'Algerie," destined as the author states for Lycées and academies. This gentleman has obtained the greater portion of his information from the "Bulletin officiel des Actes du Gouvernment," and "Tableau des Etablissement Francais en Algerie," published by the Minister of War, and although the reader might be tempted to form a favorable opinion

of the colony from the following figures elucidated from the above work yet he must bear in mind the extent of the French possessions and the vast expenses incurred in the occupation, which are amply sufficient to counterbalance the gains.

In 1854-5 the crops were in such a flourishing condition that the colonists were able to supply the Crimean army with thirty million kilogrammes of wheat, flour, barley, bread, and biscuit. Cereals in 1854 were spread over 721,470 hectares of land, and in 1855 over 994,417 hectares, being an increase in area during that year of upwards of 275,000 hectares cultivated. Of the above number "Blé tendre" occupied 20,028 hectares, "Blé dur" 524,764 hectares, barley 413,993, and oats, maize, beans, millet, etc. made up the remaining quantity. Yet there was a bitter complaint that the quantity produced was by no means in ratio with the increase of cultivated area, and for that the blame was imputed to the native farmers, who can only produce six to seven hectolitres on the hectare in *blé dur*, and eight in barley; while on the contrary the Europeans produce ten to twelve per hectare in *blé dur*, and twelve to fourteen in barley,* making the important difference of from four

* The native races, however, are by no means unwilling to receive hints with regard to the modernized bucolic science, and not slow to profit by those hints. According to a letter which appeared in the Times of 5th Nov. 1859, "Instructors have been sent among the Arab tribes to teach them to graft their fruit trees, and in the circle of Laghouat three thousand trees have been grafted. Sixteen Arabs, instructed by French gardeners, have arrived at great proficiency in performing this delicate operation. New plantations have been introduced. The chesnut tree has succeeded perfectly in Kabylia, and the nutritious quality of its fruit is highly appreciated by the natives. The potato is likewise being propagated with success. In the circle of Cherchell and

to five hectolitres per hectare.* Tobacco is a staple article of culture among the Europeans, and in 1857 the quantity demanded by the administration was six million kilogrammes, which represented an equivalent number of francs, while for the purposes of commerce along the coast seven hundred thousand more were required, the total cultivated superfices being 4937 hectares. The attention of colonists to the cultivation of cotton was directed seriously about the year 1852, and in 1853 the Emperor put by a sum of one hundred thousand francs to be laid out in yearly prizes of twenty thousand francs to the planter who could produce the finest as well as the greatest quantity. As a natural consequence a stimulus was immediately given to that branch of husbandry, and the most gratifying results were obtained, so that in 1854 Algerine cotton was exhibited for the first time in the markets of France. From a cultivated area of fifty-two hectares in 1852 a steady increase took place till in 1856 the number of hectares cultivated was no less than 1923, and the products of 1857 amounted to two hundred thousand kilogrammes. In silk they do not appear to be so skilful, for from a produce of 389 kilogrammes in 1850 it had dwindled down through a series of rather irregular fluctuations, till in 1856 the quantity produced was only

Miliana the natives have planted tobacco with success. A great improvement moreover has been made in the dwellings of the Arabs, and the employment of lime to whitewash the houses is now general throughout Kabylia."

* A Hectare = 2 acres 1 rood 35 perches.
A Hectolitre = 2.7512 bushels.
A Centimetre = 0.39371 of an inch.
A Metre = 1.093633 yards.

255 kilogrammes. Olive oil seems to be one of the most valuable products to the colony, as in 1854 the olives yielded eleven millions of litres, of which the exports were equivalent to two million five hundred thousand francs. The colonists place great faith in wool, as likely to be of the greatest importance, and from 1850 to 1857 the quantity yielded was twenty millions of kilogrammes, representing a similar amount of francs. From the mines they augur still higher success, and from 1852 to 1857 upwards of eight million kilogrammes of iron have been worked out, five million kilogrammes of copper, eighteen million kilogrammes of lead, and four hundred thousand kilogrammes of antimony, representing a value of rather more than six million five hundred thousand francs, of which the lead alone was estimated at five million and a half. Of their nurseries they are not over confident, but prophesy great things of horse-breeding, for the encouragement of which prizes are offered annually at the races. Independent of indigenous productions the Europeans have introduced rye, buck-wheat, and oats, and have imported swine in large numbers, which they are obliged to tend themselves, as those animals are of course a detestation to Algerines and Jews. But the figures which speak most for the colony are the sums total of the exports and imports from 1848 upwards, of which the following is the tariff.

In 1848 importations represented	86,214,619	and exports	7,105,772
In 1856 „	108,917,296	„	39,100,720

Increase of imports in round numbers, twenty-two

millions, and of exports nearly thirty-two millions within those years.

A glance at the budget of Algeria for 1858 will however afford the best criterion as to the success of the colony.

Total of military expenses	fr.	56,138,299
Do. of civil and financial do.		15,481,020
Schools and public instruction		2,500,000
Total of expenses	fr.	74,119,319
Round total of revenues and receipts		30,000,000
Round balance of expenditure	fr.	44,000,000

Effective standing army in 1858 = 69,521 men and 15,306 horses of war.

To quote Fisquet again (who wrote at the time when Algeria had but partially succumbed to the arms of the Gaul) "That which we want before everything else is a colonization, solid and durable as that of the Romans, and when once that colonization is founded the whole of Algeria will be our absolute property." It must, however, be many years of patience and industry before the colony will be sufficiently prosperous even to defray its own cost; and on referring to the above budget the array of expenses produce a melancholy counter-balance to the revenues. Fresh works have to be constructed yearly, and fresh roads to be made, on which many millions of francs must yet be expended, while at the same time the maintenance of a huge standing army will be, till the native population lose their ever burning desire for independence—an event that will

most probably be coeval with the millennium—a necessary yearly outlay. Then again the promised railroads for which the colonists are ever clamouring, and which they say is the only requisite for placing Algeria on a level with other flourishing colonies, will involve a continual drain on the French treasury which is enough to frighten any but the most courageous Minister of finance. The obstacles to be overcome, too, in this important work thicken with every foot of its iron progress, and the temporary abandonment of the line that was commenced about three years ago to Blidah, caused by the yielding character of the soil and the want of a sufficiently firm substance wherewith to metal the roads, is a melancholy example of the past ill-success of the administration.* Lately, however, the Government has again bestirred itself, and according to its high-sounding promises Algeria is to be a perfect net-work of iron tramways, the principal of which are to run the entire length of the coast from Bona to Morocco, and be joined by intersecting lines from every town of importance in the interior, even at the borders of the mighty Sahara itself. Even with surpassing resources the execution of this design must take up many weary years, and both the bridging and tunnelling will be a work almost as vast as the construction of a fleet of Great Easterns; and few perhaps of the present generation will live to see the realization of this mighty dream. Hence, from the comparison of past experience and future probabilities it is a question

* Since writing the above the railway has been completed and formally opened to Blidah, as announced in the Times of 19th December 1859. One step of the difficult progress is thus completed.

whether Algeria will not be for ever an annual expense, kept up merely as one of the numerous ideas for which Frenchmen, and Frenchmen only, have by their own account been ever warring. Viewed in this light it becomes a mere expensive toy, or perhaps a useful playground to which the raw recruits from France are immediately shipped off, in order that for a time they may play at warfare till the period arrives when another idea strikes the Gallic mind and compels them to handle graver and more dangerous edged tools. A military occupation is the proper term wherewith to express the relation of Algeria to France; but a colony in our sense of the word it is not, and unless the character of its present occupants materially changes, never will be.

CHAPTER IX.

One broiling hot day towards the end of April we had made up a small picnic party to visit the romantic environs of Bir-Madrais,—Anglicè "Well of the Captain's rest." Ladies are by no means uncomfortable things to be wedged between, even under an African sun, so that although nearly suffocated it was impossible to murmur as our little omnibus flew along the dusty road of Mustapha Superior. After about a couple of hours' driving we alighted in a delightfully wooded valley, and beneath the shadows of wild orange and lemon trees spread our cloth, the thickly growing flowers forming excellent cushioned seats for the fair portion of the guests.

Now garrulous-tongued Report had been nearly driving us out of our senses a few days previously by the announcement that a quarry had been discovered, which, by the numerous figures and inscriptions around it, must have been worked ages ago by the Romans. In an unhappy moment I stole away with three companions, and after a brisk walk we arrived at the base of a hill at the summit of which was a cavernous fissure, which, by former descriptions, we felt assured must be the mysterious quarry. The

hill from the point where we stood rose in an abrupt perpendicular, and not perceiving a path we climbed up by means of the numerous tough plants, principally fan-palms, growing from the side of the ascent. We reached the top, brimful of enthusiasm as may be imagined, but rather void of breath, and perceived with some dismay that the entrance to the quarry was but three feet high and about four wide. Peeping afforded no information as we could discover little more than a natural passage, dimly lighted from the entrance, than which it was of no greater altitude, and evidently leading into another gloomy cavern. So after a little debate I volunteered an entrance, and crawled carefully in on my hands and feet.

After proceeding a little way the roof became so low that I could not have gone further except by laying flat on the ground and wriggling myself onward like an eel. The entrance to the second cave, which, as I peeped in, seemed of vast extent, was in tempting proximity, although so extremely small that I doubted whether I could have entered it even after the fashion of the above-named fish. I could not help indulging in a romantic idea or two as I peered into the mysterious gloom of the inaccessible chamber, and pondered over Domdaniel caverns and subterraneous treasure vaults guarded by relentless sons of Eblis—staple articles of faith among the indigenes of the distant town. And then—saving my awkward posture—I might even be another Thalaba, intent on vengeance, and about to root out myriads of evil genii from their hiding places, beginning with the grim porter of the magic cave who would of course oppose my entrance. I was rather startled at this

period of my mental imagery by a sharp, low, preternatural syllable, something like a command to halt, that seemed to emanate from the lips of a testy old man close to my left ear. I drew back hastily, feeling that conflicts with infernal porters were all very well in theory but decidedly uncomfortable in practice, especially in a position where my adversary would have so much the advantage over me. Dimly perceptible was a small black misshapen figure, glaring at me with a couple of heavy eyes and a hideous mouth whose ugliness surpassed even the pantomimic vizards of the ancients. Having pondered over the form of every adjuration under the sun I was just about to hurl an appropriate one at his head when I discovered —alas for the heroics!—that my demon was a toad! Yes, there he sat, shunning the fair light of day, and sweltering forth his venom as though he were really the keeper of the gates of Tartarus. Perceiving at the same time that further ingress was impossible, and feeling myself sinking deeper and deeper as I paused into a thick slimy kind of mud that evidently covered the floor of the cave, I turned round, and to my surprise had real difficulty in extricating myself, and in my violent struggles for liberty was daubed from head to foot with the tenacious loam. When I again appeared in the light my condition partook more of the burlesque than the heroic, hands and clothes being covered with a rich red clay that quickly baked in the heat of the sun, and my boots thickly coated with the same material, so that at each step I seemed to be lifting at least a hundred-weight. A wheelbarrow stood near with the inscription "Genie Militaire" upon it. Into this I was thrust, by a

companion, like the immortal Mr. Pickwick, trundled down a path that led to the valley, and when there ignominiously shot out like dry rubbish! And so ended for that day at least my rapturous search after the antique. The barrow was not wheeled back to its former position, and the "Genie Militaire" when they returned to their work would, we felt, be uncommonly mystified at its disappearance, and still more so to find it lying unharmed in the valley beneath. I could not help reflecting that this was not the only occasion on which French military genius has had to scamper at double quick time from the summit of a hill on which it had taken up a proud position defiant of the civilized world.

Nothing can indicate the fondness of Frenchmen for grand sounds more powerfully than the above-mentioned title of "Genie Militaire." With them a rose would scarcely emit as sweet a fragrance under a different appellation in spite of old Shakespeare's notions to the contrary, unless that name was something that would elevate the scent of the flower into a sort of spiritualized attar, so that they might be able to speak of it as "l'esprit florale." What's in a name? The Frenchman answers "everything." Ask him why twenty-franc pieces are spoken of as Napoleons, instead of the ancient title of Louis d'or? Ask him why the terrified townspeople addressed each other as "citoyen" in the bloody days of the great revolution, and why all degrees of kith and kin were merged into that unmeaning epithet? Ask him why the dirtiest rag and bone shop is dignified by the title of "magasin," and why the small grocer round the corner would consider it an alarming breach of

etiquette if you omitted to address him, in common with your friend the Count, as "Monsieur?" And if he gives you that wonderfully expressive shrug of the shoulders, which Frenchmen alone can give, and which is intended to convey to your mind anything or nothing as you please to take it, conclude your queries by asking him why the working portion of the army whose province it is to build barracks and construct roads should be raised to the clouds and deified under the astounding appellation of "Genie Militaire?"

He will probably give another shrug and direct towards you an appealing look as though he had resigned himself to your better judgment. What a world of trouble it would save Englishmen if they could only master that sudden elevation of the shoulder bones! It is the ultimatum of the Frenchman from which there is no further appeal, and which you are bound to believe contains the right answer to your queries if you could only unravel it from the Sphynx-like enigma of upturned eyeballs and downward mouth in which it is veiled. Like the ancient philosophers he propounds wisdom to you under the guise of a riddle, and if you cannot find the right solution you must lay it to your own stupidity, not his. What a brilliant idea for our rising generation if along with their present scientific acquisitions they could be taught the science of shrugs! What a helping hand out of the slough of despond of *vivâ voce* examinations would be afforded by a thorough acquaintance with the details of this novel accomplishment! There would be the shrug historical, the shrug arithmetical, the dead language shrug, and the

living language shrug, and the number of marks would of course depend upon the quickness and proficiency of the "haussement d'epaules." "Who was William the Conqueror?" "Your shrug doesn't express the era in which he lived,—take him down, Smith!" "How many are three times three?" "Your shrug only indicates eight, while Jones's pourtrayed the right number." "There's Brown, poor fellow, worked so hard to get the muscles of his mouth into the Hebrew contraction that although he has gained the scholarship he will have to undergo an operation for dislocation of the jaw, while Robinson is obliged to use backboards in consequence of the work he has had to get his shoulders into trim for a double-find." Well, perhaps that is better than having to seek the air of Egypt or Italy for disease of the lungs!

The toad in the cave was but one out of a thousand which, in company with their cousins the frogs, greet one every night in the suburbs of Algiers with an ear-splitting chorus of croaks. At St. Eugene the harmony used to commence at about nine o'clock, and rise in unearthly chords around us as though the shade of Aristophanes were drilling the spotted musicians into variations on the "brekekekex koax, koax," in order to torture the brains of the critics by new readings in the *Batrachoi*. Certainly the old Greek author was most happy in the sounds wherewith he represented the croaking of a legion of frogs, and I often amused myself with endeavoring to distinguish the commencement of the far-famed raneal chorus in the ill-omened noises around. The village of St. Eugene consists of about half a dozen houses,

and the one in which I resided was close to the seashore, and was rarely disturbed by passing travellers, so that the profound silence in the evenings was perfectly unimaginable, and seemed as though it were something tangible, mirrored on the unruffled surface of the Mediterranean. At nine o'clock regularly began that disgusting "toadying," and then the quiet of the night was for some hours at least broken. The room in which I slept adjoined that in which slept also the landlord and landlady of my house, a remarkably little weazen man and a fine *embonpoint* woman, and as they retired to rest about nine o'clock—an hour earlier than myself—I was seldom disturbed with conjugal quarrels or curtain lectures. One night, however, I was greatly amused by a little scene of feminine jealousy which proved that however shrewish the lady, whom I shall take the liberty of calling Madame Velours, she still had a high opinion of her little monkey-faced husband with regard to his "petites diableries" among the fair sex. My drowsy ear was therefore saluted with the following little *comedie*.

Time, 10 p. m. Enter M. Velours without his shoes, and treading on his toes in order that he might not awaken his weightier half.

Better half (from under the bed clothes, in a solemn tone of warning like the first indications of a thunder storm) "Velours!"

M. Velours (coaxingly) "Ma chére!"

Better half (with a sneer which the bed clothes could not even hide) "Vois êtes tard, je crois!"

M. Velours (mincingly) "Est ce tard, ma chére?"

This assumption of innocence or stupidity on the

part of her husband was too much for the good lady. She sat up in bed, and then followed a storm which beat without mercy on the undefended head of the poor little man, who sneaked quietly into bed during its continuance. Madame Velours insisted that his lateness was caused by the Mesdemoiselles Choses with whom he had been flirting, and from thence she drew logical conclusions, step by step, as to his infidelity towards herself, ending every sentence with "parbleu!" and pausing between each as if to give the unfortunate Velours time to recover himself for the next attack. Finally she concluded by hurling such a volley of epithets at him that she tired herself with the exertion, and after a few moments' silence I heard her snoring like a humming-top. And then followed the chorus of *Batrachoi* dying gradually away in the far distance. And then the heavenly silence!

Madame Velours alleged the common excuse of "ennui" which sent her to bed at the early hour of nine. Happily the word has no equivalent in our practical English language, nor is its true meaning I am happy to say thoroughly appreciated by English ladies. Among the French it is an actual disease, from the terror of which they vainly endeavor to fly by shortening as much as possible the hours during which it can make its appeareance. The *dolce far niente* more accords with our notions of idleness, when, after the completion of some labours, we literally enjoy a short kind of pleasureable repose to give our faculties breathing time. Ennui on the contrary is the evil demon which harasses all classes in France, from the duchess down to the *blanchisseuse*. The

only antidote for it is society, in which, to do them justice, French ladies shine forth with a piquancy and liveliness which contrasts greatly with the gravity and freezing aspect exhibited in many of our *conversaziones* and re-unions. But the stimulus once removed the French lady again becomes the listless household doll, and in answer to your solicitations as to her health she will probably answer "je m'ennui" with a face indicative of as much suffering as though she were detailing the symptoms of some real complaint. Curiously enough the travelling disposition of the English people has been ascribed by them to the same cause, and I have often been asked in Algiers whether the doctor has not ordered me change of air for the "spleen." To prove to what degree ennui may carry people a French lady informed me that whenever she passed an evening at home she never could keep awake longer than seven o'clock, at which hour she generally went to bed. "A day," she said, "of ennui is quite long enough when the clock points to seven." I believed her.

To return to the picnic. I was of course unfit to present myself before the ladies in my present plight, and looked in vain for one of the numerous wells from which the village of Bir-Madraïs takes its name. I could meet with nothing however in the shape of water, and seeing a large square building I walked up to it and entered. It was a distillery, and the perfume of different essences that filled the air had a singularly sickening effect. The proprietor shewed me a bottle containing about half a pint of undiluted attar of geranium, the strength of which is so great that people have been known to faint at the first

inhalation. It was the result of two or three days' distilling, and he informed me that two kilogrammes of the geranium were required to produce a single drop of the concentrated oil. At another corner of the building the murderous absinthe was being distilled, and the water came into my eyes as I tasted the fiery and undiluted spirit. What was however more to the purpose, a friendly brush and a little water restored me to something like a decent appearance, and having joined the guests we did good justice to the meal, and amused ourselves by pelting each other with the wild oranges and citrons which we gathered plentifully from the overhanging canopy of foliage.

The excuse of the Arabs for drinking absinthe is rather ingenious, and savours strongly of Jesuitism. The Koran, they say, prohibits the use of wine, but as absinthe is not wine therefore, by the simplest reasoning, there can be no harm in indulging in it. In this way, if we may believe the French statements, they elude many other precepts, even those enjoining hospitality, upon which, although a Mussulman may pride himself, yet there are numerous cases in which the idea of ordinary charity does not seem to enter his head. The following anecdote from the pages of Fisquet would convey a very different notion as to the "nobility of mind" which we are accustomed to associate with the wild and free inhabitant of the desert. A company of Arabs were returning from Algiers with their wagons and mules after a day's pleasure there. After a few miles march one of them accidentally slipped down beneath a wagon, the heavy wheel of which passed over his legs and fractured

them both. In this melancholy condition he besought his companions to set him on a mule and take him back to the town. None of them caring however to take the trouble of going over the same ground again, he was left wounded and helpless as he was on the ground, each as they passed him uttering the Pharisaical comfort "God is great." One would feel very sceptical as to the truth of the above anecdote, emanating as it does from the pen of a Frenchman who abuses every nation right and left save his own, and discovers thieves and pickpockets in the lines of every foreign face that passes. There is no vice that he does not lay at the door of the unfortunate indigènes of Algeria, and with the same gall-tipped pen actually goes so far as to assign bad motives for the few good deeds of which he will allow them to be the doers. Most inconsistently he affirms that their almsgivings do not proceed from compassion to the object, but from a slavish obedience to the precepts of their religion. For comparative savages what more could M. Fisquet desire? But what he looks on as their greatest crime is the narrowness of their affection, which he bitterly complains does not extend beyond their family circles, and has no tinge of nationality in it. Whether the French affection for the Commonwealth which caused them to betray fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, indiscriminately, to the glaive of the executioner—the glorious idea of *libérté*, *egalité*, *fraternité*—is an example to be recommended to the Arabs I leave to the consideration of nations whose annals have never been stained with the indelible marks of a "Grand Revolution."

Unfortunately however the very orthography of

the word Arab militates greatly against the character for bravery and openness which we are accustomed to assign to them. The original meaning of the Hebrew verb ארב (Arab) may be rendered by the phrase "he laid snares"—an expression which accords wonderfully even at the present day with their treacherous method of warfare, as they rarely if possible shew themselves, but are continually taking secret advantages of their enemies, or falling unawares upon the ill-protected caravans of the merchants. "In the way hast thou sat for them like an Arabian in the wilderness," saith Jeremiah, chap. iii. v. 2. and our translators have given a much more effective meaning than if they had chosen to adopt the more literal version and rendered it "like he laid snares in the desert." Some have proposed the alteration "like a thief in the wilderness," wherein the grammar and meaning would be violated, first in converting the verb into a noun, and secondly in assuming the derivation of *thief* from the idea of one who laid snares. Altogether it seems probable that it would apply more to their insidious habits as combatants than their equally wily practices as marauders. The original derivation, however, of the term Arab does not seem to belong to the Hebrew verb, but to Yarab, the son of Kahtan, their reputed ancestor, who gave his name to Araba, a small territory in the province of Tehâma, where Ishmael was afterwards supposed to dwell.

The dress of the Arab is the most simple it is possible to conceive. A tunic with short sleeves (gandoura) almost the exact counterpart of that worn by the Romans, a girdle, generally red, the

end of which answers the purpose of a purse, bagged trowsers, and a garment which covers the top of his head, being wrapped round it by cords of black camel's hair, and descends to the knees. This is the hhaïk, and must not be confounded with the burnous, the form of which is too well known in England to need description. Of the real African burnouses but few find their way to our chilly island, the generality of those which are sold under that title being manufactured at Lyons. Nay, many of the Lyons burnouses are actually exported to Algeria, and as they are much cheaper than the original manufactures, of which the greatest portion are imported from Tunis, are of course in proportionate request among the native population. Hence good-natured though stingy Englishmen who take presents of *cheap* burnouses to our own fair dames of Albion must not be surprised to find an exact counterpart of the article in the large *magasins* of the Rue Rivoli.

If any of the Algerine indigènes must be accused of a large lack of the milk of human kindness it is the Moors. From the earliest time they have been famed for their treachery, of which no more striking example can be adduced than that of King Bocchus, who received part of Mauritania as his reward for delivering up Jugurtha to the Romans. Oppressed too by the dominant Turks their bad qualities soon became conspicuous in the petty tyrranies and extortions which they levied upon their inferiors, and at the same time the cringing submission they shewed towards the foreign despots who filled for so long the offices of Pashas and Deys. Even after the French conquest their cringing disposition was not

wholly eradicated, for they seemed to make an involuntary submission to a Turk whenever they passed him. Lately however, under the regular government and institutions of the French, their better qualities have been elicited, and although they still retain their national character for meanness there are yet anecdotes current concerning them which give proofs that the root of their vices may be attributed more to cowardice than an inherent disposition to evil, and like the Negro they have not sufficient stamina to resist the effects of a long vista of tyrannical ages. An old Moor, to the surprise of every one, married, one fine day, a young girl of thirteen, in addition to a large family of wives and concubines. "What could have induced you to take that step?" asked a Frenchman of him. "She was left to my charge a penniless orphan," replied the Moor, "and as I didn't exactly know what to do with her—I married her." The answer of the Moor might convey a useful hint to the myriad old bachelors with money who turn so deaf an ear to the importunities of extremely doubtful aged unmarried and lonely ladies.

It must be a singular sensation, too, that of coming home every day to a dozen or two of wives. From never being admitted within the precincts of the house of a Moor rich enough to commit those absurdities I have unfortunately had no opportunity of learning how such a wonderful weight of matrimonial felicity is borne by the husband. How does he manage to prevent Fatma from exhibiting jealousy at the kiss he bestows upon Lola, or Lola from scratching out the gazelle eyes of Dudu because they beam too lovingly upon her lord and master? It's lucky they

don't go to the opera, or there would be little chance of settling them in their proper places till the performances were nearly over, and it is equally fortunate, too, that the Algerines do not indulge in the follies of dinner-parties, else it would be no joke asking two or three friends—and their families! I saw a Moor of distinction with his four wives waiting one day on the quay to embark on board the coast-guard boat that was going to Tunis. He had trunks and bundles like civilized people, and, what seemed a greater anomaly, they were ticketted with cards directed in European characters "Ben Ali Cherif, Bougie." One could hardly reconcile the inconsistency as one turned round and eyed his four help-mates standing in a row and staring uneasily with their great black eyes at the sea, which presented anything but a comfortable aspect. At all events they seemed to be pointing at the surging vessel that was waiting for them in the bay, with their henna'd and jewelled fingers, chattering from beneath their yashmaks in gutturals that from the ideas they suggested ill befitted the approaching voyage. They got into the steamer, however, like ordinary people, and I rather pitied the inconveniences to which they would be exposed, as I knew that for so short a distance as Bougie (not more than ten hours' steaming) Government does not allow the option of those dirty berths—and if (poor dear ladies) they felt the motion of the vessel, how could they manage without lifting up their yashmaks to give vent to their feelings? And when the yashmaks had been once lifted up Christian infidels would as a matter of course stare,—and Ben Ali Cherif, Esquire, passenger to Bougie, would have the

mortification of feeling that he was dishonored, and that the painted eyebrows of his better fourths had been polluted by the audacious gaze of a Rummi!

The early development of the Barbary races renders boys marriageable at thirteen and girls at ten. Matrimonial affection is of course out of the question, nor is it considered requisite where wives are such utter articles of traffic, and where a mere dislike is sufficient ground on the part of the husband to obtain a divorce. The lady, however, is by no means deprived of the chances of another and more successful marriage, for instances have been known where Moorish women have been united to three or four different husbands in succession, all of whom were living at the same time. The dowry, too, that she brings to her first husband is, in case of a divorce, transferred to the second, and so on till the lady is finally settled for life. Should the first husband change his mind after he has put away his wife he cannot recal her unless she be married in the interval to another man, and a Moor will not unfrequently in that case employ a friend to represent a husband for four and twenty hours and then give the bride up to her prior lord. If, however, the husband by proxy admires the lady he may very coolly take possession of her himself, a proceeding from which no article of the Mohammedan law can hinder him. Moorish ladies, in spite of the yashmak which invariably conceals their beauties from the gaze of the vulgar, are by no means indisposed to swallow a little fresh air when they find themselves in a secluded spot. Walking once in a lonely part of the Boujareah I suddenly came upon a party who were seated unveiled

behind a large rock that they imagined effectually concealed them. The moment, however, I made my appearance they instantly set up a shriek, and covering up their faces took to flight, while there was no alternative for me but to retrace my steps and leave them in quiet possession of their sheltered seat. Another time, too, I was innocently walking into the vestibule of the Marabout of Sidi Abderrhaman, utterly unconscious that half-a-dozen unveiled ladies were splashing themselves with the sacred water. They set up such a howl when I poked my head in that I was glad to retreat, not altogether unnoticed, for a swarthy Arab who had observed me came up with a face so full of hate and revenge, as with clenched fists and ground teeth he hurled innumerable epithets in Arabic at me, that I thought it better to give up my original intention of sketching the Marabout till I could meet with a more favorable opportunity. In spite of the curb imposed on them by the French law I believe it to be both dangerous and unwise to excite the passions of an Arab, who in the moment of fanaticism forgets all other earthly things in the desperate thirst for revenge.* Even when unprovoked they will sometimes without a moment's thought perpetrate crimes that are invariably punished by the guillotine. The following murder took place one day in open daylight, not a hundred yards from the spot where I was standing. A Jew

* Between the year 1840 and 1846 scarce a night passed without bringing tidings of some terrible assassination committed without the walls of the city, and an instance was related to me by a French gentleman of the wholesale murder one night of a family of five persons in Mustapha Superior.

was proffering to another a handful of gold in exchange for a note. An Arab, who happened to be passing, seized the gold and made off with it. He was of course pursued by the Jews, with whom he had a severe struggle, but finding himself getting gradually worsted he drew a knife in a moment and stabbed them both severely in the neck. One fell dead on the spot, but the other lingered on for a day or two till death put an end to his sufferings. The Arab was happily captured, and has, I dare say, by this time suffered the last and richly deserved penalty of the law.

One of the queerest *coups d'œil* which the streets of Algiers ever presented was a large party of Moorish ladies looking curiously in at the gaudily trimmed head-gear displayed in the windows of an *artiste* newly arrived from Paris. I could see them shaking with laughter as they pointed first to one bonnet and then to another, cracking jokes at the same time in Arabic on the outlandish ornaments, according to their notions, with which the unveiled Rummi women adorn their heads. Certainly it was curious to watch the white hhaïks and pantaloons, in which the lapse of centuries has made probably not the smallest change, and to compare them with the nattily made jacket and airy hoop of the pretty little Parisienne staring with open eyes at the shrouded Barbarians who kept away other and more profitable gazers. Besides, it was by no means pleasant to have one's chastest designs sneered at and made the subject of wit by females whom, from our earliest childhood, we have been taught to regard as part and parcel of times long past, in which Blue-beard discovered a

certain cure for peeping, and the grim Forty Thieves hung men up to dry in pieces, and who no more belong to the present generation than the darts and arrows which Saladin hurled against the crusaders. I quite pitied the poor little milliner for the vast change which she must have found between the *trottoirs* of French Algiers and the gildings of the Rue Rivoli. Altogether it was a picture by no means unsuggestive of the fag and blank of mid-day life when compared with the halcyon hopes of bounding childhood that rise before us indistinct yet glorious, like distant splendor seen through a mist.

My detractors—if I am fortunate enough to be blessed with those articles—will be sorry for the sake of gossip to learn that my pity was equally transferred to the Mauresques themselves, no long time afterwards. Outside the Bab-a-zoun is a large building upon which the words "Mont de Piété" are conspicuously displayed. This grandiloquent title is another of the French euphonisms, but for what reason a pawnbroking establishment, as it really is, can be distinguished by the rather opposite sobriquet of "Mountain of Piety" I am at a loss to conjecture. It seems to bear a strong resemblance to his Satanic Majesty's conduct, who when he was in delicate health wished to be looked on as a saint. A more appropriate title would I think be "whited sepulchres," which might well express the gilding and fair show outside, and the rapacity and theft that disgraces the interior. On certain days some of the poorer Moorish women are seen standing with bundles at the gate, and are admitted one by one, for what purpose it is not difficult to divine, especially

as the bundles are invariably left behind. Poor painted butterflies! The Christian introduction of a pawn-shop may be useful for the moment, but the ultimate misery it entails is the least part of the pernicious bane-spot. The lower classes of Moorish women, not unlike their European sisters, sometimes part with one article of clothing after another till they are reduced literally to the vestments on their backs. And then there is but one way of making money after that.

A tribe of roving Berbers settled for a few days in the town. The women were unveiled, and their visages presented coarser and fiercer lineaments than I should ever have supposed the "female face divine" to have been capable of exhibiting. They seemed to be complete savages, according to our ideas of the word, and their cheeks and foreheads were tattoed in blue lines and semicircles which by no means detracted from the wildness of their appearance. Contrary, too, to the custom of the Algerine women they shewed no reluctance to converse and even walk with men, and on one occasion I was followed down a by-street or two by a small party of them, bawling after me in the stentorian gutturals of the Showiah language, for the purpose, as I afterwards understood, of telling my fortune. Divination is a gift to which they put forth great pretensions, and had I been able to understand them I must say I should have been curious to have known their prophecies about my future. Had I been even sufficiently well up in Arabic, however, I should have found difficulty in comprehending their language, which is supposed to be a dialect of the ancient Carthaginian, as unalter-

able and unaltered perhaps as the untamed daughter of the mountain who followed me. But in return for the loss of their prophetic communications I had the satisfaction of knowing that the ghost of Hannibal, if it could have risen at that moment, would have found at least some one to crack jokes with in its native Punic.

The term Berber, as well as the appellation of Barbary, is by many philologers supposed to be derived from the imitative native cry Barbar, applied, at the period when the Greeks and Asiatics might probably have used a common idiom, to the ruder tribes whose pronunciation and grammar might from the want of culture have become defective. Hence in later ages the epithet "Barbarous" comprehended gradually in the elegant Greek mind all that appertained not to itself, the Romans themselves in the earlier period of the empire not being exempt from the contemptuous title. According to their own accounts, however, the Berbers deduce their origin from Berber, whom they allege to have been the son of Mazigh, grandson of Ham, son of Noah, and from whom as a natural sequence the whole coast-line of Barbary acquired its name. The existence of Berber, of whom there is no mention either in the Old Testament or Koran, may easily have been taken for granted by the Kabyles, in order to explain away, through the uncertain medium of a legend, the otherwise vexatious sobriquet by which they are still recognized; but with regard to the term Mazigh a greater shadow of probability exists in the idea that it might be an alteration of, or substitution for, Mizraim, who would stand in pretty nearly the same

relationship to Noah. Now Mizraim was the reputed ancestor of the Lybians and Cyrenians, of whom the earliest accounts name the former as having migrated into Numidia and Mauritania, and roved about as pastoral tribes subsisting on roots and the flesh of wild animals. Hence, assuming the above, it is by no means an impossible idea that the Kabyles or Berbers, both on account of their roving habits and their known antiquity, might be the actual representatives of those very Lybians who, in company with the Gætulians, were the first known colonists of Algerine Barbary.*

By the Arabs the Berbers are spoken of as Kabyles, a word, too, which is more in vogue among Europeans. This term is derivable from the word K'ebaïl, clans or tribes, into which they formed themselves at the time of the Roman invasion, and shutting themselves up amid their almost inaccessible mountains proved too strong for the new colonists, and hence their proud

* In Algeria the Berbers are known as Kabyles, in Morocco they are designated as Amazirgues and Schelloks, in Tunis they call themselves Zouaôuas or Zouaves, Tripoli confers on them the appellation of Adems, and in the boundless expanse of the Sahara they are termed Touaregs. In Morocco they scarcely recognize the superiority of the Emperor, and obey only their own chiefs. They occupy the country from the Riff and the region of the Atlas to the Taffileit. There are more than twenty tribes of them, among whom are the Allmoures and the Zemonre Shellehs, who inhabit all the mountains near Fez. They are entirely pastoral and agricultural. From November to February they inhabit the highest parts of their mountains, and prefer passing the winter there in the caverns to descending into the plains, where they would be less free in their movements. These tribes are in constant dissensions one with another, and quarrels often take place in which whole families are extirpated. They frequently break into open insurrection, and scarcely a year passes that the Emperor is not obliged to send troops into the Atlas to restore tranquillity.—*Analysis of a letter in the Times of 16th November* 1859.

boast that they have never been subdued; not even by the ancient conquerors of the whole known world. The Arabs, on the contrary, displayed a more submissive spirit and yielded without much resistance to the various conquering races. Yet they are much looked down on by the latter, who speak of their language as a vile jargon, and "that person Berberises" is a common joke among them with regard to any one who speaks indifferent or incorrect Arabic.* The Kabyles are nearly all skilled workmen according to the different *specialités* of their tribes. Thus, the Zouaôua (from whom the Zouaves) and Beniabbes are famous for gun-barrels, and the Flissas for walnut-wood gun-stocks called Khredâma. Then there are jewellers and Morocco leather workers, potters, makers of hhaïks and burnouses, cultivators of tobacco, and even soap-boilers, all of whom drive a flourishing trade with the interior and maritime tribes. Besides these many undertake farming, but their products, as before mentioned, fall far short of French expectation. From them, too, in company with the other Algerine races, are recruited the ranks of the Spahis and Turcos, the latter of which have made so much sensation by their savage mode of fighting in Northern Italy. The difference between these two military bodies is that the Spahis constitute the cavalry, and the Turcos or Tirailleurs Algeriens the infantry.

The principal difference between the dress of the

* A parallel instance may be found in Euripedes, Orest 479,—"βεβαρβάρωσαι, χρόνιος ὢν ἐν βαρβαροις"—The French have at the present day an expression derived probably from the same root, "Il baragouine" he talks gibberish.

Turcos and that of the Zouaves consists in a small blue cloak or cape worn by the former over their Turkish uniform. They are, like the Spahis, officered by Frenchmen, and were first organized about the time of the Crimean war. It is rarely that they are ever quartered in the town of Algiers, as a disturbance between them and the Jews is sure to break out. This feud arises from an old grudge, one of their body having been murdered by the Jews three or four years ago, under circumstances of great cowardice, which the Turcos have never forgiven. One morning, on entering Algiers, I was surprised to find the streets almost blocked up with crowds, and heads thrust from every window. Upon enquiring the reason I found that the Jews and Tirailleurs had been engaging the whole morning in a *melée* which had almost proved fatal to some of the latter, the Jews literally trampling them under foot. Bodies of Zouaves paraded the town with fixed bayonets, compelling the Jews to keep within the houses, and taking those Turcos prisoners who had been most prominent in the affray. By twelve o'clock the disturbances were quelled, but not until injury had been done and received on both sides. According to report several Jews were killed and their houses plundered by the Turcos, but that I believe was greatly exaggerated. One Jew was brought into a chemist's shop in which I was standing with a deep wound in his head from which the blood was flowing profusely, and on the principle of counter-irritation, I suppose, a French officer was standing by heaping endless and sarcastic abuses on his head and that of Israelites in general, declaring that the Turcos would have been peaceable enough if they

had not provoked them. The activity of the Zouaves, and the prompt way in which they secured their prisoners, placing them between bristling bayonets and loaded muskets, was worthy of the greatest admiration. The *fracas*, however, ended happily in a scene that had more of grotesqueness than ferocity in it, for the formidable native soldiers were packed into numerous small omnibuses and driven to the camp at Mustapha, the Jews jeering at them and being jeered at in return. Certainly there was nothing very hostile in the appearance of the redoubtable savages as they galloped off as harmlessly as passengers in the vehicles of the Saloon Company, "twelve inside and twelve out."

The hackneyed sentence "In the name of the prophet—figs" finds a frequent counterpart among the aborigines of Algeria. Whatever deed, no matter how small, is performed, or whatever bargain, however insignificant, is struck, the use of "Bishmillah"* or its equivalent exclamation is invariably employed. "Salaam aleïkum"—peace be with you—is the grave form of an adieu, and in answer to it "Salaama"—peace to you also—is employed. "Washentsa"—how are you—answers to our good morning, and the person addressed answers "Wash hhalik"—a corresponding expression of courtesy with the same meaning as the above. "Sidi," from which was doubtless taken the Spanish "Cid," is a term equivalent to our "Esquire," and is applied to grandees only, while "Sitti" is the title by which high ladies

* In no expression is the similitude between the Arabic and Hebrew more striking than in "Bishmillah"—בשם אלהים—"In the name of God."

are addressed. If any one in company should chance to have a sneezing-fit every one exclaims most devoutly "God be your keeper," but the greatest and most flagrant abuse of the holy name is to be found in the Mohammedan slaughter-house. Whenever a Negro (butchers being generally represented by that class) slaughters an animal he stares it full in the face and exclaims "In the name of God I kill you," and then with a single blow cuts off the head and endeavors to drain the body of every drop of blood, as the Mohammedans are not permitted to eat anything which does not lose the greater portion of its vital fluid at death.

There is one Arabic word which can be made to express almost everything according to the fancy of the speaker, and which has, as a matter of course, been adopted by the French till it is almost incorporated into their language; that is the word "makasch." It has no fixed meaning save that of a general negation, and the only approach to it will be found in the anglicism of the Turkish word "bosh," and its schoolboy adjective "boshey." It is as nearly as possible a verbal translation of the expressive French shrug. Supposing a dealer to ask you too much for his wares you would instantly reply "makasch," which in that case would signify "you've asked me too much." When solicited as to the condition of your health you would reply "makasch" if you wished to convey the idea that it was unfavorable. "Makasch m'lhé"—"that's not good," "makasch Inglez"—"you're not an Englishman," are the commonest forms in which it is used. If an inferior had been trying to impose upon you with falsehoods you would

merely say "makasch," which in that sense would mean "you'd better shut up, you've only been talking nonsense." In fact there is scarcely a use to which this flexible word may not be applied, and it is a thousand pities that it cannot be introduced among our schoolboys as a more pleasing and decidedly more expressive word than the uneuphonious enigma "bosh."

"Makasch" was frequently used by the Arabs on the occasion of the Carnival. This in Algiers, as in the Italian cities, is a general holiday, and for a week or two before it masks parade the streets on Sundays to give the populace a foretaste of the mirth and merriment of this Roman Catholic saturnalia. On the grand day, however, which fell this year on Thursday the eighth of March, from an early hour in the morning the streets were given up entirely to the votaries of Momus. All the shops were closed, and even the hotel waiters had a holiday,—a thing almost unprecedented among this much enduring and never tiring class. At eleven o'clock every one who could turned out in costume, and danced grotesquely along the streets, eliciting loud laughs from the easily pleased mob. There were hideous animals, devils on donkey-back, powerful looking women with caricatures of crinoline, Punchinellos, Harlequins, Pierrots, and wonderful mounted courtiers habited according to their ideas of costume in the last century, who amused themselves by scattering flour and chalk sugar-plums on the spectators. There were several very good comic groups, too, which "took" uncommonly well. One man carried a long bamboo, with a string hanging from the end in the manner of a

fishing rod, to which was attached a fig. Around this fig were a crowd of boys endeavoring to catch it in their mouths, and whenever it was so caught the man was dragged through the streets at full trot after the urchin, who, to secure his prize, generally ate it as he ran. Then there were six men seemingly bent double by the weight of three poles they carried on their shoulders, and looking anxiously for the burden which caused them to wipe their foreheads so frequently and seemed so to oppress them, I saw, suspended to the poles by three united ropes—an egg! While standing in the middle of the crowd I suddenly found myself an object of universal attention—a position more remarkable than pleasant. Three masqued figures were opposite me, one habited as a Russian Commandant, with an immense nose, another as a notary, and the third as a woman, with a skeleton umbrella. The notary was evidently engaged in taking a sketch of me with a carrot and an immense book, while the Russian Commandant and the lady were eyeing me from head to foot with huge opera glasses. Of course I had nothing to do but to laugh with the rest, as the greatest pleasure of the Carnival seems to consist in playing practical jokes on the bystanders, and looking carefully I perceived that my three critics were the waiters of my hotel, poor fellows, getting as much fun as they could on the occasion. A lady on horseback, who had got accidentally among the masquers, was the next victim, and the people clapped their hands and seemed uncommonly pleased at the confusion which exhibited itself in her blushes. There was of course a caricature of "perfidious Albion" in the person of an immensely stout man, with

high collars and a broad brimmed hat, who walked with a lady in a similar style of costume, and this seemed to afford immense amusement to the greater portion of the mob. "Ce sont les Anglais," said a sallow-faced Frenchman with a chuckle to my friend who stood next me. "Indeed," said my friend, waiting a convenient time for retort. Two devils, more hideous than anything that had yet passed, went by, holding their tails in their hands. "Ce sont les Français, n'est ce pas?" said my friend to the sallow-faced Frenchman, with a *naïve* semblance of innocence. The Frenchman looked as if he should have liked to have sent us both instantly among devils more real, but displaying discretion rather than valour turned on his heel with a withering "bah" and disappeared.

The Moorish ladies looked as if they thought the Carnival was a thing entirely got up for their amusement, and seemed by their impassive positions among the arcades to treat it altogether as a very stupid affair, never entering into the universal echoes of laughter that succeeded each new and mad freak. As for the Arabs, they were utterly disgusted with the exhibition, and expressed their wonder that beings calling themselves men could so disgrace their position as to imitate the gestures of monkeys. The native coffee-houses were filled with discontented grumblers, and the moment I entered one of them the occupants immediately caught at the opportunity of expressing their unmitigated contempt for the masquers. The usually sleepy Arabs seemed quite lit up into vivacity in the flood of maledictions which they poured upon the heads of the revellers. One

grave old man, after a few angry preliminary puffs, took his pipe from his mouth and as he pointed to the gay crowd exclaimed "Makasch Inglez"—as much as to say "You don't do that sort of thing in England"—and was much pleased with the unqualified negation which I returned. A ball in the evening concluded the riotous "farewell to meat," and the Place du Gouvernment seemed for a time like fairy land, as a succession of sylphs, gnomes, and other fabulous deliciæ walked quietly to the theatre after their tiring orgies. There was scarcely a European inhabitant of Algiers who was not at the ball that night in fantastic costume. I might have rung my bell at the hotel to my heart's content, like the companions of Haaji Baba, without disturbing any one, as, for the simplest of all reasons, there was no one to disturb. One poor waiter however was pottering about the empty passages, looking as melancholy as any one could look on that day of general festivity. "Are you not going to the ball with the rest?" I asked him. "No," he replied, "unfortunately it's my turn to sit up all night." "Can nothing be done?" I urged. "No," he said, "it's impossible," adding with a philosophy worthy of a Socrates, "never mind, I shall go next year." I could not help being struck with the magnanimity displayed by him on so trying an occasion, and his reference to this rather long period to which he looked forward as though it were only next week. And if he, a poor ill-paid, hard-working drudge, could speak with such composure of the loss of a holiday, of which the twelve revolutions of moons only produced one, I felt that it ill became me to feel discontented at the comparatively little disappoint-

ments at which we are so much in the habit, on every occasion, of openly expressing our murmurs.

The Carnival was followed up at the end of March by a procession denominated the "Cavalcade de la mi-carême," the proceeds of which it was announced were to be distributed among the poor. Contrary to the general appearance of the weather the day on which it occurred was unusually gloomy, and the dark heavy clouds that rolled slowly above predicted unquestionable rain. Through the acquaintance of a French officer I obtained a most favorable position on the roof of a Mosque, now converted into barracks, opposite the *place d'armes*, from whence the cavalcade was to start. Benches were provided for the ladies, of whom about twenty occupied the housetop, while the gentlemen shifted the best they could. I took up a position next to an elegantly dressed French girl of about nineteen, the brilliancy of whose "beaux yeux" was only equalled by the witty chit-chat which flowed incessantly from her untiring lips. It seems superfluous to observe that the locality in which I was situated was by no means disagreeable under the circumstances, and I should like to see the philosopher who would disdain a *tête à tête* with a piquant French brunette. Having brought my best French to bear on her I was just beginning to ruminate on the superior "laissez aller" of French girls, compared with the reserve of English ladies on a first introduction, when the young lady's volubility ceased and her voice became thick as if from emotion. Was it that I had touched some chord to which the strings of her warm heart vibrated, or that I had ignorantly made use of some expression, not altogether Parisian,

at which in the delicacy of her sylph-like nature she was preparing to faint? Unhappily the sequel will demonstrate. The young lady with becoming modesty turned her head away, spit with as scientific an aim as a smoker of twenty years experience, and having thus cleared her throat turned to renew the conversation. Vulgarly speaking I was completely "shut up," and the young lady might have found a cogent reason for my abstraction in the cavalcade, which was now beginning to advance, and to which it is needless to say I gave my undivided attention for the rest of the time.

There was an immense concourse assembled to witness the forthcoming show. A large rock jutting out from the *place d'armes* was thickly covered with human beings, who appeared in the distance like clusters of variegated vegetation overspreading its brown surface. In the mean time public curiosity was kept alive by omnibuses full of fantastic figures which drove up ever and anon till the full number was assembled, and then the procession commenced. Half a dozen cannon salutes boomed across the Mediterranean, the smoke lingering in a white wreath on its blue surface like a water-spirit reluctantly leaving its ocean home. First rode forward the band of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, followed by a regiment of Spahis in their red cloaks, and mounted on their superbly accoutred Arabian steeds, the dress of their officer being completely covered with gold, and the trappings of his horse of green velvet with a crescent worked thereon in gold thread. Then followed his mounted pipe-bearer with a portentous meerschaum to which was attached a cherry-stick about three

yards in length; and after him came a car with a figure emblematic of Charity and two ladies by her side in white muslin, whose *rôle* in the performances I could not exactly understand. In the front part of the car were two little veiled Moorish girls who looked wretchedly uncomfortable at being the objects of public attention, and opposite whom sat three or four Moorish boys equally ill at ease. On a banner that waved above them was embroidered the following distich, pretty good in its way though not particularly famous for the purity of its metre:

Sous l'escorte de la folie
La Charité passe en ce lieu.
Ah! donnez lors qu' elle vous prie
Qui donne au pauvre prête à Dieu!

What connection, however, the extra ladies in muslin or the little Moors and Mooresses had with either charity or folly was a riddle, for the solution of which it was, I presume, intended that the crowd should rack their brains. A valiant band followed this car, the singularity of whose costume seemed to cause general surprise. They were supposed to represent Scotchmen, and by the diversity of plaids in which they were enveloped must have belonged each to at least half a dozen clans. However they were Scotchmen on French authority, and the Algerines had therefore nothing to do but to swallow the imposition. Then came another car with a panther-skin in front and beer barrels behind, and sailor-like heroes with "brasserie" written on their hats. This car was, according to a legend painted on a conspicuous portion of the machine, contributed by the worshipful Monsieur Kolb, who brews mild drinks under the

impression that they are beer; and a tawdry banner floated above the casks in honor of Gambrinus the supposed inventor of the frothing beverage. A band of mounted Huguenots followed the ovation to the Genius of bottled ale, with instruments like funnels, with which they collected alms from the crowd, assisted by men costumed as friars. Then came another car, in front of which a magician was performing several sleight of hand tricks, and behind him was the gigantic head of a London policeman with "69" painted in white on its collar, and which rolled its immense eyes on all sides as it passed. Then followed Punchinellos, men dressed up in newspapers, bands of crusaders, and a curious ship on wheels. This ship was supposed to have arrived in Algiers on an embassy from "Père la Ligne," a mysterious character who is supposed to preside over the "shavings" of the equinoxial line. Neptune sat at the prow, peering through an opera glass composed of two wine bottles, and around him were numerous naval officers performing the operation of "drenching" an unfortunate passenger. At certain periods this car came to a stand-still, and then Neptune announced that "Père la Ligne" invited the Algerines to try a spoonful of his magic mixture, which would entirely prevent sickness in however rough a sea-passage, and for which the moderate sum of two sous (to be applied to the poor) was demanded. Very few, however, seemed to have faith in the propositions of old Neptune, so that the car stopped but a moment or two and then proceeded. Turcos came next, playing the indigenous warlike music with fifes and drums, and then followed a band of Negroes in yellow and pink

breeches, who were supposed to represent the Emperor Soulouque and his attendants. Then Montezuma and his Indians pranced wildly by, followed by a regiment of men dressed as babies, with rattles and coral, and the peculiar basket head-dresses which French infants "sport" above their caps. Gallant gentlemen of the time of Charles IX followed, one of whom was so shaky as to his helmet that a punchinello had to stop and re-arrange it for him. Then a harlequin, a Turk, and an attempt at an English jockey, swept by, and after an avalanche of sound from the trumpets of a dozen heralds a car filled with cooks playing on brass instruments, and another one in which was an effigy of Youth. From the close proximity of these two cars one would imagine that the maxim intended to be deduced was "nothing like good eating when you're young." The Sieur Framboisy came next with his flirty young wife whom, as the French song expresses it, "he took too young," and at all events he never could have calculated upon the dozens of lovers who followed pell-mell to secure a good position near the wayward young lady. Then a car filled with fairies, supposed to be taken from the Midsummer Night's Dream, with Falstaff in the midst of them, followed, and directly after another with an image of the god Bambousy and a motley crowd of worshippers including figures the uniforms of which bore a suspicious likeness to that of the English soldier and with the wonderful device "Grrand representation pour les pauvres." Then burlesque figures on horseback—men with absurd cocked hats and women with monstrous poke bonnets—galloped by; and lastly a pantomimic countryman on a

peculiarly small donkey brought up this singular and incongruous procession, of which nothing that I have ever seen was equal to its unmeaning absurdity save that disgraceful medley of tinsel and pasteboard that used on the ninth of November to block up our thoroughfares under the very appropriate title of the "Lord Mayor's show."

The cavalcade threaded every passable street in the modern town, and then returned to the *place d'armes*, where a company of the Chasseurs d'Afrique were displaying their powers of horsemanship very creditably in tournaments, and jousts, and running at the ring. Having illustrated for some time the warlike pastimes of the middle ages they turned their attention to the more peaceful performance of the Lancers, which they, or rather their steeds, danced in admirable style. It was a strange anomaly to listen to the lively quadrille strains as they echoed o'er the dark and gloomy battlements of the prison-fort hard by, from the barred windows of which not half a century past so many Christian sighs and groans for deliverance have risen into the free blue æther! Before the last figure, however, was completed the long promised rain descended in blinding showers, and literally washed the vast crowd away. There was of course a rush to the Arcades, and these at length became completely choked with human beings; nay the very gods and goddesses proved their mortality by deserting their tinsel cars and running under cover with the rest. Not a carriage or conveyance of any kind made its appearance along the streaming roads, and as the people at length succeeded in dispersing to their several habitations

the streets seemed as though they were lulled to sleep by the pattering music of the rain. Not a sound at length broke the silence save the footsteps of an unhappy looking Arab, who urged on his small and heavily laden donkey with the "ayah min"—Anglicè "gee up"—and whose dripping garments and forlorn appearance proved a melancholy termination to a day which is held by the colonists in almost as much repute as the far-famed Carnival itself.

CHAPTER X.

I emerged from my hotel at six o'clock on a lovely morning at the beginning of March to catch the Blidah *diligence*, in whose *banquette* I had the evening before engaged a place. Although I was rather late I could not help pausing for a moment, as I ran across the Place du Gouvernment, to admire the magnificent appearance presented by the Sahel and Jurjura as they stood forth surrounded by a halo of glory, brilliant as that borrowed rainbow of colors with which the prismatic triangle of glass invests objects the most common-place and familiar. On account, too, of the wonderful clearness of the morning air the serrated snow-peaks seemed to be brought at least half as near again as I had ever seen them, while every prominence of the blue Atlas was thrown into strong relief, not an atom of the indistinctness of numerous leagues smoothing the sharp outline of shadow in which the smallest fissure was veiled.

We were soon whirling along Mustapha Superior, passing in our way innumerable houses, or rather palaces, with terraces and exterior colonnades of the purest Moorish architecture, once the favorite winter quarters of the Algerine nobility; but the greater

portion of them now being converted into domiciles for rich Europeans. The country for a short distance presented an undulating sea of hills and valleys as thickly carpetted with exotics as though they formed a succession of nursery gardens, but after a time the road began to wind less and less, the increasing spareness of the vegetation began to indicate a more barren and marshy soil, and at length we found ourselves at the commencement of that vast plain denominated the Metidja.*

The Metidja is bounded towards the South and South-east by a continuous chain of mountains, and fertile enough in some parts for the cultivation of rice and Indian corn. Its general character is however decidedly unhealthy, particularly towards the centre, in consequence of the fogs with which it is covered in the early mornings, but which vanish with the increased elevation of the sun. It presents no traces of fossil organic remains, nor have the bones of the larger animals been discovered there. It is formed of alluvial deposits, strictly horizontal, composed of a grey marl containing small pebbles, but no blocks of stone of any size, and these pebbles are the largest and most frequent towards the base of the mountains, but diminish in size and quantity

* The word M'tidja signifies "arable land," a term which corresponds with the fertility of that part of the plain under proper cultivation. Some French authors insist that it signifies "the crowned"—an expression derivable of course from the chain of mountains that rise around it—forgetting that in the latter case it ought to be written "Mtih'idja," between the pronunciation of which and the word M'tidja there is an important difference. In Arabic wonderful difficulty is experienced in the very slight difference of pronunciation which will entirely alter the meaning of the word. Thus the term Sebâ with a different stress on its syllables signifies "a lion," "morning," and "seventh."

towards the coast. From Cape Matifou to the South-east, at a good distance from the shore, a line of small sandy downs extends, in which quantities of sea-shells similar to those existing at present along the sea-coast have been found. Taking these circumstances into consideration it seems highly probable that at some remote period of time the Metidja might have formed a branch of the sea itself, the coast-line commencing with the Sahel and taking a South-westerly sweep. The French roads diverge to the different points of communication in the Sahel, like the radii of a fan, the most important being that which leads to Blidah. So straight a road as the latter I never saw, not a single turn or bend occurring in it for upwards of twenty miles, so that viewed from the entrance of the Metidja it has the appearance of a gigantic needle stretching across the plain, and smoothed by the distance into the sharpest imaginable point. Nothing, too, can equal the tedium experienced in driving along so unvaried a highway, for in an ordinary journey the traveller might speculate upon some change of scenery or object of interest which the next turn might produce, whereas in the Metidja he not only has the momentary dulness but a delicious vision of two or three good hours of the same changeless monotony in that yellow path, the termination of which is concealed by the mere distance. The first village at which we arrived was Birkadem (well of the Negress) consisting of a few sickly looking houses, and a cabaret or two. There was a Moorish building, however, which had very much the appearance of a bath-house, and the portico of which I should very much have liked to have

sketched had the changing of the horses afforded me time. Away we drove along the straight road, now and then a tall palm tree visible for miles in the distance whirling past us, or the cactus, which here grows into a tree with a trunk of twelve or thirteen feet in height, or the jujube, pepper, and carob-tree which now and then bounded the road-side. We met several parties of Arabs riding sideways, like women, on their mules, which walked before each other in Indian file, no attempts being made by the Arabs to converse, or in any way enliven the dulness of the route. In this fashion they travel from village to village, their only object being to learn the latest news, which they leisurely retail on their return home over a cup of coffee to their listening neighbours. Except on horseback the Arab never sits astride, and when you see him on his donkey, his hhaïk wrapped over his head with the black camel's hair cords, and his bare arms flying about like the sails of a windmill, the ludicrous idea of old women in general, and Mrs. Gamp in particular, immediately presents itself to you in spite of all other thoughts.

Our next stage was Bouffarick (Father of separation) the high street of which is shaded by a row of plane-trees, the relics of a small wood with which the town was formerly surrounded. The French, however, were compelled to cut down all the trees in consequence of the hiding-places afforded by them to the Arabs, who, according to their furtive manner of warfare, did great execution with the stray shots which they were enabled to discharge in comparative security. There is a large caravanserai here, which has of course been transformed into a *gendarmerie*,

and which forms the *entrepôt* of the Metidja. A little beyond Bouffarick is Beni-Mered (the sons of the sick), a name conferred most appropriately upon it by the natives, in consequence of its being about the most unhealthy and pestilential spot in the whole plain. It was at this spot that, according to the tenor of an obelisk erected there, twenty-two soldiers of the twenty-sixth regiment, under the command of Sergeant Blandan, fell, bravely fighting against a strong body of Arabs. Beyond this point the plain becomes more fertile, and the vegetation both stronger and more abundant. At half-past twelve we approached the town of Blidah, of which for a mile or two nothing was visible save the white house-tops rising above a dark line of orange-groves interspersed with the graceful palm trees. The situation of the "Little Town," as the translation of its name implies, is the most delicious that can be well imagined. It is built at the foot of one of the chain of the lesser Atlas, and being protected to a certain degree from the influence of the severe winds enjoys a climate far more equable than that of Algiers. The snow, however, lies on the top of the mountains till the beginning or middle of March, so that a chill is sometimes imparted to its atmosphere on certain days of the winter months, which might be hurtful to invalids. The side of its mountain-protector is thickly covered with vegetation, principally the fan-palm, while near the summit the tall tops of cedar forests peer from the snow, appearing from the valley like grains of gunpowder scattered over its white surface. We passed through two or three streets which reminded me very much of the entrance to

Toulon, and took up our quarters at the Hotel de la Regence—the Mivart's (on a remarkably small scale) of Blidah. Unfortunately for us this hotel was the head quarters of the military, and when at five o'clock that evening we came in with sharpened appetites and ordered dinner we could scarcely get enough to eat, although steaming dishes were carried by every moment to the tables of the officers. Remonstrance was out of the question, as the waiters assured us in a whispered tone of voice that they were obliged to carry the best of everything to the officers, who would otherwise make it extremely disagreeable to the Maître d'Hotel. The officers are it appears quartered to a certain degree on the hotels in Algeria—that is they agree to pay their own prices for board, but it must of course be a losing concern with the landlord unless they remunerate him sufficiently for the unstinted entertainment he is compelled to lay before them. Sometimes at my hotel in Algiers when I have asked for any one dish in particular the waiters have assured me that it was impossible to satisfy my wishes as there would only be just enough for the officers, notwithstanding that the dish was duly announced on the *carte* as constituting one of the courses of the evening meal.

The Blidah of the present day occupies a different site to that on which its predecessor, destroyed by an earthquake in 1825, formerly stood. So terrified were the inhabitants by the violence of the convulsion that they took up their abodes close to the mountain side, where they founded the present town. Even there, however, they found that they had escaped one danger only to encounter another, for the fierce

Berber tribes made continuous onslaughts from the very mountain to which they looked up for protection, and committed fearful ravages, retiring in a moment beyond the reach of pursuit among the mountain-fastnesses known only to themselves. Oranges ripen more thoroughly at Blidah than at Algiers, in consequence of the higher mean temperature, and numerous boxes of this fruit as well as of lemons are exported to France. By the kind permission of the proprietor I went over one of the orange grounds, and nothing more delicious than the shade which those trees afforded from the burning sun, and the fragrance with which they filled the listless air, could be conceived. The taste, too, of the oranges is rich and sweet, and totally different to the unhealthy looking yellow fruit which is dignified in England under that name, while the rind together with the inner pith are stripped off *en masse* with the slightest pressure, as easily as if they had been previously lubricated with oil. Blidah has a "Place," planted with trees and surrounded by arcades, a theatre, an hospital, and public gardens with a painted dancing booth that savored most curiously of Cremorne, together with a European market. There are numerous Moorish houses, and two or three Mosques, but it is needless to say that the European element predominates. The women of Blidah are by no means so spruce as those in Algiers, nor is their costume so graceful. They wear no yashmaks, merely folding the hhaïk over the face so as to leave but one eye visible—a most comfortable practice for ladies who through age or accident may have been unfortunate enough to lose the other. Hence it is evident that a vendor of glass eyes would soon have to shut

up shop at Blidah as far as the women are concerned.

We started about two o'clock in an open carriage from our hotel to explore the pass of the Chiffa, the entrance to which is about four miles from Blidah. Our route lay along a sandy plain running at the foot of the Sahel in a south-westerly direction, and after a couple of miles driving we crossed a running stream, the water of which rose above the axle-trees of our carriage. A regiment of Zouaves were going through their exercises on the plain, and it was an admirable sight to witness the unflagging energy with which they marched at double quick time, with the scorching rays of the afternoon sun full upon them, and the day so languid that it was almost a fatigue to move one's hand. Riding leisurely with them was the *vivandière*, while the powerful and thrilling music of a military band was cheering them on. In about an hour and a half we gained the entrance to the pass, which narrowed quickly till the snow-capped summits on each side seemed almost to meet in the distant perspective. As we advanced farther, the defile assumed a serpentine form, and so deep a silence reigned around that it seemed almost sacrilege to disturb it. The path along which we drove was so narrow, too, that there would have been barely room for another carriage to pass us, while immediately beneath us was a ravine at the bottom of which flowed the river from which the gorge derives its appellation. The road in some places was rugged and uneven, and as there was no parapet I shuddered to think of the consequences of a false step, especially when the lumbering *diligence* from Medeah drove up and compelled us to pass within an inch of the brink. With

regard to its solemn beauty, the pass might justly be compared to one of those fabled passages which lead to the storehouses of Nature, and on which, as a meet approach to her adyta, Nature has lavished her wildest and most sublime efforts. From the base to the hoary summit the mountain sides were strewn with the softest verdure, from among which the palm, the olive, and the cedar tree reared their heads, while ever and anon some vast projecting rock or some yawning crevice, literally smothered with the abundant vegetation, lent a new and fantastic character to the scene. Now and then a foaming cascade descended in white sheets of spume from the snows above, and helped to swell the torrent rushing along at our feet, while at other times a tiny waterfall trickled musically from a lower elevation, and cooled the dry hot air into softness as we passed. In a lonely winding, denominated, from the quantity of monkeys in its vicinity, the "Ruisseau des singes," was a small cabaret at which we dismounted and obtained refreshment. How the proprietor manages to make a gain out of a small public house, situated miles away from the nearest habitation, and in a part where very few Frenchmen care to travel save for business, is more than I can understand. Perhaps the solitary *diligence* stops there in its route to the interior and the man being of a contented disposition contrives to make the proceeds of their custom last for the day, and thanks his household gods that the words of the poet,

"Oh si angulus ille
Proximus accedat qui nunc denormat agellum,"

are mere listless sounds in his eremetical solitude.

The pass abounds in jackals and apes, the latter of which do not emerge from their winter hiding places till the snows melt away and the weather becomes hotter. The jackals are too cowardly to venture out in the day time, but at night they enliven or terrify the solitary inn-keeper as the case may be with their melancholy howlings. Hunger however makes them bold, and an instance is related of an old woman who lived alone in a cottage by Medeah, and who was obliged to bolt the door for the whole day in consequence of a jackal, which prowled round her house, waiting till she should come out. Towards evening however her unwelcome visitor joined his family circle in the Chiffa, and the terrified woman was released from her captivity. The pass and the greater part of the Sahel is inhabited by gazelles, who, during the warmer months, may be seen gambolling about amid the shadows of the cedar forests. The Moors used to tame and make pets of them, but the Arabs eat them, and very insipid food they are. An eagle wheeled high above our heads as we drove along, but soon disappeared, and the only indication of life after that was a party of about half a dozen Spahis who saluted us as they went by in return for our bows. We alighted at a turn in the road wherein a stalactite cavern was said to exist, the entrance to which was in the side of the ravine. Having had a little previous experience, by no means agreeable, in exploring caves, I allowed one of my companions to take the lead, and we climbed down by means of the bushes and fan-palms till we reached a spacious fissure into which we entered. The cave was of great height, and innumerable stalactites, the growth probably of

centuries, hung suspended from the roof, the water drops dripping from them like a shower-bath. They were too firm to detach, and as there seemed no further food for our curiosity we climbed up again, and having entered our carriage drove to within a few miles of Medeah, but were prevented from advancing further on account of the badness of the road, which a party of soldiers were engaged in repairing. It was dark when we returned to our hotel at Blidah and in consequence of the paucity of accommodation I had a Swedish gentleman quartered in my room for the night.

Next morning after strolling over the town we again entered the *diligence* for Algiers, and whirled along the straight endless line of yellow road. This time however we branched off towards Koleah, a small town built, like Algiers, on the incline of a hill, to the left of which, on the summit of another hill, was a semicircular building called by the French the "Tombeau de la Reine." By the Arabs however it is denominated "K'oubr er Roumiia," which may be translated "Tomb of the Christian woman," but which, according to Maccarthy, bears a strong resemblance to a Lybian expression signifying "Royal Tomb." Hence many have conjectured that it was the burial place of the Mauritanian Kings—an idea which its lofty and at the same time secluded situation would tend greatly to strengthen. The building itself is about one hundred feet in height, and not only have many attempts been made by the Arabs to search it for hidden treasure, but the French are employed in examining its interior, without as yet having obtained the slightest clue to its origin or

history, both of which are buried in an obscurity as fathomless as that which veils the mysterious pyramids. Not far from Constantine a similar building exists, though of smaller dimensions, which is known as the tomb of Syphax, and which with equal certainty might be supposed to be the mausoleum of the ancient Numidian dynasty. The *diligence*, as we arrived at the borders of the Metidja, stuck fast in a rut at the foot of an incline, and we were obliged to dismount and walk for about a quarter of an hour till a more even road presented itself. We arrived at Mustapha Superior as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the snow-white cupolas of the pirate-city, that lay stretched out in the blue Mediterranean like a sleeping denizen of the waters; while the beauty of the surrounding scenery presented a strong contrast to the sameness and tedium of the unwholesome plain that we had just left.

Stretching across a valley in Mustapha Inferior is an aqueduct which ages ago supplied Algiers with water. It is composed of eight large Moorish arches beneath and seventeen smaller ones above, while a pipe of red clay about a foot and a half in diameter, through which the water was conveyed, runs along the summit. Of the other portions of the pipe all traces have been lost, but there is every reason to believe that the water was procured from the Harash, a small river which falls into the sea between five and six miles to the eastward of the town. There is no clue however as to the date of its erection, and we can only conjecture that it was the work of the Barbarossas who, whatever their tyranny, greatly improved the town in the public buildings which they raised

up, and in which so many remains of the Roman occupation were incorporated. Not far from this aqueduct is the present camp in which raw French recruits have a taste of tent life, and one which at the same time becomes arduous enough in the hotter months when the annual fevers, brought on by the miasma of the neighbouring plain, are at their height.

The principal Roman Catholic Church in Algiers is nothing more than a Mosque fitted up with the necessary appendages of Christian worship. The architecture of the interior is the finest in Algiers, but so little alteration was originally made in the Moorish decorations that the sentence "There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet" was suffered to remain for a long time in flourishing characters directly over an image of the Virgin. Another Mosque in the Bab-el-oued, of far greater beauty though of less size, has also been converted into a Catholic place of worship. The scene that presented itself to me one day on entering was as poetical as anything I had yet seen in Algiers, and at the same time a singular combination of heathenism and Christianity. There were the carved Moorish arches decorated with garlands of flowers, and the keblah with a font now filling up its once idolized recess. Stained glass had been introduced into the apertures through which light had formerly been admitted into the Mosque, and the colored rays fell pensively upon the stone floor as though some bright spirit had taken up its abode there to ward off for ever the Infidel crescent. Two or three Spanish women in their native mantillas were worshipping most devoutly, while a choir of

youthful voices swelled through the building in harmony with the rolling bass of the organ. A deep contrast was formed by the guttural cries from the barbarous multitude which saluted my ears as I left the building, sacred under the shadow of the cross, though darkened at the same time by the illusions of Popery.

The French seem to have a passion for converting Moorish houses into warehouses or private residences, adapting them by a few alterations to European tastes and requirements. The Museum situated in the Rue Lothophage is a noble Moorish pile, spoilt however by the glass roof with which the courtyard is covered. It is one of the numerous buildings washed by the waters of the Mediterranean, and on a stormy day the breaking of the waves re-echoes through the lower rooms with a melancholy booming cadence. There are several valuable works and manuscripts in Arabic and Showiah or Berber, over which French students sit poring thrice a week, lifting up their heads with an indignant "hush" if the footstep of the unlucky visitor should call up the slightest sound from the marble floor—a by no means unfrequent occurrence. The Bishop's palace, too, is another specimen of a metamorphosed Moorish edifice. It was formerly the residence of the Algerine Agha, and required the incessant exertions of its present occupant to prevent its being demolished in company with other noble buildings. The tracery over the arches is as elaborate and fine as lace-work, and sentences from the Koran are so cunningly incorporated that it is difficult at first sight to detect them from the pattern. The doors are of carved and gilt wood,

and painted beams run across the ceilings of the apartments. The latter are fitted up in extremely anti-episcopal style, the carpets being so thick and soft that the footstep falls without the slightest noise on them, and the chairs, covered with red velvet, are of such downy springiness that the very action of sitting becomes converted into a strange and novel pleasure. The courtyard is of checquered marble, and every window that looks into it is still protected by those jealous cross-bars, which are however painted and gilt in keeping with the other portions of the mansion. Outside, this noble edifice presents nothing more than four bare walls, and has very much the appearance of a whitewashed box; but inside I question whether the Agha with all his luxuries could have furnished his rooms in a more comfortable style than Monseigneur L'Eveque d'Alger.

The Bishop however bears an excellent character for sanctity, for alms-giving, and for his great exertions in the cause of education. He has a fine and imposing presence, and I had the honor of hearing him converse for a few moments with an English clergyman, with whom I was once walking. A large boys' school on the summit of one of the Boujareah hills, in the residence formerly occupied by the French Consul, is under his surveillance, and every morning at St. Eugene we used to hear a confused and unmelodious concert of brass instruments borne from the hill-top. This seems to be the only recreation for the boys, who, like their fellow pupils in France, rarely ever exercise themselves in those manly and athletic games which lay the foundation of that strength and vigor for which Englishmen are so especially

conspicuous. Not far from the school, on the summit of another hill, was the residence of a French exile, driven from his country in consequence of his political opinions, and not even allowed to reside or sleep for a single night in the town without the permission of the police. I paid him a visit one day, and must confess that I saw little in his present position to be regretted. The approach to his grounds led through several walks, over which the foliage of numerous trees planted in the time of the Deys threw an agreeable shade, while the air, on a nearer approach to his residence, was heavy with the mingled odours of the exotics which carpeted every inch of the ground. Almost every tropical tree or plant grew in his garden, so that he was enabled to enjoy not only the necessaries, but the actual luxuries of life, which offered themselves for the mere trouble of gathering. He made his own wine, kept his own poultry, killed his own meat, and baked his own bread, and the healthy color on the cheeks of his domestics bore strong testimony to the purity of the mountain air. The idea of an exile is generally connected by us either with the barren solitude of a Patmos or a St. Helena, and I only wish that every deserving patriot had as good and agreeable an abode as the proscribed exile of France. The "banished" was out for a walk when I called, so that I had not the pleasure of seeing him, but took away instead a magnificent bouquet, culled for me as a *souvenir* by one of the rosy-cheeked damsels. I suppose he has now returned, in consequence of the general amnesty, to the less picturesque shores of his native France.

The walks along the mountain-paths, especially

beyond St. Eugene and Point Pescade, are rendered at times extremely unsafe in consequence of the large and fierce dogs which the colonists allow to ramble about unchained as a protection to their solitary properties. A ludicrous incident occurred to two Englishmen walking along one of these byways, but which might have ended in a more unpleasant manner. At a turn in the road a huge mastiff sprung out, and seemed uncertain as to which of the two he should first direct his attack. They had neither of them a stick, and to throw a stone at the animal would at once have provoked him to spring on the thrower without further delay. In this emergency a brilliant idea presented itself. They seized each a handful of stones and stood back to back, resolving that if the dog sprung on A, B should instantly assail him with a stone so as to engage his attention to himself, and that while the dog was rushing towards B, A should in turn discharge a well-aimed missile at him, so as to turn his attention towards himself again, and in this manner at any rate to keep him at bay till the greater portion of his strength was exhausted. The proprietor, however, came running up in a few moments and called off the dog, admiring greatly the ingenious manner in which they had saved themselves from an inevitable bite.

I must not conclude this chapter without mentioning a series of strange reports that floated about Algiers shortly before my departure, and which it is no fiction to say have to a certain degree found their realization in the late border warfare with Morocco. Although the French were not willing to admit it, yet a rumour, from being first whispered in odd

nooks and corners was spread gradually over the town, to the effect that a rising of the natives was confidently expected. Not only in Algiers itself, but in all the principal towns, the idea was fast gaining ground, and in Oran a few days later I found that it had assumed a more tangible form, several particulars being even given as to the mode in which it was to take place. The head quarters of the revolt were to be at Mostaganem, and thither on a certain day numerous Kabyle tribes from the interior were to repair, without a more ostensible purpose than that of commerce, while gunpowder and arms were to be conveyed to them through the frontier of Morocco by their unconquered Kabyle brethren on the other side. There seems little doubt that the attack on the French by the Moroqueens was intended as a prelude to the introduction of ammunition, which unless the French outposts were removed would of course have been an impossibility. Happily the numerous sorties of the Moroqueens have been as yet without effect, and have resulted in the loss to them of a portion of their territory: but it is not too much to say that had they gained an advantage of any importance the whole of Algeria would by this time have been the unhappy scene of a mutiny. In the town of Algiers the festival of the Baïram, which was close at hand, was mysteriously indicated as the time at which the attempted insurrection would take place, but I felt too much confidence in the sixty-nine thousand French soldiers who keep Algeria beneath the point of their bayonets to suppose that so early an attempt, which in its present unripe state would prove so utterly abortive and ridiculous, could take place. Nevertheless

on the morning of the 2nd May, the first day of the Baïram, I must say I felt a little apprehension as I heard the sound of cannon booming from the distant city. It proved, however, to be merely the usual tribute of salutes with which the French compliment the Mohammedans on the conclusion of their great fast, and the town as I entered it was as peaceful and undisturbed as ever. To commemorate the feast, however, bands of Negroes gaily tricked out, and with feathers stuck upright in their heads, were parading through the streets, making a din with their double iron castagnets and drums, and entering every shop to beg for money. The French shopkeepers, however, seemed ill-disposed to reward musicians, who, like the famous man with the fiddle that Punch invariably knocks on the head, were more of a nuisance than a pleasure, and generally drove them away with no agreeable taunts. Even the Jews, cringing always, and imitative of the manners of their conquerors, put their fingers in their ears as if they were totally unaccustomed to the hubbub, and exclaimed unanimously "what a noise!" as the sable barbarians passed their shops and warehouses.

And yet the French ought to treat the musicians of the Baïram with more indulgence, for on that very festival, thirty years ago, M. Daumas received on his consular cheek the slap to which the battle of Sidi-Ferruch was the sequel. According to the testimony of an eye-witness this insult was not altogether undeserved, for the Dey having written an autograph letter to the King of France, and having received no answer, demanded the reason of this

negligence from the French consul, who, in company with other European representatives, attended to pay his respects. M. Daumas, making use of wrong terms perhaps from his deficient knowledge of Arabic, replied to the effect that it was beneath the King of France to answer the letter of a mere Algerine Dey. As might have been expected his highness instantly poured a torrent of abuse on Frenchmen in general, and their representative in particular, and finally wound up by the tap of the fan, which was the most unfortunate *stroke* of policy ever attempted. The consul withdrew and demanded a public apology for the insult offered to his nation, which not being granted he certified the same to the French Government, and left the town. After a desultory bombardment spread over a period of about two years, in which upwards of twenty million francs were squandered, Admiral de la Bretonniere demanded, under a flag of truce, terms of accommodation. His flag was however fired on by the contemptuous Algerines, and so great an infraction of the law of nations could not of course be tolerated. A gigantic expedition, to the command of which General Bourmont nominated himself, set out from Toulon, provisioned for three months, and furnished in addition to the usual *materiel* of warfare with thirty wooden legs and two hundred crutches, besides a balloon to reconnoitre the position, of the snareful enemy.* For the intercourse and adjustment, if necessary, of terms with the inhabitants twenty-four interpreters accompanied the expedition, half of whom neither knew French nor Arabic, and the

* Lord.

army having been duly cautioned not to be afraid of the numerous camels with which the Algerines were said to cover their front, the fleet sailed to the westward of Algiers, and dropped anchor opposite the promontory of Sidi-Ferruch. A landing was effected, and then the gallant fellows set to work in earnest. Their first object of attack was a small tower, which after a cautious survey, they proceeded to storm. After a few shots, finding all quiet, and supposing that the enemy wished to capitulate, a strong body of grenadiers entered to receive their submission. The first real sight of the enemy was, however, hardly so formidable as might have been expected, and consisted of a litter of puppies with their canine mama, huddled up together in a basket, while a couple of cocks were strutting about and crowing as if they were ready to die with laughter at the joke! Having looked in vain for any other sign of life the French flag was hoisted amid deafening cries of "Vive le Roi," and for the first time the conquering tricolor waved in the breezes of Algerine Barbary.

Most of the French writers seem to have a hazy idea that France ought to stand forth proudly pre-eminent among European nations, on account of the emancipation from individual thraldom which the indigenous population has received at her hands. The Moors, they argue, have been freed from the despotism of the Turks, the Negroes have been liberated, and the Jews, no longer insulted and oppressed, are the most flourishing and wealthy of all the community. By the decrees of 14th July 1850 indigenous schools have been instituted, both for boys and girls,

in which, under the supervision of French masters, the pupils are thoroughly instructed in French and Arabic, and of these schools Algiers boasts of two for each sex. Mussulmen tribunals are allowed to be in force with regard to civil and commercial transactions which do not come within the pale of the French law, and the Bureau Arabe has the pleasure of inflicting bastinadoes whenever the Kadi thinks it convenient.* But is there anything in this which savours of magnanimous policy? In what does the emancipation of the native races consist, but in the mere removal of Turkish oppression, wasted even at that time to a shadow, which followed as a natural sequence to the French conquest? "Let us keep ever alive in the minds of the servile population that we are their liberators," says the French colonist as he unfurls annually before them the red flag with "Vive la France—Abolition de l'esclavage" blazoned upon it. "Their gratitude is worth having, and it costs little. Let us repair the Mosques for the true

* In the Dey's time there was no appeal from the sentence of the Kadi, whether just or unjust, save to the Sovereign himself, and that, as may be imagined, was rarely attended to, save when accompanied by a suitable present. A decree has lately been presented to the Emperor for signature, according to which Mussulmen can if they please put themselves entirely under French law, independent of the Kadi. The advantages of this decree towards the native races may be enumerated under the following heads.

1. There will be a faculty for Mussulmen to regulate their contracts by French law.

2. Native justice will be under the surveillance of French courts, and there will be right of appeal from the Kadi to French tribunals.

3. Judicial proceedings will be more prompt and less costly.

This decree, if passed, will tend to throw down the barrier between Arab and French society, will prevent abuses, or remedy them when necessary, and will inspire respect for justice, besides opening the French courts to the most humble Mussulman subject in Algeria.

Mussulmen—*their* gratitude is worth having at so cheap a rate, and as for their souls—*ma foi!* we are not our brother's keeper." So he sleeps comfortably enough, and laughs to think what geese human beings can be. Perhaps he has taken a fancy to some particular spot in the town for his new house. But then there's that white box-like Moorish house standing in the way. "Ah bah! my friend, we mustn't stand upon ceremony. The house is in the way so it must come down, and as for the inmates—but we mustn't humour the native population above a certain point. We are here for our own convenience, not for that of the *indigénes, mon ami.*"

* * * * *

The steamer from France has just dropped anchor in the bright bay, and the last wreathed cloud of steam has shot from her funnel. I go to the Bab-a-zoun street, and turning from thence into a dark passage emerge into a spacious courtyard with its light colonnades around. In the centre is a fountain sparkling in the light that glances green from amid the net-work of orange and banana leaves surrounding it. How many hours may have been dreamed away within those arches by the denizens of the Hareem, marked only by the falling of those crystal drops! But dreaming is at an end, and MATTER OF FACT sits there heedless of the beauties. For within this region of Romance is the post office. "There's a letter for you—it's addressed *Poste Restante*, and there's fourpence to pay." Buy some stamps, and don't forget to drop a tear for Fatma's silent guitar, whose melody vibrated once so joyously through those snowy arches.

CHAPTER XI.

The conveyance by sea from the eastward to the westward, along the coast, is of the most wretched and uncomfortable description that can well be conceived. There is no regular line of steamers, and the only way in which it is possible to travel is by engaging places on board one of the coast-guard vessels which sails every ten days. The principal berths are of course occupied by the naval officers in command of the ship, and six small boxes with hard mattresses, and no bed clothes on them, are left at the disposal of any military officers whose duty or inclination may oblige them to adopt that route. If these berths should happen to be disengaged, the tourist has a chance of securing one by presenting himself at the post office at six o'clock on the morning of departure; if not, he must think himself lucky if he can procure a place on the deck. The truth is, that it is considered a favor to take passengers at all, and the naval officers take pretty good care by their contemptuous conduct to make you fully aware of the fact.

At eight o'clock on a lovely evening, a day or two after the Baïram, I embarked in company with an

English lady and two gentlemen on board the steamer that was bound for Oran. The lady was fortunate enough—if fortunate it may be termed—to secure a berth, while the two gentlemen and myself had to take up our quarters, along with the luggage and riff-raff, on the unswabbed planks. I had seldom seen Algiers so calmly and solemnly beautiful as it appeared from the ship the moment before our departure. The waning moon, crescent as the symbol of Byzantium, was tinging the white cupolas and minarets with her silvery rays, while the stars were gleaming with their usual magnificence from the canopy of dark azure for which the Algerine nights are so especially famous. The ship was crowded with the lower orders of Frenchmen, a sprinkling of Arabs, and a few Jews, and as every one on their arrival spread out mattresses and blankets, and ensconced themselves therein without delay, the *tout ensemble* was as uncomfortably picturesque as a rainy walking tour among the highlands. Not feeling disposed to retire at so early an hour as half-past eight we endeavored to walk up and down the decks, but were obliged to desist in consequence of the number of sleepy heads and legs against which we accidentally stumbled in the darkness, and the volley of "sacrès" which followed us in consequence. About nine o'clock we began to steam gently out of the bay, keeping close along the coast, but had not proceeded far before the sky was quickly overcast, and the rain began to pelt down in drenching torrents. I crawled unperceived into the common sailor's berth, where about eighty hammocks were slung from the roof like so many sides of ham, the occupants being fast asleep.

Congratulating myself or my good fortune in being able to get under cover during the storm, I stretched myself on the floor and was soon in a comfortable doze, when a rough hand laid on my shoulder awoke me, and a voice demanded "Qui est ce?" "C'est moi," I answered sleepily, turning on the other side. "You must walk!" said the sailor. "Is there no other place of shelter in this rain?" I asked rather indignantly. "Yes," he replied with a malicious chuckle, "There's the deck!"

So I was obliged to give up my dry quarters and mount again on deck. The rain was pouring down more vehemently than ever, and the lightning was flashing angrily from all sides of the heavens. However there was no help for it, so having dragged a tarpauling from an adjacent heap of luggage I rolled myself therein and managed to sleep very comfortably for two or three hours, till I was awoke by a vague sensation of cold, and had the pleasure of finding that I was wet all over, the rain having penetrated my covering. It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the storm at this period, every peal of thunder crashing and reverberating among the coast mountains on our left, and seeming to leap, like a live thing, from peak to peak, till it died away in the far distance, in ten thousand fainter echoes. I got up and groped my way to the cabin in which slept the half-dozen favored occupants of the passenger berths, and a more miserable place could not well be conceived. The "boxes"—for they were nothing more—formed a semicircle, the extremities of which coincided with those of the side, at which I entered, and the radii of which would be scarcely more than five feet.

A rough wooden table and a few chairs constituted the whole furniture, and I was very sorry to see the English lady as she lay there, with nothing but greasy-looking Frenchmen around, and an insufferably close smell from the rancid oil of the lamps. However I crawled under the table, which, like that of the imprisoned cobbler in Pickwick, served me as an excellent four-post bedstead, and passed the rest of the night in comparative comfort, maugre my wet clothes. The day dawned softly and beautifully, tinging with innumerable colors the fantastic coast-line, in which mountain rose behind mountain assuming forms the most picturesque it is possible to conceive, and covered to the very summit with the most brilliant verdure. In almost every instance their bases were thickly wooded, and sprinkled every now and then with white Moorish houses or turreted Marabouts, the purity of whose color rendered them far conspicuous. In a delicious valley, upon whose emerald carpeting the rays of the early morning sun fell with an inexpressibly glad effect, and which imaged forth strongly the idea of the fabled "happy valley," stretched a Roman aqueduct, of which, as our vessel was not more than three or four hundred yards from the shore, I had an excellent view. This was the aqueduct most probably that supplied the neighbouring town of Cherchell, to which we were fast approaching, with water; and a little beyond it, in a circle of wood, are the remains of a Roman bath-house. We dropped anchor for upwards of an hour opposite Cherchell—the Phœnician Jol, and the later Julia Cæsarea—the seat of the chief bishopric of the early African church. The modern town is however

almost entirely French, very little even of the Moorish element remaining, and that little consisting of a few Marabouts, which are, strictly speaking, outside the walls. There are the remains of a Moorish fort, constructed originally of stones taken from Roman buildings, part of which is swallowed up by the Mediterranean—the encroachments of which upon certain parts of its coast have been at different times very great. Julia Cæsarea affords an excellent illustration of this, for its classic ruins gleam far from the shore, under the blue water, like the spectral palaces of Lough Neagh, and prove at the same time that it must have been one of the most flourishing cities along the coast. The market-place of Cherchell abounds in Roman remains, and numerous statuettes and capitals are frequently unearthed at the first turn of the labourer's spade. Nor is there a lack of more valuable treasure, for the Arab and French boys are constantly bringing to light jewelled rings, coins, and gold and silver ornaments of great value, for which Government affords them an adequate remuneration. Many Christian tombs also have been excavated, and to the left of the city is a Christian cemetery of which almost every tombstone is as fresh and uninjured as when the chisel of the sculptor first vibrated over it.

Again we heaved anchor, and sped on our sunlit way. The word "sped" is however hardly applicable to the rate at which our good ship was cleaving the water. She was a paddle-wheel corvette of four guns, built originally to convey troops to the Crimea. With her engines however at full speed, and an occasional display of canvas, it will hardly be credited that we averaged the respectable rate of from two to two and

a half knots the hour, only once during the voyage attaining the rate of three. This might be attributable in a great measure to her clumsy build, and the extreme smallness of the paddle-wheels in comparison with her size, but at all events it was no matter of regret to me, for I was enabled to examine every nook and corner of the coast, and to make an occasional sketch with the greatest ease. There was a gentle undulating swell, which as a matter of course soon upset the gravity of the passengers, many of whom, in spite of the brilliant sun and the warm breeze, lay coiled up in their blankets of the previous night, moaning and sighing as if they were being ferried over the Styx in Charon's wherry with a view of the infernal regions in the distance. One family of Jews, consisting of three women, a girl, and two men, covered themselves entirely over with an immense tarpauling, and never once emerged during the two days' voyage till we dropped anchor opposite Oran. It seemed as if they strove to hide the very sight of the sea, as though it were some hideous phantom, worse even than that very sickness which indicated its presence. As the last stroke of the engine ceased to vibrate opposite Mers-el-Kebir they came forth, the arms of the females covered, as usual, with bracelets, and their faces dirty with the grime of eight and forty hours. The little girl was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and uttering ever and anon the doleful and unnatural cry of "lu, lu, lu!" such as the Moorish women uttered at the festival of the Aïssoua, and which it appears is a cry of joy or grief according to circumstances.

Our meals were served up in the semicircular cabin

with the pleasant accompaniment of qualmish noises from the Frenchmen, very few of whom had risen from their berths. The cloth, as well as the knives and forks, was filthily dirty, and the salad-bowl had been put to rather a different use a few hours before dinner, but with an appetite sharpened by the sea-air one can look over all those little inconveniences. The two Englishmen and myself were the only ones who sat down to dinner on the second day, the meals having become "small by degrees and beautifully less," in consequence of the rolling swell, which with regard to *mal-de-mer* is much more decisive than the sharp, cutting seas of the North. Besides, there is little or no breeze along the African coast, and even when it does occur it is generally warm and languid, and anything but freshening. The Frenchmen seemed extremely annoyed at the zest with which we devoured the edibles, and which contrasted greatly with the melancholy state of the greater portion of the passengers. During that day's dinner, after we had finished the cheese, the steward came in with a woful face, and hoped we would pardon him as he had forgotten the partridges, but would bring them in if we would allow him. Of course we allowed him, and as a matter of course did justice to them. A second time he came in with a pudding. "Ah Messieurs," he said piteously, "voilà une autre erreur—vous n'avez pas perdu vos appetits, j'espére." We assured him on the contrary that our appetites were as good as ever, and moreover, the previous part of the dinner having been very scant, that we should not object to a few more *erreurs* of the same sort. At this moment a pale Frenchman entered, trying to look very

dignified, and called in a pompous voice for soup, exclaiming, as he eyed us indignantly, "What barbarity to eat partridges and pudding after cheese!" Poor fellow, his triumph was short! The moment the steward placed the soup before him a lamp above capsized, and his plate in an instant was swimming with luxurious looking green oil. He turned a shade paler, but desired that the plate might be removed and its place supplied with another. He took a spoonful of soup, and looked at us this time in a tender, melancholy manner, as if his feelings had softened more into pity than anger at our benighted and savage repast. A pause—and then he took another sip, laid down his spoon, and rushed like a thunderbolt out of the cabin, leaving us to enjoy our *erreurs* in peace.

It is impossible to describe the grand and fantastic shapes which the panorama of mountains assumed, rising one behind another till the last mingled with the wavelets of the blue air and melted imperceptibly away. In every variety of form they rose, green and undulating, and with a tiny white line of foam cast, like a tribute, at their feet, from the warm blue sea. At mid-day we were obliged to seek shelter from the heat which became every hour more intense, as we were taking a course gradually southward, Oran being a full degree in that direction with regard to Algiers. Our crew consisted of about eighty men, and every morning and evening for about two minutes they assembled immediately beneath the quarter deck, a Latin prayer was gabbled over by the boatswain in such a manner that no one could catch a word, and then hastily and roughly crossing themselves they

immediately dispersed to their different occupations. And this irreverent mockery was supposed to be a religious exercise!

We next touched at Tenes, a rather picturesque looking town built upon the slope of a hill. There is an upper and lower portion, the latter being built close to the beach, and possessing a sprinkling of Moorish edifices, while the former stands higher up on the hill, and is entirely French. The locality is I believe particularly unhealthy, and the grimy and unclean character of the old Moorish town, as well as its filthy and stagnant waters, formed the subject for a poetic censure from the pen of a renowned Arab rhymist. It was the ancient Cartennæ, Car in the Berber language signifying a cape, of which it is in the vicinity, and which was denominated the promontory of Apollo. A large boat put out to us from the shore with three or four passengers, rowed by Arabs; and picturesque enough it looked as it rose upon the crested waves (for the sea had greatly increased) and made one or two vain attempts before it was able to disgorge its living freight (and without the danger of a pun I may add *fright*, for the Frenchmen looked sorely discomforted at the big waves) on to our deck. By the time we rounded the Cape the sea gave tokens of greater waywardness, and we looked out for another "dirty night." The Moon, however, rose with her usual warm serenity, and the grotesqueness of the mountain shadows in her brilliant light might have furnished doubtless many a tale of Peri and Genii for the Arab story-teller to frighten his credulous listeners, and cause their hair to bristle up with his description of the giant, unwieldy, and ever

shifting forms, which, like the demons of the Brocken, shut out light and air in the sole pursuit of the benighted mortal. The deck was really preferable to the dingy cabin, so I slept there as long as I could till the rain again forced me to take refuge under the four wooden legs of the table. By eight the next morning we were off Mostaganem, a large fortified town reaching to the very summit of the hill upon which it is built. It occupies the site of the ancient Murustaga, and would soon rise into a town almost as important as Algiers itself were there the least shelter for shipping. There is not, however, so much as a bend in the coast, and that unfortunately keeps it in its present inferior position, in spite of the promising character of its exports. As I had anticipated we were not able to approach it on account of the surf, and the few passengers who were to have disembarked there, and who probably had, to judge from their appearance, only just money enough to pay for their passage, were in a state bordering on despair. One woman who was sitting rocking a baby set it down for a few moments on the deck, while she rung her hands and burst into a perfect paroxysm of grief. It would be I think an unprecedented sight to see an Englishwoman give way in so flagrant a manner, but the French are above all a demonstrative nation, and no one took any notice of an occurrence no doubt common enough. However, I was glad to see that the passengers were transferred, at Arzew, on board a frigate, which took them back to Mostaganem; so that after all they did not lose more than a few hours, or half a day at most.

The sea soon after that went down very suddenly,

and, as is often the case upon the Mediterranean, became almost as smooth as a looking glass. We arrived next at Arzew, a sad looking place of itself, though its dulness was fully compensated for by the beautiful bay in which it is situated, formed by a peninsula upon which stands a lighthouse, and an indentation of the coast. So excellent is the natural harbour that the Romans, in ecstacies at finding a refuge for their ships along so comparatively an inhospitable portion of the coast, named it the Portus Divinus. There is a curious legend about this town, to the effect that for fifteen centuries past, in spite of its favorable position, and the large exports which on a given pressure it can produce, it never has been able to add a jot to its importance, nor ever will—while the towns in its vicinity, strangely enough, all thrive by its means. The efforts of the French administration to raise it from its present wretched position have been all in vain, and it seems as if nothing could remove the ban under which it withers. From being a simple military port in 1837 it began to develop sufficiently to warrant a Royal decree (12th August 1845) which created it a town of fifteen hundred to two thousand souls, with a territory of eighteen hundred hectares; and the moment this decree was past it immediately began to fall to decay, while Oran and Mostaganem rapidly increased. Another attempt to re-animate this body without a soul was made by the decrees of 1848, which gave encouragement to colonists to take up their abede there, but it was as equally unsuccessful as its predecessor, and at the present day the streets present a melancholy vision of deserted or half-finished houses,

and the population has dwindled to twelve hundred. It is the opinion of several men, well competent to judge, that the only means to raise it from its atony consists in the carrying out of the grand idea of a railway along the coast, so that by quicker communication with the interior or neighbouring towns it might thus rise in importance as a port favorable for ingress and egress, with regard to the more unattainable vicinities. The character of the mountains, as we rounded this promontory, seemed to change greatly, and instead of the usual smooth and undulating groups, sharp strange rocks with yawning crevices and jagged outlines towered to the sky. At six o'clock in the evening we passed a headland off which one or two detached points of rock rose from the sea, bearing a strong resemblance to the "needles" of the Isle of Wight. Beyond this the mountains again changed, and rose no longer in jagged peaks but in soft semicircles that at a distance seemed to blend together as if on the same base, while the highest point was shrouded by a cloud glorious with the carmine tintings of the setting sun. We glided leisurely along till we arrived at a low hill which ran along the shore, and on the flat summit of which was a confused mass of white houses like the grains which might have been dropped from a giant salt-box *en passant*. It was Oran. To the right were two immense pointed hills on the taller summit of which was a fortified prison built by the French, and the white road running along their base looked from the distance like a devious thread of cotton. The magnificent sunset bathed the whole in the colors of the rainbow and brought out in fine

relief the fort and the irregular outline of the mountain on which it stood. We steamed easily beyond these hills and anchored opposite the little village of Mers-el-Kebir, the town of Oran itself not having a port of sufficient size to accommodate vessels larger than a fishing boat. Mers-el-Kebir signifies the "large port," and under the similar appellation of Portus Magnus was known to the Romans, and is distant about six miles from Oran. The evening came on before we had time to disembark, and the lights of the little village gleamed cheerfully as we approached it. A crowd of Maltese awaited our landing, and we were surprised to hear very decent English shouted out to us, while our luggage was of course seized by the strongest and placed on the top of a fiacre, of which two or three were in waiting to convey the passengers to Oran. The landing-place of Mers-el-Kebir is however by no means safe, as it slopes directly to the sea, and were any slippery matter to find its way to the soles of one's shoes one might have a very good chance of returning rather too quickly to the blue waters one has so lately quitted. The fiacre drove at a moderate pace along the white road, constructed by the French, and in an hour and a half we had arrived at a tunnel cut in the rock by the same skilful engineers. On emerging from this tunnel a beautiful sight presented itself. Through the chequered foliage of orange groves among which we drove the town of Oran burst on us with its white houses, and its numerous lights, and a warm African moon over all. We drove to the Hotel l'Univers, the best I believe in the place, but which deserves nothing more than the character

of the least bad. It is built in the form of a Moorish house, and all the apartments open on to the gallery of the courtyard, so that at all events one is sure of having them well ventilated—a great desideratum in foreign houses of entertainment. It was barely nine o'clock, yet the whole house appeared to be shut up, and a half sleepy, sulky looking waiter shewed us into the coffee-room and stared stupidly at us as we conversed together. We asked what they had ready, but the knight of the napkin shrugged his shoulders and intimated that all was eaten. So we were obliged to put up with a small cup of coffee apiece, a roll, and a very minute fragment of Lyons butter. A couple of eggs, after an immense deal of trouble, were procured for the English lady, but were of course not sufficiently boiled, and then the waiter left us to our own devices. We rang for him about half a dozen times, but without success, till the combined echo of our voices brought him with his eyes shut from another apartment. "More coffee," we demanded. He opened his eyes though at this, and stared with as much surprise as if, like the spoilt child, we had asked him for the reflection of the moon in a pail of water. "More coffee at this hour!" he exclaimed with another shrug, "why, the kitchen fire's out, the cook's gone, and there's no hot water to be had. Parbleu! You don't imagine the French are eating and drinking all day and night, do you?"

Even on English Sundays a reservation is made at public houses in favor of boná fide travellers. Here, however, though on a week-day, bawling and shouting were evidently not of the slightest use, so we were obliged to take our candles and retire. We

strolled over the town and pitched upon a Zouave, rather merry with absinthe, who acted as our guide, and entertained us with thundering tales of his personal prowess. According to his own account he ought by this time to have been at least Generalissimo of every force in Africa and France; and it was mainly owing to the stupidity of the existing Government that he was allowed to remain in his present humble position. He was extremely indignant with regard to the Austrian question, and brought forward a very old pun on the subject, which he gave as his own. "Je les appêle," he said, "les *Autres-chiens* (Autrichiens)." Who the corresponding dogs were however our informant left us to guess, and if we had named our own free nation, perhaps, the Zouave would not have dissented. Our object was to seek the house of the English vice-consul, and thither our Zouave directed us, after we had drunk a glass of something warm together to the continued alliance of England and France; and wishing him an "au revoir" we entered the house, upon the *troisième* of which is the office of the Consulate of Great Britain and Ireland.

The vice-consulship of Oran is certainly no snug post. There is not even the society of a decent French family in the place, besides which the heat reminds one of a miniature India, and a fever decimates the population about once every two or three years. The principal inhabitants are the trading Jews, and they of course are not the sort of people that gentlemen would care to visit. The vice-consul himself, an extremely agreeable and attentive officer, was sitting alone in an uncomfortable looking room as we entered, and

gave us a hearty and hospitable welcome, besides affording us every information and assistance in his power. He had already held office for six weeks, and during that time had only seen two Englishmen before us, who touched there on their way to Spain. The few Maltese in the town however are very assiduous in their visits to him, for the sake of free passages, which, when occasion requires, he is enabled to grant. Otherwise he sits for days in his office without anything to do, and would actually be glad of a press of business for the sake of a diversion. I have seldom witnessed a position in which a gentleman was so thoroughly lost as that of the vice-consulship of Oran.

The word Oran—Arabicè Ou'rhan—signifying "the cut," is derived from the peculiar manner in which the town is built. It occupies two sides of a ravine, and the higher portion is surmounted by a Casbah, once the residence of the Bey, but which, like its neighbour in Algiers, has been converted into barracks and an emporium for military stores. Consequently the greater portion of the streets which lead to the upper town are infinitely steeper than those of Algiers, and it is a matter of great difficulty mounting the scores of stone steps by means of which the ascent is facilitated. The general appearance of the town is certainly European, very little of the Moorish character remaining in it, and the few Moorish families are leaving it almost daily, and emigrating into the interior. It must be remembered however that for nearly three centuries, from 1505 to 1791, it was for the most part in the possession of the Spaniards, so that even before the French conquest it had a

semi-European appearance. Many Moorish houses have been converted into French residences, and the exterior of one of them struck me as a peculiar mixture of heathenism and Christianity. Over the house-door was the Mohammedan crescent, while a niche with a statue of the virgin figured above the corbels of the projecting buttress. One or two minarets rose above the house-tops, one of which was a handsome octagon, painted and chequered, and belongs to the grand Mosque; while the other was quadrilateral and covered with brown circular tiles lapping over each other like the scales of a fish.

The post-office is a Moorish tenement, and, to judge from the slow and tedious management, seems to partake more of the character of an amateur government *bureau*, than the serious place of business one would expect. All I know is that having been told that a certain department opened at two o'clock I presented myself there punctually, and had to wait upwards of an hour (African time) before the *employé* appeared at his post. Not a creature was to be seen in the building at the time but a deaf labourer, slowly covering the arches with fresh whitewash; who, after repeated exclamations on my part, replied that perhaps Mons. So-and-so was taking a little extra time for his breakfast—and then went on with his work, without vouchsafing more information. I had nothing therefore to do but to watch a swallow that was building her nest immediately over the capital of a pillar, and was flying to and fro with her *masonic* materials of dried grass and sticks. Perhaps an accidental and evil wish forced itself through my brain to the effect that a piece of bread sticking in Mons.

So-and-so's gullet, or a drop of soup acting with too high a temperature upon the delicate organization of his tongue, might recall him to a sense of his duty. Wishing that his *vin ordinaire* might give him a headache would have been of no use I fear, as Frenchmen are in the habit of imbibing unharmed the rasping, wooden, sour stuff from their birth upwards. Mons. So-and-so, however, when he really did appear at his post, gave not the slightest symptoms of repentance, but on the contrary his cheeks glowed as if he had taken in too hearty a meal, and there was a satisfied smile on his lips as he leisurely took my affair in hand, like that of a capitalist after his sixth glass of port. But at the same time I had a savage and morbid pleasure in looking at his pink cheeks, and reflecting that perhaps after all Mons. So-and-so might have a fit of indigestion.

The costume of the Jews at Oran is very peculiar, consisting entirely of white, which gives them a very light and summery appearance, but the detail is the same as that of their brethren at Algiers. The Jewesses however are very quiet in their dress, and exhibit none of that gilding and ornament which their Algerine sisterhood are so fond of displaying. The Moorish women eschew the yashmak, and cover their faces with the burnous instead, which however they take every opportunity of throwing back when unobserved. They wear no trowsers, so that their tawny legs are exposed nearly to the knee, and yellow ornamented slippers conceal in some cases their feet. Their ears are partially concealed by huge ear-rings, composed of copper or gold wire bent into a spiral, the thread of which enters at a hole just above the

cavity, and passing behind the ear is brought to view again through another hole at a little distance from, though on the same level as the former, emerging from whence it describes two or three folds of the spiral, and finally passes through the fleshy part at the bottom, terminating in a gaudy device which reaches nearly to the shoulder. This ornament is uglier, and savors more of barbarism than anything with which I have ever seen the native women deck themselves. Like the Berber women too they tattoo their faces and wear the front hair cut short, so that they look as much like savages as anything that can well be desired.

Strolling through Oran one fine morning, with the rays of the sun pouring down on me like the heat of a furnace, a sight strangely magnificent presented itself, as I turned into one of the principal streets. This was no less than a regiment of Spahis with their bright red burnouses and long silver-mounted fire-arms, marching through the town. The trappings of their horses were ornamented with the crescent, and the ancient standard (a green hand on a snow-white ground) was borne proudly aloft in the midst. There was however none of that indigenous music of fifes and tarro which I heard at Algiers during the procession of "mî-carême," as I believe they only play that before entering the battle-field. They were furnished with those cruel, dirk-like spurs, with the slightest touch of which they draw blood from their horses' flanks, and a square plate of steel, connected with the bit, ran under the jaw of every steed; no wonder the Arab soldier has such perfect command over his horse, with such powerful auxiliaries

as that combination of spur and bit presents. So great is the leverage exercised that the jaw of the animal can actually be broken off in a moment, should he become unmanageable. The saddle, too, is raised three or four inches before and behind, and the stirrups are mere iron slippers, so that it would be by no means easy to fall off. This circumstance is greatly in favor of their mode of warfare, with which the French were very much harassed, previous to the capture of Algiers. The enemy rode in circles, each man taking his aim as he passed a certain point, and immediately lying forward when he had fired, reloading his gun as he galloped round in time for the next discharge, so that by that means a constant and hurtful stream of fire was kept up, which, issuing from all quarters, did infinitely more damage than a succession of regular volleys, And even in the faces of the generally *blasé* and *ennuyé* French inhabitants admiration at this noble band seemed to sparkle forth as they issued every man from his shop or cabaret to gaze on the warlike descendants of Akhbar sweeping majestically by.

The climate of Oran has been recommended by some as superior to that of Algiers, on account of the higher mean temperature. The dreadful effects however of the miasmatic fevers ought certainly to be taken into consideration, especially by those invalids who might feel disinclined to return for the few summer months to England. It must be recollected, too, that there is no temperate atmosphere in the vicinity of Oran which answers to the St. Eugene of Algiers, so that the valetudinarian would find no refuge from the almost unbearable heat which the summer presents.

Then again the accommodation and living are infinitely worse than in Algiers, besides being much more expensive. The items of our hotel bill we found to our cost were a sufficient proof of this, as well as the enormous price asked for the smallest article of consumption at the shops. On entering a coffee-house one morning with a friend, after a long walk, we asked for two cups of coffee which were brought to us together with a small roll. The cups were rather below the average size, and we dispensed with the roll altogether, as we had no wish to spoil our approaching breakfast. On asking the price the *garçon* deliberately informed us that we had a franc and a half to pay, and, on our expressing our firm conviction that we were being cheated, the master of the shop gave us a volley of abusive French and insisted on receiving the whole sum named. We appealed to the bystanders, but they assured us that it was a fair price, and we had no alternative but that of paying it. My friend threw down the money on one of the tables, from whence it rolled on to the floor, and politely informed the landlord that he ought to be brought up before the Juge de Paix for an arrant rogue. A party of Frenchmen were playing cards at the door and to them the landlord explained the whole cause of the hubbub. "Ah!" said one of them, taking his pipe from his mouth and eyeing us philosophically as we left the apartment, "Les Anglais font toujours cela."

The charms of Oran are few, and as it was our intention to visit Spain on our way home, we took our places on board another coast-guard steamer that purposed touching there *viâ* Morocco. It is only once a month that this chance affords itself, so that as may

be supposed we were not slow to profit by it. Again were we driving along the white French road (eight kilometres in length) which connects Oran with Mers-el-Kebir, and by the side of which trees of a most peculiarly stunted appearance, with round portions of the root emerging at intervals from the ground as though they had been pressed upward through a cullender by Dame Nature, flourish in abundance. These trees, known to Spanish naturalists I believe as the "bellas omras,"—lums a non lucendo,—have rarely any foliage, and present for the greater part of the year nothing but brown, arid-looking branches which would, were such a thing possible with that deep blue sky and that almost tropical heat, give a wintry appearance to the scene. The little houses of the villages to which we were wending our way, and which are situated at the very commencement of an immense bay, seemed to rise in dazzling whiteness from the tideless sea, pure as Aphrodite herself when she first sprung from the parent wave. Amid the profuse vegetation on our left, flashed from the numerous exotics brilliant and ever changing tints, as we pursued our course, like the splendor which greeted the eyes of Abudah the merchant as he first gazed on that garden of vegetable gold and silver—the valley of Bocchim. Viewed from the sea the bay of Mers-el-Kebir is even more lovely than that of Algiers; and the grandeur of its calm beauty, as it lay midway between the blue of the Mediterranean and the still deeper azure above, is beyond the finest conception of Thought, embodied though it be in verbal imagery the most sublime!

CHAPTER XII.

The prospect of a by no means unpleasant passage presented itself as I stepped on board the "Titan" corvette, whose clean white decks and "taut" appearance formed a most delightful contrast to the dirty, unswabbed, and slovenly aspect which characterized the tub in which we had been conveyed to Oran. A large awning, too, had been stretched over the quarter-deck, beneath which a couple of ladies were seated embroidering. These were the wife and daughter of the Captain, who was polite enough to ask us to join his family circle—an honor that we were the more able to appreciate, as, according to a notice conspicuously displayed on all the coast-guard ships, the quarter-decks were reserved solely for the use of the officers in command, none of the ordinary passengers being permitted to mount thereon.

We still kept close to the shore, and the rugged grouping of the mountains with their alternations of light and shade yielded not a whit in beauty to those which had previously greeted us on our journey to Oran. The sun went down in a perfect flood of crimson glory, and the peaked tips of the small island to our right seemed to retain as it were the gilded

rays long after the luminary had disappeared below the horizon. And then came night, soft and beautiful, with its myriad chromatic stars, and the giant mountains, so lately bathed in the warm sunshine, stood forth anew silvered with the tremulous beams of eternal Cynthia. There was something solemn in the stillness of that night. Not a sound to break the deep silence around save the almost musical plashing of the paddle-wheels as they cleft in alternate strokes the listless waters. A slight accident to one of the floats detained us at anchor for upwards of an hour, and then, when the last vibrating stroke of the engine had died away, Nature seemed literally to have been rocked to sleep.

In no waters, I believe, is the peculiar phenomenon, termed phosphorescent light, displayed to such advantage as on those of the Mediterranean. From the bow of our vessel, as we sped along, broad sheets of livid blue fire rolled noiselessly off, casting numerous brilliant scintillations around, while with each revolution of the paddle-floats undulating circles of glory seemed to spring from the dusky waters. The phosphorescence, too, once eliminated, seemed loth to return to its former inactivity, so that our course was marked by one long devious line of lambent blue that terminated only in the horizon. It might have formed no inapt representation of the track of Amphitrite, coursing along in her sea-supported chariot, the every tread of whose harnessed monsters left its bright sign on the distant waters, to mark where the ocean Queen had chosen her glorious path.

I was fortunate enough to occupy a most comfortable berth, which the English lady, anxious to

exchange the heat below for the fresher atmosphere of the deck, gave up to me. It was late, however, before I retired, and being woke up by a great bustle about three in the morning dressed myself and went on deck, and found that we were stopping at Nemours, the boundary-town between Algeria and Morocco. The rather ill-omened name of the town is Djama'a R'azaouat, or "Nest of Pirates," and it was occupied before the French conquest with a colony of the most desperate corsairs along the Barbary coast. The town itself is built at the base of a curiously shaped hill, and the French word "Plancheville" well expresses the miserable wooden barracks and houses of which it was composed up to 1855. Since that time, however, these have given place to more solid edifices of stone, but at the same time it has still a comparatively melancholy appearance, and would be of course the first to suffer in an outbreak with the Moroqueens. Again we hoisted anchor, and after a few more strokes of the paddle-wheels had passed the Algerine frontier, and were sailing along the coast of uncivilized Morocco.

The portion of Morocco which approaches the French frontier was, previous to the late border warfare, more troublesome and unmanageable to "that barbarian whom we condescend to style Emperor" * than any other part of his dominions. The whole country lying between the Isly and Roulonia is inhabited by fierce wandering tribes who recognize no authority save that of their individual chief, and who gain their living by piracies and descents on the caravans from the interior. From this spot it was

* Gibbon.

that the late attacks on the French frontier were made, and which, happily for the sake of the civilization and commerce of that part of the world, have been so signally repulsed. The Roulonia was formerly the boundary between Fez and Tlemçen, and a treaty signed in 1767 by the Count de Breugnon in the name of France, on the one hand, and the Emperor of Morocco on the other, secured to the former right of commerce along the road which extends by Ouchda as far as the Roulonia, and Southwards to the valley of the Guir. In 1786, however, in spite of the treaty, a caravan partly belonging to French merchants, proceeding from the interior to the coast along the stipulated route, was plundered by the wild tribes. An immediate remonstrance was addressed of course to the Emperor of Morocco, and the consequence was that the Caliph of Ouchda, being the weaker party, had to make good the loss. Since that time the treaty has been in full force, and was ratified after the battle of Isly, so that France had a perfect right to demand the clearance of brigands from territory immediately adjoining her own, and free communication to the interior. And the late attack on the outposts has put it into her power to plant her flag most lawfully on, and add to her dominions, those portions of the Moroqueen territory in which not only the treaty has been broken, but terror and insecurity have been the daily lot of her border subjects.*

The opinion entertained by some at the time of the late outbreak that France would extend her conquests,

* For the greater portion of the above facts I am indebted to a letter on the subject which appeared in the Times of 10th October 1859.

and add Morocco to her present Barbary dominions, was at the first glance utterly erroneous and absurd. The most she has done has been to render her borders more secure, and to root out from their almost inaccessible mountain strongholds some of those lawless tribes adjacent to her territory. She has already learnt too bitter a lesson in the annual millions wrung from her treasury to support the incubus of a misnamed colony, to wish to increase those expenses by an, if possible, more useless addition. She may war for an idea, of the intrinsic value of which Algeria is a tolerable specimen, but ideas representing the deficit of numerous millions are rather too fantastic even for our imaginative neighbours across the channel. A mere prior occupation, too, though permanent for a time would soon be interrupted, as was the case till quite recently in Algeria, by the constant harassing attack of the roving natives from the interior, and miserable and useless bloodshed would as a matter of course have been the result. On the more Westerly portion of the coast, too, Spain would have met with little better success against an enemy slippery and untenable as quicksilver, however severely she might inflict chastisement upon the marauders of the Riff. An expedition which two or three English men-of-war would have settled perhaps in a few days has assumed among the grandiloquent Spaniards the importance of a mighty crusade. From the royal hands of Queen Isabel herself emanated the standard with the embroidered cross that was to lead her most Christian troops to victory, and perhaps, according to the cunning arguments of her priests, to crowns higher than those which earth can bestow. Soldiers

in thousands and tens of thousands mustered for the holy cause, and many a recluse, vainly emulous of Peter the Hermit, issued from his cell to countenance, and perhaps take part against the already waning crescent. So warlike an aspect naturally aroused at first sight the attention of many a croaker, in whose prophetic eyes the capture of Gibraltar at least, or the blockade of the whole Mediterranean, was the covert aim of the Iberian warriors. The Spaniards, however, (though no one can deny the bravery which they have lately exhibited in the Moorish campaigns) were ever fond of making a noise, and to those who suspected ulterior designs that noise seemed to boom and echo through the kingdoms of Europe like the portentous growlings of the approaching storm. Not a century ago a similar cloud seemed to hang over the political horizon, and melancholy prophets foreboded terrible things from its bursting. The enormous expedition of Charles III against Algiers was indeed sufficient cause for alarm at first sight, surpassing as it did all previous aggressive armaments. Quietly, and harmlessly, however, floated away the cloud, leaving not the slightest traces of its former presence, and the word "Espagnolade" came to be used, even among the Algerines, with as keen a satire as that with which the polished Parisian of the present day ridicules the name and dialect of the peasant of Gascony.

Next morning I rose betimes, and found the decks undergoing the uncomfortable process of swabbing. A station on one of the steps of the companion ladder was therefore my only resource, and in that position I had a view of the whole proceeding. The whistle

of the French boatswain did not seem to have that clear ringing sound which cheers English blue-jackets to their work, but gave forth its note in a feeble, plaintive tone of voice, as though querulous of the soup and "vin ordinaire" upon which Gallic sailors are nourished. French tars, too, have not that rolling, free and easy, sort of confidence which has ever been the characteristic of the Jacks and Tom Bowlings of blessed nautical memory, but seem to move more as if they were under a perpetual drill, and had stiffened every muscle of their bodies to preserve an intact uprightness. The French are without doubt a military nation, but in spite of the efficient character of their dockyards are certainly not a nation of sailors. It is proverbial that Englishmen are at home upon the wave, and to witness the delight with which a British crew "taut" fore and aft to meet the approaching gale, and the hearty choruses with which they enliven their work, no one could have any doubt as to the truth of its application. Frenchmen, on the contrary, seem quite out of their element. They move about quietly at the word of command, and set to their work with a dogged resolution, but the first drop of rain seems literally to wash away their spirits. I could not help remarking this on our passage to Oran. Even in a light drizzling rain which followed the storm, and which was by no means unpleasant as a cooler to the hot atmosphere, the sailors seemed to set to their work like shivering half-drowned dogs, while the officers were covered carefully with waterproofs from head to foot, and with thick comforters wrapped *à la Française* around their delicate throats. Fancy English naval officers

putting on comforters! Imagine Nelson carefully wrapping up his mouth and chin before coming into action, in case he should take cold!

The undying hatred of English blue-jackets towards "Monsieur" is entirely reciprocated in the French navy. On both sides indeed it seems to be made as religious a part of their profession as the proper handling of a cannon. On both this and the Oran steamers the crew did all they could in signs and expressive glances to shew their contempt for us, covertly it is true, but still openly enough for us to be able to witness them. In fact they could hardly be brought to give a civil answer to the most commonplace question, and one old boatswain coolly stared at me and turned his head away when I asked him a simple and purely technical question on which I sought information. The civil invitation of the Captain, however, altered their manner greatly towards us, but even when pacing up and down the decks at night with my friend I could detect muttered execrations, in which the word "Anglais" recurred often, directed towards us we passed by the different knots of sailors, who were stretching themselves around the funnel, spinning their endless and spotless yarns.

So clear was the sea in the early morning that I could see the reflection of my face therein as easily as if it were a duck-pond. It was Sunday; and everything on board (after the swabbing was completed) looked as clean and neat as a new pin. The sailors were in their best, and little or no work seemed to be performed by them after ten o'clock, at which hour they assembled immediately below the quarter

deck, and the same mockery of prayer was gone through as before, the boatswain gabbling over a string of words, and the men carelessly crossing themselves after it was concluded. Like most of the rites of Papistry there was more of shew therein than real or even attempted devotion. Four young Arab boys in their fezzes, who formed part of the crew, stood up with the others during the rehearsal of the prayer, and crossed themselves when it was over. That they were Christians I should very much doubt, as Proselytism is altogether opposed to the French rule in Algeria. Most probably they went through the prayers as they went through their other exercises —by routine, and not, as was the facetious suggestion of one of the Englishmen, "that they might be the more thoroughly educated for their future profession of Pirate."

We passed, early in the morning, a small Moorish town built on an island to which the Spaniards have given the name of Fannas, and by eleven o'clock we had arrived at the Riff, but kept at a respectable distance from the numerous creeks and crannies in which so many pirate vessels lay concealed till the convenient moment for pouncing out on small and undefended merchantmen. The residence of the Pirates themselves is most frequently in caves adjacent to their feluccas, in order that at any moment they may be in readiness to man them. Not only have innumerable Spanish ships with their crews been seized by these lawless depredators, but French and English vessels have frequently suffered from their attacks, especially those which go unarmed. I examined with a telescope the creeks and indentures

along the shore, and actually discovered a small lattern sailed boat, which soon disappeared, and about the exact character of which the officers to whom I pointed it out were by no means agreed. Most of them however thought it was nothing more than a Moorish fishing boat, and not the corsair into which, with the morbid eagerness of travellers, I had magnified it. However as those doubts on the subject are not cleared up to this day let me take the benefit of them, and imagine that for once in my lifetime I have really come across a ship full of desperadoes,—a sight which in another ten years of this age of progress will be as uncommon as a loyal speech from Cardinal Wiseman himself.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon I perceived on the horizon a continuous line, as it were, of small irregular icy crystals, which were extremely difficult to distinguish from the fleecy clouds above them. These were the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, the highest mountain range in Europe, and their outline grew more defined as we steered to the right, while that of the coast-line of Morocco diminished of course in equal ratio. Before evening we sighted the Spanish coast—the promontory a little beyond Malaga—and the captain assured us that we should make Gibraltar early in the morning. While occupying myself with the pleasant thoughts my proximity to English ground would naturally produce my friend came up to me in the greatest wonder at a phenomenon which he said surpassed everything that he had ever witnessed. At his request therefore I followed him; and was not a whit less astonished at the strange sight I beheld.

A sailor was lounging against the boiler with a handful of pebbles, each about the size of a grape, which he put one by one into his mouth and swallowed them with the greatest gusto. I went up and engaged him in conversation, during which he still continued swallowing the stones till his hand was empty, without apparently having any idea that he was doing something so decidedly out of the common. I asked him if he would allow me to inspect his throat during this extraordinary meal to discover whether it was a mere conjuring trick with which he intended to divert himself at our expense. He willingly agreed, but there was not the slightest deception,—the stones went regularly down his gullet without more exertion than the ordinary movement of the muscles requisite for swallowing food. He said he had "taken in" innumerable stones daily for years past, and that it was the greatest luxury to him, especially with the addition of a cup of coffee. One is taught to believe that Saturn used to lunch on his respected family, and there are people in London rash enough to eat the crusted productions of a hot pie-man without asking questions; but in attempting to account for so singular a taste as that of gulping down pebbles, one is very soon lost in maze of speculation. The extraordinary nature of his *bon-bouches* seemed known all over the ship; and were he a work-house inmate how greedily would the juvenile surgeons eye him, till they were enabled to cut him up and investigate the resemblance—as resemblance there must be—between his stomach and the crop of a bird! I watched him from different parts of the ship, and after any great exertions he invariably

popped a stone or two into his mouth, but always on the sly, and as though he were ashamed of his unnatural appetite. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, and the only feature about him which caught my attention was his neck, which was unusually large and thick. Otherwise he was of rather short stature and not particularly stout in body.

We had few passengers on board, and those consisted principally of Arabs and Jews on their way to Morocco. One of the former, who was dumb, came up to me and entered into conversation with the most eloquent signs and gestures, all of which I could most easily understand. He had left Algeria, and was about to settle in Morocco, in consequence of his detestation of Gallic rule. His brother—and this difficult hieroglyphic he represented by rubbing his two forefingers together, the usual oriental method of embodying the idea—had been decapitated by the French. He then expressed some curious gestures, at the exact meaning of some of which I could not clearly arrive, but detected at all events their general drift,—utter and undying hatred to the French, and a burning wish for revenge. A sailor was sitting by, eyeing him with looks of fire. "What does he mean," I asked, "by that sign?" "Ah, le cogune!" he exclaimed, "We French understand very well what he means,"—and as if it were something of which, as was very probable, he might be ashamed, or at all events unwilling to give me the benefit, he turned on his heel with a muttered curse at the eloquent and unawed son of the desert. How brightly gleamed the full black eyes of the noble race before me, and how firmly clenched were the teeth, as the

retreating figure of the irritated Frenchman disappeared down the hatchway!

One of the Jews bound for Tetuan was the most striking personification of a sawney I ever had the pleasure of coming across. He stared with open eyes at everything, no matter how trivial, that took place, and seemed as much overcome with astonishment at hearing my friend and self conversing in English as if we had been chattering in ancient Assyrian. When the evening came he unrolled an immense mattress, and lay thereon, covering himself snugly with a thick cloak. It was impossible to let him lie there without having a little fun at his expense. Now the English lady had been attended in her travels by an elderly and faithful domestic, who delighted in poke bonnets and vast cloaks of the latter century, and who seemed to have imbibed most awful and tremendous ideas with regard to all indigènes save those of her own nation. The costume of the Moorish ladies seemed to have stuck altogether in her digestion, and she informed me confidentially that she "never seed such queer folks as them 'ere women with pitch plaisters over their mouths." Long residence in foreign countries is sometimes apt to imbue us with a smattering of the manners, customs, and conversation, of the people among whom we dwell, to the deterioration perhaps of our graver and more solemn English habits and language. To do her justice, however, she emerged as pure and untainted from the ordeal of travel as if she had never penetrated further than the precincts of Margate or the jetty at Southend. One French word however she had seized on, and committed to memory—the affirmative "oui"—and

this, I conclude, she must have learnt from her kind mistress who was never able to say "no" to a tale of real distress, and for whose unmingled generosity many people both abroad and at home will ever have reason to be grateful. She had taken up a very comfortable position on the stand of a cannon, which adjoined the mattress of the Tetuan Israelite. The poke bonnet concealed her features, so that it would have been impossible to recognize her at the moment, and, taking unfair advantage of this circumstance, my friend M—— pinched the foot of the Jew which protruded from the cloak in a gentle, persuasive manner, and we retired. The Israelite jumped up, gazed at the dozing form of the Abigail, and deeming of course that it was she who had given the affectionate squeeze overwhelmed her for a moment with Arabic compliments,—and finding that she returned no answer, lay down again and fell asleep. A second time M—— approached the mattress, gave a gentle tickle to the bare soles of the unconscious Moroqueen, who jumped up this time so quickly that my friend had only time to retire a step or two as though he were pacing the deck, and launched out again into Oriental metaphor. Receiving no answer he gave a gentle pull to her cloak which awoke her, and caused her naturally to regard him with sleepy surprise. We stepped up to him and suggested that she might perhaps be a young Spanish woman who would be extremely glad of the use of his mattress; and being evidently a man of gallantry he rose, and addressing her in Spanish begged that she would take it. Being a little "riled," however, she merely observed "get along with you," and settled down to sleep again.

The Jew looked mystified, and we then advised him to address her in French. Accordingly he made a flowing speech in that language, begging her to make use of his mattress, or at all events to take half. Anxious to exhibit her "dangerous taste" of the Gallic "Pierian spring" she answered "oui, oui!" and went off again into a doze. The Jew paused a moment or two, as if waiting for her to take possession of his bed, and then finding that she returned no answer to his numerous queries lay down again in a pet and went to sleep. Poor fellow! His rest was destined to be but of short duration. All of a sudden the soot in the funnel caught fire, and the flames roared several feet above it, besides covering the deck with a shower of sparks and pieces of burning soot. The Abigail started up and shrieked out to the Jew "Here's the chimbley afire!" Up started the Israelite in the greatest terror, not only at the barbarous words but at the fiery rain that was falling around. At the same time the red glare fell upon the frightened features of the "lady" to whom he had been shewing so much gallantry, and proved that at all events they had none of the youthful and fiery blood of the Gaditana or Parisian, which he imagined had exhibited itself in the amorous pokes and squeezes. He stared for a moment in dismay at her antique face, and then rushed up and caught me by the arm. "Parbleu!" he said, "I believe she's the devil! She understands all languages, and will only speak that horrible barbarous gibberish that no one can understand!"—

"Would you know my Celia's charms?" etc.

Our meals on board this steamer accorded fully

with the neatness and cleanness of everything around. They were served up in the armoury, with hatchets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses gleaming around us. The cloth was unspotted, and the knives and forks were as bright as rubbing could make them, while the dinner was excellent of its kind. An old man of about seventy took the head of the table, the most perfect specimen of a French sensualist and infidel that I ever had the misfortune to come across. He entertained us the greater part of dinner with the recital of his conquests over the other sex—far too confiding, by his own account, if ever they believed the fair promises held out to them by such a villain, to induce them to take their fatal "dernier pas." He chuckled, too, and joked at the way in which he had deceived them, adding that if it were in his power he would do exactly the same thing at that very moment. I asked him if, with all his philosophy, he knew the real difference between a man and a beast. At this he retorted in so disgusting a manner that a dead silence ensued for some moments, and he then changed the conversation. He deplored the fate of Abd-el-Kader, far too noble in his ideas for the punishment of exile. If there was one individual above another that the Marabout chieftain loved he said it was himself. When he was at Pau, visited by the French grandees, Abd-el-Kader lay on his couch and would not even condescend to turn his head when they entered the room. "But," continued the vile atheist, "the moment I paid my respects to him he rose up and embraced me with as much affection as though he were my brother!" Certainly, Abd-el-Kader is not the man that all Europe took

him for if he condescended to cement so intimate a friendship between himself and this scum of the earth, whose trembling foot hung over the verge of the grave. He said he had numerous letters addressed to him by the Marabout, and on some one stating surprise at Abd-el-Kader being able to write his own name, corrected himself and affirmed that they were written by his secretary at his own dictation. He offered to shew them to the assembled company after dinner, and on our pressing for a perusal of them, rose and left the apartment, but returned instantly, regretting that at that moment he could not find the keys of his portmanteau, but would certainly produce them that evening. Of course the letters were not produced, and we believed as much of the account of Abd-el-Kader as we chose. The conversation, by way of taking a pleasant turn, next touched upon executions, and a contemptible looking little artist was extremely loud on the subject. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "ten years ago I saw heads fly like chaff at Constantine—those were the days for executions," and he gave us several accounts of the cruelty of the Governor of Constantine at the period. The Governor, it appears, had a son who, while hunting in the Atlas, was cut into pieces by a hostile tribe of Arabs, and his remains sewed up in a sack and sent to his father. The Governor immediately sent for the Chiefs of the neighbouring tribes and gave them a certain time to find out the murderers, which time having elapsed without success he decapitated them every one, and then sent for the other Chiefs, whom he treated in the same manner, guillotining them without mercy till the real murderer

was at length produced, and suffered of course the last penalties of the law. How far this story may be true I cannot tell, and can only repeat it as it was told me from the bragging lips of the diminutive artist.

At half-past four the next morning I emerged from the rather close atmosphere of my berth, and found that we were at anchor off Gibraltar. A broad streak of red light threw the fantastic outline of the rock into bold relief, but I looked in vain for the likeness to a dead body covered with a shroud, the head towards Spain and the feet sloping down to Europa point, with which the imaginative Spaniards invest it under the appellation of El Cuerpo. Viewed from a distance the coast of Africa seems to be separated from it but by a few feet of water, although in reality eleven miles intervene between the approach of the two continents, and on account of the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere the Moorish town of Ceuta is plainly perceptible gleaming at the base of Apes' Hill. In the large bay which sweeps inland to the West of the rock was a thick forest of masts, from the tall mainmast of the English man-of-war to the more picturesque latteen of the Mediterranean, a species of rig differing probably but little from the rude sails which a thousand years past wafted Tarik and his brethren into the arms of the treacherous Count Julian. On the West of the bay is situated the town of Algesiras, from whence a superb view of the fortress is gained—too tantalizing in fact, for the ungrateful Spaniards therein, who, whenever a signal-gun booms across the water, pause for an instant from their pleasures or avocations to

bestow a hearty curse upon the power without whose assistance their country would at the present moment have formed one out of the many departments subject to the conquering tricolor.

It was a pleasant thing to find oneself again on British soil, and to watch the familiar red-coats as they filed down the old-fashioned streets. Several circumstances, however, detract greatly from the English *coup d'œil* with which, from the nature of the town, I had expected to have been struck. The opposite mountains of Morocco, rising far over the yellow two-storied buildings, have a decidedly foreign appearance, and the fond suggestions which the homely epithets of Library Lane and Waterport Street would evoke are much disturbed by the occasional egress therefrom of turbaned Moors, sombrero'd Muleteers, and Spanish damsels with the graceful mantillas. Anglo-Saxon coinage, too, can hardly be said to be current, when a penny discount is charged on every shilling, and one is thrown into arithmetical difficulties with the cuartos, reals, and pesatas of fanatic Iberia. Why the bullion of the mother country should be the exception instead of the rule is a question soluble only by the Legislature. France, in instituting the circulation of decimal coinage in Northern Africa, has shewn little leniency to the duros and sultanis of old Algeria.

I took up my quarters at the Victoria Hotel in Waterport street. It was in an uncomfortable state of repair, so that I was scarcely enabled to form a real judgment as to the quality of its accommodation. The landlord is a grave Spaniard, who speaks English pretty accurately, and does not charge English prices.

While breakfasting off a beefsteak—not the small ounce of meat to which the French sobriquet of "bifteck" corresponds, but an actual solid half-pound of carnal food—I heard the approaching strains of a military band. The tune was "The girl I left behind me," and I think I may be excused for rushing like a child to the window, and watching the gallant fellows till the echo of their reverberating footsteps, distinguishable even above the inspired brass, died away in the warm distance. Who could be insensible to the endearing associations which that tune, so truly and essentially British, and associated with the gilded hours of our unfledged infancy, and the maturer aspirations of our genial manhood must ever call forth? And the man who can receive without emotion its vivid inspirations must be almost as cold a patriot as he who refuses to shew a proper respect to the solemn hymn-tones of our inimitable National Anthem.

I took a passage on board the "ville de Lisbonne" for Cadiz. Great care was taken to hoist our flag as we passed Tarifa, a small, half Moorish town in the straits, which follows the rather unpleasant habit of firing on all vessels whose nationality is not immediately apparent. The "Windsor Castle" man-of-war conveying troops home in 1830 received rather an unpleasant proof of this, being actually hulled for her forgetfulness in complying with the strict custom, and redress was sought for in vain at the court of Madrid. So the little town has been suffered to remain like a diminutive but dangerous terrier ever ready to spring out on the unwary, and perhaps the imminent danger to which a ship-load of passengers was exposed but a short time ago, and about which

the public mind was so rightly agitated, will induce a compulsory cessation of this semi-piracy. An excellent dinner was rather spoiled by the eloquence of two French editors who were vehement in comparing England, with regard to her occupation of Gibraltar, to armed burglars who had taken forcible possession of a weaker man's house. On the principle of the stone-assaulting inhabitants of glass houses these gentlemen might perhaps have done well to wait till Algeria was a little farther off, and as a head-ache is generally the consequence of attempting to defend "perfide Albion" from the hackneyed thrusts pointed at her by Frenchmen after dinner, I went again on deck. It was dusk, and we were just passing Cape Trafalgar, which looked indistinct and mysterious. A breeze was sighing fitfully over us which might have given no inapt idea of the voices of hero-spirits wailing over the tomb of England's greatest seaman; wailing, till the dirge died away in fainter echoes among the distant mountains.

Early next morning I arrived at Cadiz, and had the pleasure of being kept three hours in a very dirty custom-house while the "authorities" were chatting and smoking. One must look over official negligence though, for there's ample to repay one for it in this land of living poetry. To begin with the Alameda, lighted up as it is in the warm evenings with the moon-beams and the flashing eyes of the Gaditanas so proudly walking. Who shall tell of the *Senors* and *Senoritas* billing and cooing on every stone seat you pass, and talking nonsense under palm-trees? one can't do that kind of thing in Rotten Row for fear of the practical jokes of designing "cads."

But then love and *olla podrida* are common-places of every day life in Andalusia. Then who shall describe the tinkling guitar-tones of the serenade, and the fair forms within the curtained balconies whose hearts beat so sweetly responsive? I can't—so you must try the effect for yourself oh most amorous reader. Steal gently under the windows of the lovely Miss Smith of Pimlico and attune to your cornet or fiddle those lays of yours which it were sacrilege to entrust to the penny postman. What then? Either the compassionate fingers of her lily hand will throw a halfpenny out to you, or you will be moved on by the stern knuckles of truncheoned Law under the organ-nuisance Act, and at the instigation of the irascible elderly gentleman next door. Or perhaps the young poet over the way who has been five hours composing his ode for next week's "Family Friend" may have a brilliant idea cast to the winds by your melody. Of course in his first frensy he'll hurl the ink-bottle at your devoted head and exclaim, as he bursts into tears, "Drat these quiet streets—I'll give notice to-morrow." Or some eminent mathematician who had been trying hopelessly all day to put two and two together might rush out deliriously, seize you by your collar, and drag you with dishevelled hair into the terrible presence of Bow street.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a problem more difficult of solution than the future of Algeria. On whatever side you may chance to look the same unsatisfactory blank presents itself without an indication of anything that might lead you to the slightest clue. A review of its past existence as a colony will only

little assistance in elucidating the question, as that presents nothing more than the hackneyed history of a weak race domineered over by a stronger, yet without the advancement of that race one iota in the enlightenment and civilization of its conquerors, or the least attempt at amalgamation on either side between the subduers and the subdued. Seventy thousand bayonets are as requisite as ever to keep up the French element in Algeria, nor could the diminution of so large a standing army be contemplated even for a single instant. A partial withdrawal of troops would be the immediate signal for a native rising; and the late frustrated attempts at insurrection on the part of the Arab chiefs have brought to light but an infinitesimal part of the volcanoes that are swelling under Gallic feet. Those chieftains of the Sahara have merely attempted the carrying out of an idea that burns and rankles in every native breast, and their very failure must cause the yearnings after liberty to smoulder with increased vehemence. The flame will but blaze more fiercely afterwards for the water-drops that have been thrown over it, and there seems no resource at present but to keep the seventy thousand bayonets bright and sharp.

Why is it that France after thirty years of occupation seems so little at ease in her possessions?

"Where the Roman conquers he inhabits." Where the Frenchman conquers he can merely be said to be staying on a visit, careless of all except his own convenience. The Roman settled down quietly in his new conquest and looked on it as his future home, erecting new cities, endeavoring to raise the conquered people to his own level without detracting from his

own high position, and even worshipping their favorite gods. Hence he established at once a link of concord between himself and them which strengthened with years. The Frenchman struts about impatiently in uniform and sets to work with pickaxe and trowel to convert each captured town into a "petit Paris," utterly regardless of the scruples of its *ci-devant* inhabitants, who fly to the desert and build habitations for themselves, glaring with hate on the innovator. It could not be wished that he should be tender to their religion, but then he might try and establish a bond of brotherhood by inviting them to test the truths of his own. Instead of that however he talks loudly about allowing them the free exercise of their faith, and builds and repairs Mosques for them, laughing and joking at the same time over the errors and absurdities of their creed. Could they look on him with anything but hate for his open contempt of principles which from their tenderest years they have been taught to regard as unique? Could they look on him as a conqueror with aught but hate when that very religion to which he professes to allow such latitude teaches them to call him dog and infidel? Yet so it is in Algeria. The breach between the two races grows stronger with time, and it is now the Mussulman who refuses to have intercourse with the Gaul, not the Gaul with the Mussulman. The French however are beginning to open their eyes to the real state of things and seem to strain more after amalgamation with the Algerines. Let us hope with success, for it is unnecessary to say how much such a consummation would conduce to the welfare of the colonists. Still the Koran, in spite of their best efforts, offers

an effectual bar to their union, and till that can be removed things must go on pretty much as they are. But we have brighter hopes. The great river Euphrates has already begun to dry up in the far East, and who shall say to what point its great tidal wave shall not recede? Who shall say whether it is not a question of a few years, and Mohammedanism shall be a thing of the past? Who would have dreamt but a short time ago that the Sultan of Constantinople, the very "vice-gerent of Allah on earth," would have read the Bible with zeal and interest in the very face of his bigoted courtiers?

The Roman when he colonized knew that his native city was the grand centre of the nations, and that the promise of her franchise was a reward sufficient to bind the conquered Barbarian effectually to her interests. Here, in spite of her boasted resemblance to the children of Magna Græcia, France can produce no parallel. She can offer no franchise that could tempt the Arab from his desert-home, the Moor from his luxurious abode. She is no grand centre herself but is merely one out of many nations that the Mussulman contemptuously calls European. What reason then has the Algerine for looking on her with such implicit reverence, when he knows that in subduing him she has only done what many others have attempted with success and retired content with their display of power? It is the policy of France to keep up the semblance of native authority; and with this view she promotes some of the principal natives to places of honor and emolument in the Government of Algeria. But the Bureau Arabe is little more than a mockery of power, and the Algerine knows

this. He knows, too, that the decisions of his courts of justice may be made ineffectual in the meanest cases by an appeal to the conquerors, and the sacred words of the Kadi rendered of no avail by mouths that he calls unclean. So he pockets his francs and gnashes his teeth, sighing for a brighter morrow.

The proximity of Morocco with its hordes of unsubdued Kabyles is another great bar to the welfare of Algeria. It could hardly be expected that the denizens of the Sahara should sit down quietly and contentedly when they see their brethren of race, language, and habits, wandering so free with matchlock and dagger, and jeering at their blunted claws. It could not be expected that they could turn a deaf ear to the dangerous suggestions of those wild brethren, who whisper treason and point at liberty. What more irksome to the Arab, ever fighting, ever plundering, than a life of comparative inactivity? What greater incentive to insubordination than a glance at that fierce liberty? The offers of assistance from the Moroqueens, about which report was so rife at Algiers, shew how zealous those unfettered races are for the emancipation of their co-religionists from Gallic restraints, even were it only for the satisfaction of being able to struggle with them again in unhindered warfare. Like the eagle-owl who would tear you to pieces for attempting to touch her young, and yet when the danger is over will devour them ruthlessly herself.

But perhaps the greatest drawback to the success of the colony is that it offers so little inducement to French emigrants. The comparatively unproductive soil, the chronic fevers, and the general dearness of

provisions, are obstacles which few have courage to surmount. Consequently capital is scarce in Algeria, as few go there save those who have tried their hands at many things and hit nothing, and who claim a free passage to the land of the corsair as a last resource. In the towns the French element is made up of military men and men in official positions, between whom a constant feud is going on. The military claim for themselves the first place, and the civilians murmur, and endeavor to thrust them out. The civilians generally go to the wall, and the military bluster more than ever. Who can expect anything of a kingdom so divided against itself? The European against the Barbarian, the Mussulman against the Christian, the soldier against the colonist he defends, and as a matter of course the colonist against the soldier. Snarling at one another like beasts in a menagerie, which hear each other roaring but cannot break their own iron bars.

When Mohammedanism is on the wane—when Morocco has been reduced to a more peaceful condition—when the generation of indigenous French shall look on the native generation more as brethren and less as menials, and the native generation shall have forgotten their bigotry in respecting that religion they see their conquerors respect—and when Gallic men of war and Gallic men of peace shall cease to clash—then Algeria will begin to be a flourishing colony. Scarcely before.

THE END.

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